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Edwin Lefèvre—P. G. Wodehouse—Alonzo Englebert Taylor
Alice Duer Miller—Harry Leon Wilson—Albert W. Atwood

"A STUDY IN VALUES"

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Stock-Market Manipulation

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

CARTOONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

AT A PERFECTLY respectable club in New York the other night an old friend of mine who is the chief editorial writer of a great metropolitan daily saw fit to animadvert upon certain disciplinary actions of the governors of the New York Stock Exchange. I nodded, not because I agreed with him but because I wished him to know I had been listening. Instead of feeling grateful he looked at me as though he were about to set off a charge of TNT under my guiltless chair. Presently he remarked in a solicitous voice: "Unless the Stock Exchange stops insisting upon making its members and their customers behave like gentleman, you will starve to death."

"It wouldn't be as bad as if the Exchange tried to make its members and their customers act like intelligent men," I retorted courteously.

Among those present was a doctor of medicine. He has two or three financial big guns among his patients and from listening to them he has acquired the conviction that if he had taken to the ticker instead of to the stethoscope he would have ranked if not with Henry Ford or John D. Rockefeller at least with J. P. Morgan in the matter of income.

"What's it all about?" asked the doctor, and prematurely looked like a referee.

Huntington—the chief editorial writer—from force of habit took it upon himself to answer.

"Doctor, this here man has invented a Wall Street that is accepted by credulous clergymen and imbecile scenario writers as the real thing. He writes with such a plausible air of authority that his readers believe Wall Street is peopled exclusively by crooks and suckers. He has also created supermen of dollars out of nothing but the will to fake. He has not only fictionized an imaginary place and a set of non-existent animals but he has even manufactured a myth. I admit it is some stunt for a man still under eighty. But don't ask him any question about Wall Street—unless you wish to hear more fiction."

"What question shouldn't I ask him, for instance?" the doctor asked.

"Don't get him started on how to beat the game down there. And don't ask him about stock manipulators. He invented them entirely—the word and the process. He has led millions to think that the big men of the Street spend their time standing beside the ticker, pulling wires, giving orders, hurling battalions of dollars against ramparts of gold, battering their way into the strong boxes of men who were thinking of a rainy day, dog eating dog or eating Christian gentlemen indifferently. He'll up and tell you a lot about the marvelous mixture of Machiavelli with Von Moltke; that is to say, his recipe for the mythical manipulator of his mythical milieu."

"M-m-m!" I muttered subtly.

The doctor, however, looked at me regretfully, also dubiously. He always had liked me.

I was moved to ask him: "What do your rich patients tell you, doctor?"

"Well, they say there isn't any manipulation nowadays. It's long since gone out of style. The public wouldn't stand for what Jim Fisk and Jay Gould and those chaps used to do."

"No," I agreed, "the public wouldn't. It always demands reform in methods. It is never interested in the essentials. The public used to lose money in Fisk's time. The public loses money in our time. Different public; different Fisks; same result. Stock-market winners were scarce as the dickens ten or twenty or fifty or a hundred years ago; and today they are just as scarce. The improved moral tone of the community and the activity of the Stock Exchange authorities have done a great deal for stock speculation. Wall Street, like Tammany, has grown good. There is thus much ground for encouragement among voters and suckers, as my editorial friend will tell you."

Of course my editorial friend had to speak in the calm magnanimous voice of a patient pedagogue. "What I say is that I don't think there is today or ever was what you call a manipulator in your articles. Your dithyrambs about Keene's alleged manipulation in the old days met a kindly reception from the readers of your fiction. Personally, I have always excused you, on the ground that the plain facts were less picturesque. I was reading a book by W. P. Hamilton entitled the Stock Market Barometer, in which he says you melodramatized

"Madam, Is This Your Brat?"

Keene and manipulation and the Wall Street life generally."

"He also is an old personal friend," I said. "But even he doesn't say that there is no such thing as manipulation. What he does say is that the old manipulators could not do today what they did in 1901 or in 1892 or in 1876. Neither could Julius Cæsar or George Washington or Andrew Carnegie exactly duplicate his career if he were living today."

"Do you mean to contend that there is now as much rigging in the stock market as there was twenty-five years ago?" asked my editor friend.

"I mean to say that there is as much manipulation—or rigging—in the various markets nowadays as there was twenty years ago or two hundred or two thousand. There has always been and always will be; or at least there will be as long as there is a reward for doing it successfully."

"Exactly what do you mean by stock manipulation?" asked the doctor.

Market Strategy

"I SHOULD say offhand that stock manipulation consists of the use of methods and devices intended to enable the user thereof to sell or to buy a stock or stocks to greater pecuniary advantage or with greater ease than if he bought or sold in the ordinary course of business. In a general way, what is meant by manipulation today is really advertising through the medium of the tape. It takes the place of the merchandising methods or practices or devices in everyday use everywhere by wide-awake merchants. They know the value of sensationally advertised special sales in moving goods that are not moving as they should."

"There is nothing wicked about that," said the doctor. "It is only advertising."

"Oh, there are advertisers who misrepresent their goods. They can do it by indirection, you know. Similarly, there are many ways of manipulating stocks. They were less fastidious in the old days. Today it isn't conceivable that any reputable broker would risk instant expulsion from the Stock Exchange by lending himself to certain work—not for any money he can make in commissions from the manipulator. That is why there is no washing; or if there is any it is negligible. But a man still may manipulate stocks today successfully without fracturing the Decalogue and even without violating the rules of the New York Stock Exchange. Of course successful manipulation is merely successful selling or successful buying. It has its limitations. No amount of manipulation, even when backed by millions, can turn a bear into a bull market. For two reasons: It would be unnatural, which is never successful on a large scale; and moreover, everybody is stronger than anybody. And no bear manipulator can raid a bull market and make a bear market out of it."

"Then what's wrong about manipulation?" asked the doctor.

"Nothing is wrong—when there is nothing wrong. And when something is wrong, that is what's wrong. Sometimes what they call good execution by a broker of a big buying or selling order is attained by resorting to manipulation. A broker may have twenty thousand shares to sell at as high a price as possible. He is permitted to use his judgment. Well, his procedure will depend upon how he sizes up the condition of the market in general, and in particular for that one stock. He may wish to avoid competitive selling or uncovering stop orders at the first crack. To throw the floor traders off the track and keep them from taking away his market he may deem it advisable to buy five thousand shares before he starts selling at all. That purchase is manipulative. It is also good brokerage. It is plain business. The ethics of the operation is a matter of opinion. It is no more unethical than most business operations. The famous case of Rothschild is a good example. He had bought a lot of consols while the result of the campaign that culminated in Waterloo was still in doubt. He had relays of the best horses all ready and a fleet boat waiting for him at Ostend while he waited in Brussels. Well, the moment he was sure Napoleon was beaten he himself did some beating—for home, with all his might. He reached London and the stock exchange a day or two before the official dispatches from Waterloo did. What did he do? Did he rush in and buy? No. He said nothing; answered no questions; just sat dejectedly in one corner of the room, the picture of woe and defeat.

"What happened? Everybody concluded that Napoleon was victor once more and rushed to sell consols. Rothschild brokers bought. They couldn't have bought either so much or so cheaply if he hadn't acted as he did. He probably made some of his brokers sell, for effect. He didn't lie. He didn't say Napoleon had won. But it was manipulation just the same and he made millions.

"Again, the need of inside support requires no demonstration. I can't see why supporting orders should not fall within the meaning of manipulation. The reputable banker who sells a railroad-bond issue always has to do more or less manipulation. All banking houses that promote or bring out securities to sell to the public—I mean in a large way, like J. P. Morgan & Co., or Speyer & Co., or Kuhn, Loeb & Co.—all have had to do a certain amount of manipulation. It is legitimate or, at least, legal. Until the new stock has found itself in the market somebody has to be ready to lend it a hand, to keep it from sinking out of sight on a slight flurry or to check over-rapid rises. Teaching it to stand on its own feet, market-wise, is manipulation."

"That isn't what the word 'manipulation' means," said the editor.

"No," I said. "You are asking for what you say my readers want—the fictionized Wall Street that you accuse me of inventing. You want the manipulator to be an archcrook because I may have written about unscrupulous manipulators now and then. Well, there have been and always will be crooks in Wall Street, and out of it. What's the use of saying there aren't any? A broker once defined manipulation for me as the art of deception in a legal way, in accordance with the rules of the Stock Exchange."

The quiet member of the party—he is a reformed bank president—came back with a dictionary. He diplomatically addressed himself to the doctor:

"The Century didn't have the word. But Webster's Unabridged, 1916 edition, has."

"Read it!" commanded the doctor in his best one-three-times-a-day-before-meals voice.

And the reformed bank president obediently read: "'Manipulate. Finance. To work (as stocks) up or down in price by transactions other than those made bona fide or in the ordinary course of business, as by wash sales, cornering the market, spreading fictitious reports, etc.; to rig.'"

Before my editorial friend could say anything I observed: "It shows that it was still practiced in 1916 and that the word had been current for a long time to find a home in the dictionary."

"How long a time?"

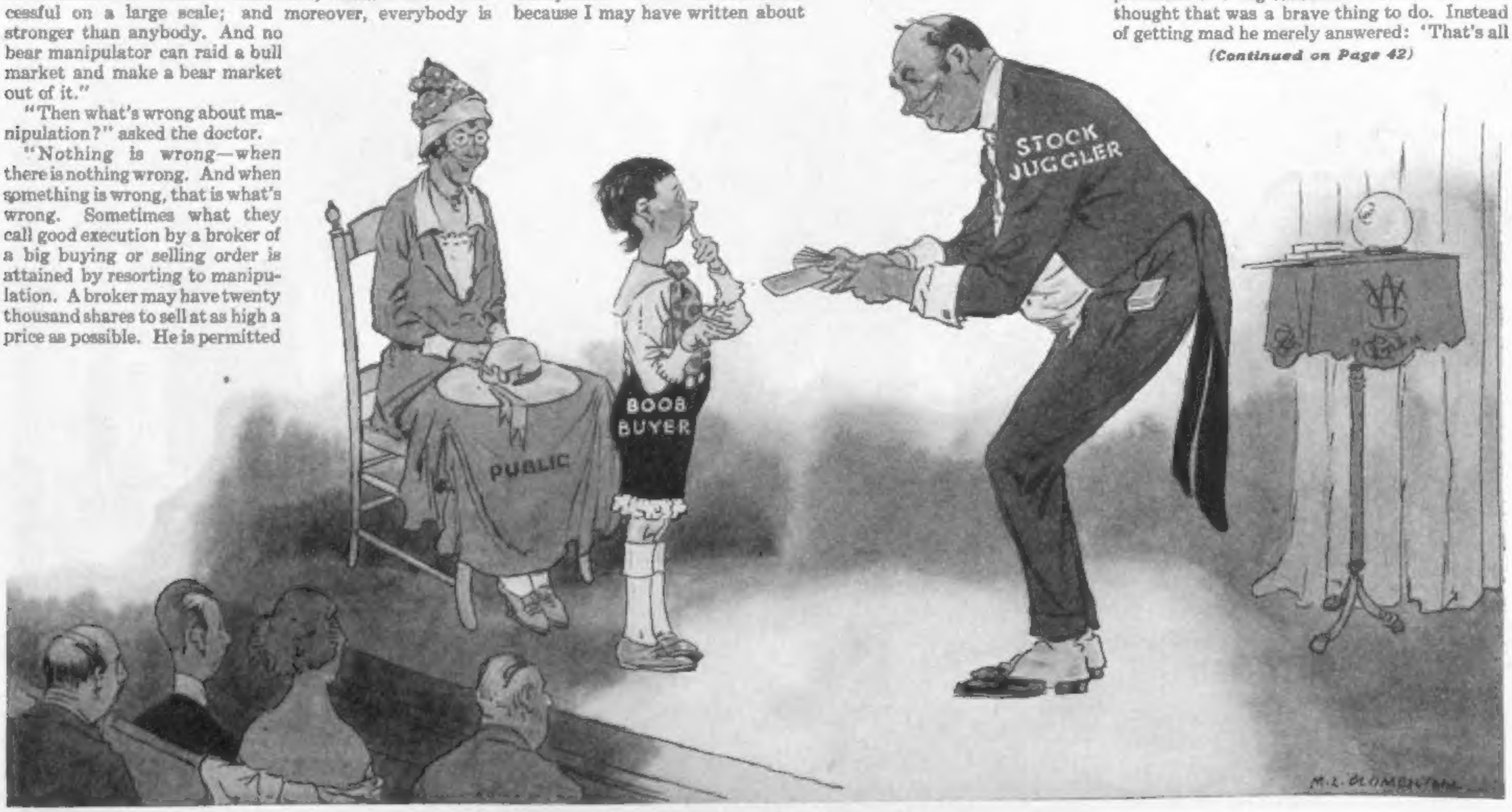
"I remember it as far back as 1890, when I first went down to Wall Street," I said. "I think they used the word more loosely then; chiefly to describe rigging. More than once when I was trying to get news and I would ask some friendly broker what made the rise in a certain stock I would be told: 'Manipulation,' or else: 'Oh, they've washed it up.' In the course of time the word gradually took on a less disreputable connotation and by the time the Flower boom was on, in 1899, it came to mean practically what I have told you—that is, a special kind of advertising for consumption among speculators. I would not include corners among the manipulative devices; or expedients such as washed sales or matched orders. Spreading fictitious reports is not manipulation."

The Governor Flower Boom

"I STILL believe," said the editorial writer, "that the word in its present sense was not popularly used until about 1900, and that you did more to popularize it than anyone else. Your colleagues used it on the financial pages in technical reports. But you used it in the most widely circulated magazines as fiction."

"You are probably thinking of the Governor Flower boom. It began when McKinley's election meant an end of the free-silver danger. Then Europe had bad crops and we had whoppers. Prices in 1896 went way down, below value. I remember my regret, as a reporter, at not being able to print a story about John D. Rockefeller getting nervous dyspepsia brooding over the hard times to come with Bryanism. Lots of people turned everything they owned into cash and decided to buy exchange on London and go abroad to live. Among them was the president of a big railroad. I asked him if he thought that was a brave thing to do. Instead of getting mad he merely answered: 'That's all

(Continued on Page 42)



"Will the Little Gentleman Please Select a Card?"

MONEY, MONEY, MONEY!

By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

MA PETTENGILL sat grimly at her desk, facing the usual after-dinner series of fiscal catastrophes. She had seemed to gather from her newspaper that beef cattle would presently be given away to any fool that would take 'em, and the day's mail appeared to be composed of unpleasant reminders that this is a hard world. She peevishly flicked a sheaf of bills with the backs of her fingers and said that no one, to her knowledge, had yet got blood out of a stone. She added that another year like this would end it all. But no matter! It would mean only one more grave among the hills. Upon this she fell away to an incoherent mumbling above the perverse documents. Being in excellent spirits, she was tonight losing money with more than her wonted gusto.

After a little she pushed the trouble from her, weighted it on the desk with a horseshoe and began with keenest relish to denounce the Federal Government. She said it was the only business outfit in the known world that treated you with silent contempt on receipt of good money it claimed you was owing it. Even a scrub like Safety-First Timmins, infatuated with money and having no more principle than a wildcat, would send a receipt for payments made him, though always saying he couldn't of been in his right mind to let anything go for that price.

But did the Government act decent like that? By no means! You dug up every cent you could beg or borrow, sent off an installment on your so-called income tax, and that was the last ever heard of it. Of course, the Government would suppose you was holding out on it, but why not acknowledge what you did send? It had a printed form for every other crisis in life; whenever they had an idle moment in Washington, D. C., they thought up some more printed forms, so why not get up one saying, "We have your check for so-and-so, which you know blanked well is only about half what your rightful tax is, and we'll be down on you pretty soon, you crook, and pry the other half loose; but, nevertheless, we acknowledge the receipt of this beggarly pittance, which is only common decency in us, so yours very respectfully, Collector of Internal Revenue and so forth." But nothing even so good as this come back. Her check went out into the great silence and mingled with it.

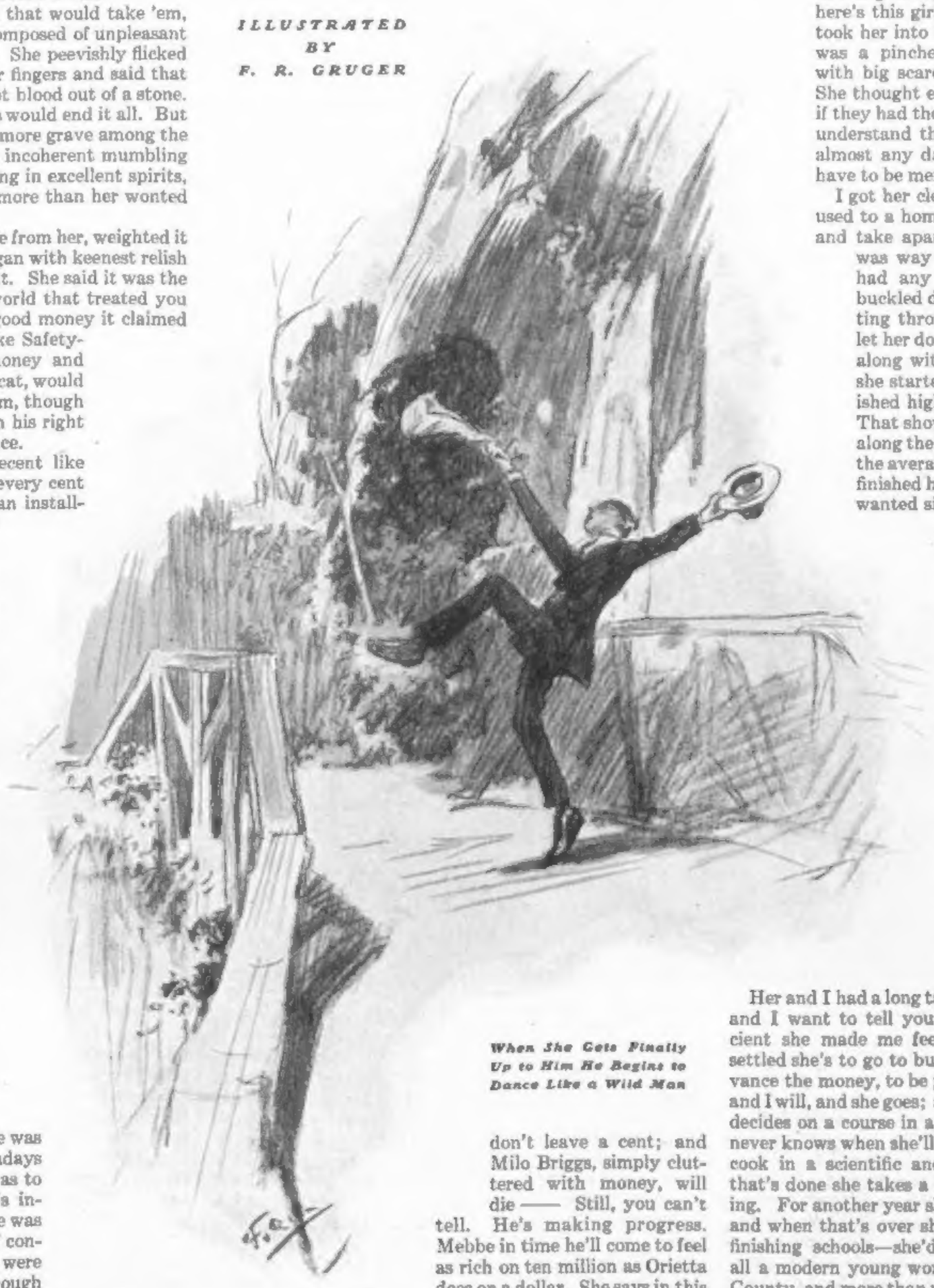
The only reason she knew it reached the bloodsuckers was that she hadn't yet been throwed into a prison cell.

The tirade halted while a cigarette was made. I quickly remarked that nowadays the neatest way to boast of wealth was to complain about the burden of one's income tax; that I was glad to note she was not only human but that her tales of continuous failure in the stock business were but a habit of speech ingrained through long indulgence, because a woman who actually lost thousands of dollars every time she sat down to entertain a guest would be ill informed as to the lack of business courtesy in our collectors of internal revenue.

The lady replied that there might be a grain of truth in this, but still it was no fun making a dollar that you only got sixty cents of, with the other forty going to pay for the two million branding irons that a learned government expert had sent over to France. She said that half this number of branding irons would have done, giving about five individual irons to each animal, which her long experience had proved to be sufficient if managed with care.

Upon this heated pronouncement she smoked mutteringly for some moments, then thanked her Maker that she had been born with a wealthy disposition, which, she affirmed, was rather to be chosen than great riches. What she meant was this: That certain parties was born to feel rich on thirty dollars, while certain other parties was born to feel poor on thirty million. Whether you was really rich or poor had little to do with how much you owned.

Now she took a letter from under the horseshoe and read bits of it in an undertone. These seemed to rejoice her, for presently she grinned in forgetfulness of her own penury. She lifted the grin from the written page: "Like Orietta and Milo," she resumed. "That girl will die rich if she don't leave a cent; and Milo Briggs, simply cluttered with money, will die —— Still, you can't tell. He's making progress. Mebbe in time he'll come to feel as rich on ten million as Orietta does on a dollar. She says in this letter that after handing out big tips to everyone else on the boat he was wondering if he shouldn't tip the captain too. Now what do you think of that?"



When She Gets Finally Up to Him He Begins to Dance Like a Wild Man

I said I was unable to think anything of it. It was a bare bone that I should forget overnight. Of course, if she could put the meat back on it, if there were events meshing the couple she had named that, told in a simple, straightforward manner, might memorably gladden the declining years of a drab life, I might later, if again urged, say what I thought of lavish Milo. My hostess said there wasn't anything to tell beyond this, but had I ever noticed how some folks carried their money better than others? Three or four hundred thousand dollars would show on one man like three or four drinks on another. Orietta was one that could carry any amount well. As for Milo—yes and no. The future would have to show. Still there wasn't anything much to tell. But already the talking gleam was in her eyes. Were there little or much to tell, nothing could now stop it. I held a lighted match to the new cigarette.

This Orietta Sayles is a girl I took an interest in when her folks died ten years ago. Her father was a bricklayer and no good, and her mother wasn't even a bricklayer. Nat Sayles would be drunk every Saturday, Sunday and Monday, and on one of these lovely week-ends he died happy by stumbling into the creek on his way home. Then the mother was took off not long after, though finishing in her bed; and here's this girl left with less than nothing, so I took her into the house down in Red Gap. She was a pinched, thin-legged piece of fourteen, with big scared eyes and no savvy about life. She thought everybody got drunk over Sunday if they had the price. It took her some weeks to understand that I was likely to be found sober almost any day, and that my furniture didn't have to be mended after Saturday-night parties.

I got her cleaned and dressed and fed up and used to a home that Nat Sayles couldn't come and take apart, and I sent her to school. She was way behind, account of never having had any decent school clothes; but she buckled down and studied nights after getting through with the bit of housework I let her do. She was right ashamed to be put along with children of eight or nine when she started, but she worked so well she finished high school with girls of her own age. That showed she had good stuff in her, back along the line somewhere. She graded above the average, all right, and high school hadn't finished her. She'd sprouted ambitions; she wanted simply everything in the world that money would buy. Not that she was light-headed or wishing to splurge. She was serious enough. She said this was a wonderful world, full of beautiful things, and she wanted her share; and nothing was going to keep her out of it, because she was going to roll up her sleeves and go out and get it herself. That's where she showed the different streak. Most things of her age want as much as she wanted, but they look for it to be handed to 'em because they've found a dandy new way to do their hair. Something like that. Not Orietta. Having known Nat Sayles intimately, she wasn't depending on any man.

She was not only scared of the breed but felt able to do her own getting.

Her and I had a long talk with our hair down one night—and I want to tell you she's that cold-blooded and efficient she made me feel like her little sister—and it's settled she's to go to business college in Spokane if I'll advance the money, to be paid back out of her first earnings; and I will, and she goes; and when she's learned business she decides on a course in a cooking school, because a woman never knows when she'll need that; and she learns how to cook in a scientific and expensive manner. And when that's done she takes a course in millinery and dressmaking. For another year she plugs at these nefarious trades, and when that's over she says she's finished. Talk about finishing schools—she'd gone through three. She knew all a modern young woman needed to know in Kulanche County, and more than most of 'em do know in any county.

I hadn't seen so much of her in the four years she'd been away, and she was a lot changed from the meaching little coot I'd took over. Filled out and everything. Pert and quick and confident. She wasn't any beauty, though having big eyes and a good figure. Still she'd hardly of been looked at twice if it hadn't been for her clothes and the way she toted 'em. She knew what to get and how to wear it; and having been let into all the shameful secrets of millinery and dressmaking, she could do it cheap and still look expensive. She hadn't been back in Red Gap a week before she was exciting the notice of our well-known clubmen the same as if she'd been an actress or something, with many of our matrons of the smart set giving out that she was probably just as bad as an actress if the hard truth was known. But little these jabs bothered Orietta. She had kind but distant words for the gentlemen, and guarded airs for the ladies, and I was right proud of her.

She looked the town over for business opportunities. First she was going to throw in with the Maison Gunslaugh, but after going over the books she decided that too many of our snappy dressers had an economical taint, so she hit out a new idea of her own, which was the Fashion Waffle Kitchen. She rented a place and fussed it up with interior decorating and got some good help and was doing a heavy trade in no time; waffles and stewed chicken and

genuine strawberry shortcake in season such as can be bought no other place in the world, because I've looked; and cakes made with eggs, and edible pies and such things that was the result of her higher education for women. And she's such a good manager that this don't take all her time, so she makes hats on the side for Miss Gunslaugh, the same being billed as confections and sold for twenty-eight or thirty-five dollars, though costing but about three-eighty. And the first year she has her plant all paid for and is three thousand to the good. She insisted on paying me back two thousand of this on account. Of course, I didn't want the money. Still, it does make you feel kind of good to have a body come through like that.

And the girl was now not only the best dressed of her sex in town, but the second year she done so well that she bought her some real jewelry and a tin sedan with a vase for flowers just like a regular one. Mebbe she didn't have the eligible males looking sidewise by that time and the women remembering out loud when she was the half-starved brat of a drunken bricklayer without a whole dress to her back. Orietta didn't care a hoot. She was getting what she'd went after and it hadn't stopped coming. She had the world on a tail holt with a downhill pull. And so far she hadn't said more words than necessary to any man, still regarding Nat Sayles as the original pattern for males. She used to tell me mebbe she might marry some day when she got better fixed and found a good-behaved man; but not for some time yet, because she didn't think it was wise for a girl to marry before she could afford not to. My stars! Imagine one of us talking that way when I was a girl! The world has moved. But don't ask me if it's backwards or forwards.

She Breathed Hard Till She Got Her Voice Going. Then She Says, "It's Terrible. It's a Bat's Cave—Full of Bats"

Then the third year it was promptly noticed that Orietta was being made up to by Milo Briggs and wasn't acting so stand-offish as she had with others. She didn't lay down for him to walk over, even if he was a wealthy young man; but on the other hand she wasn't treating him like someone that had come to clean out the basement, which for Orietta was almost melting. Milo would drop into the waffle kitchen of an evening and take her to the movie, or mebbe call on her in the rooms she'd fixed up above the store and spend a pleasant evening chatting about gilt-edged investments.

This was Milo's long suit. He was one rich man's son that hadn't gone to the dogs. Old Asa Briggs that had died the year before was the richest man in Kulanche County; and Milo was the only heir, and about all he'd have to do to be the richest man in the state was to set tight and collect the interest for a few years. And he was setting tight, with his mother to ride herd on him. Old Asa and his wife had showed the West a few things about thrift and frugality that can't be learned outside of New England, where I understand it's still respectable to pinch pennies; and Milo's mother hadn't forgot a single lesson in how to spend nothing at all. She'd been afraid when he was left in charge of so much wealth. It seemed he looked too much like one of his grandfathers that had been a scandal in the family, a spendthrift that threw his money away, and mebbe Milo was going to show the bad strain; but he hadn't yet, and even his mother was beginning to feel confidence in him. He wasn't a bad-looking boy, though old for his years. He was nearly two years younger than Orietta, but looked a good five years older, being tall and gawky and a little stooped, with a thin, serious face and long hair. I remember the first time Orietta saw him she said he looked like a poet. I said nothing; I thought he merely looked like a young man needing a haircut. But he had a nice friendly way with him, and absolutely no vices that would cost money.

Then Orietta found out in no time that it was dyspepsia making him look old for his years, and that it had probably come from his bending over a desk figuring interest from the age of eight or nine. Of course, in big towns you never hear of dyspepsia any more. If you get a pain inside they pull out all your teeth, and if that don't do the trick they operate for something they've found by taking a peek through you with an X-ray. But in Red Gap old-fashioned dyspepsia is still boasted of, and Milo had it worse than one of these cowmen with his flues burned out by twenty years of baking-powder bread. He'd talk freely to Orietta about his symptoms, after he got through talking investments, and about the new medicine that was restoring him. He'd find a new one about every two weeks, something with a lot of zest—40 or 50 per cent.

But these two must of found time to get sentimental; mebbe when Orietta would run him out into the country on Sundays so they could pass fine valley properties that Milo either owned or had cinched with a first mortgage. Anyway she called me up here at the ranch one night to say she was as good as engaged. That's another change that's come.

In my time you was engaged or you wasn't. I wished her good luck. If being as good as engaged to Milo suited her it suited me. I did start to ask her when she expected to be as good as married; but I noticed her voice was funny, and I knew a party line was no place for the bedrock feelings to come out.

When I got down to town a few weeks later she was still as good as engaged, and a lot more talkative. She said she liked Milo and was going through with him, though still feeling her way because there was somehow a catch to it. She hadn't yet been able to make out what this catch was, though suspecting it had something to do with Milo's dyspepsia or his money, or mebbe both. She was fond of the boy and her reason was satisfied, but her instinct was yanking her back.

The engagement had come off while Milo's mother was up to Spokane after some new teeth from a dentist that wasn't a robber, even if he did have to pay out a lot of money for putting up bills all around the country with his picture on 'em. And Orietta wondered if mebbe the mother wouldn't object when she come back; but the catch wasn't there, because the old lady was as pleased over the match as Milo was. She come right down to the Fashion Waffle Kitchen and kissed Orietta and said she was so glad her boy had chose a sensible, self-supporting girl who would be a true helpmeet, and she must come out to the house and get used to her future home. Then she went all over Orietta's place and asked how much she was making and how much she paid her help and told her it was too much, because help could be got for less; and, about the waffle receipt, didn't Orietta know that perfectly good waffles could be made without so many eggs and so much cream? And did Orietta really need a sedan car and did she wear expensive clothes like that every day, because it would be easy to get something more durable, and she didn't really have to buy young chickens for stewing, and so forth. She seemed a nice, chatty, cordial old lady, and Orietta promised to go out to the Briggs house that very week for a visit over Sunday. And she done so, and she found out what the catch was.

She slunk into my house the next Monday afternoon looking so pinched and scared around the eyes it was like ten years had been wiped out and this was the day she first come to me.

"What on earth!" I says. "Have you passed through the day of judgment?"

"I have," says she, "and I wasn't among the saved."

"As how?" I says.

Then she got to laughing, and that led to crying, and in a minute she was doing both together till she made my blood run ice water. Finally I grabbed her and give her a good shaking and slammed her down into a chair and spoke sharp.

"Stop milling now," I ordered, "and tell me the worst!"

So she breathed hard till she got her voice going. Then she says, "It's terrible. It's a bat's cave—full of bats—and they're sucking Milo's lifeblood, and last night Milo and his mother caught me when I tried to escape and shut me up in a dark closet; and it was full of bats, and hundreds of them settled on me and I screamed ——"

It was about enough of that, so I stooped over and give her another good shaking, and I guess I'd of slapped her next, to bring her to her senses; only she gets 'em back and says, "Of course, I only dreamed that last part; but it was an awful dream, and I won't ever dare sleep in that cave again; and, anyway, the bats are getting Milo. They'll soon have his last drop of blood."

I reached for her again, but she says no, she can be sensible now; so I says "Pray, do!" like someone playing bridge whist. I was disgusted, because the girl had never showed this streak before. Then she begged for a cup of tea, and I let her drink that, and she did talk sense, even if beginning on bats.

She said the house had always looked attractive from the road when she'd passed it, but the minute she got up close she had a chill, because it was a rattletrap with the paint dropping off and the boards warped, and inside it was so dark on account of the sun fading the carpets that if it wasn't full of bats it was because bats didn't like the smells; all of which was thirty years old and going strong till it was like a musty tomb. There hadn't been a new stick of furniture put in since the place was built and they et on a table covered with oilcloth because it saved laundry; though having nothing for meals but string beans and dried apples, which Mrs. Briggs said made a hearty meal as long as you had plenty of good bread and butter; and the whole secret of Milo's dyspepsia was that he never got enough to eat. And all through the first meal the old lady talked about how they had throwed money right and left on their visit to the Chicago World's Fair in 1893, but none had been throwed away since then, and so on; and the great evil threatening the downfall of civilization was extravagance, the same as got Rome, Italy, in bad.

I let the girl run down, and then made her back-track so I could get the details about this future home of hers.

It was plain the marriage didn't promise well, because it would be one of these triangles with the mother-in-law holding down the main corner. That first evening they'd got around to Orietta's business enterprises. How much did she clear on the hats she made, and how much on the waffle kitchen, and how much more would she clear if she pinched down on the eggs, and it was a sin to put cream into waffles if you expect a profit.

Orietta answered all questions meekly till they got to how much she'd saved during her three years in business. Then she got sharp and told 'em she spent her money about as fast as she made it. She said that was her system, and the more she spent the more she'd make. This give the Briggs family a shock. They'd never heard such talk. And how did she spend her money? Well, she bought objects of luxury with it. For instance, some day she was going to have so many limousines it would take all the time of one gardener just to keep their vases filled with fresh flowers. And then it come out she was looking after the three young ones of Dave Bristow, who'd fell off his ladder and was paralyzed, dressing and feeding and sending 'em to school, like I'd done with her. They said charity only made paupers of its objects, and she said had it made one of her. They clucked their lips at this and went on figuring up what she'd ought to of had in the bank that very minute, and tried to encourage her by giving out some choice bits about the Briggs mortgage-and-loan business, where you could get around all the usury laws in the world by demanding a bonus for the loan.

Orietta listened hard and sewed on some work she'd brought. Pretty soon the old lady noticed this and asked what it was, and Orietta said she was making some underthings for herself; and that caused another explosion, because this stuff was salmon-pink satin and ribbons and lace, actually going to be put where it wouldn't show, and Mrs. Briggs had thought such things was worn only by creatures that the less said about the better. When Orietta laughed at her she shut her lips hard and pretty soon dug out a candle end to light the guest up to bed. Orietta blew the candle out, not wanting more than one look at the room, because it was not only musty but everything was covered with something else to keep it from wearing out.

She was up early next morning and sneaked down to the kitchen before anyone was stirring, and there she committed a crime, though she was right proud when she done it. This was to make the best cake she'd learned about in her higher education; an expensive cake, taking six eggs and a pint of cream and God only knows how much butter and sugar, and it caused a scandal. The eggs had been a week's supply, and Orietta had took the cream from the milkman, though he said it must be a mistake; and the old lady refused to touch the sinful thing. Orietta lived on it almost all of Sunday, as dinner was mostly some kind of salt fish that was not what it had been in its prime. She said Milo nibbled away one small cut of the cake out of politeness, but fearsomely, like he had no right to. And she got the thought right then that the Briggs money was as musty as their home.

She had a talk with Milo Sunday afternoon. He'd got wise that this visit wasn't coming off right, but he was tore between two fires. He'd always believed money was made to be saved, and he was in love with a girl that thought it was made to be spent. He drunk heavy of some new dyspepsia medicine and told Orietta about the Grandfather Briggs, that was a scandal because he throwed his money away. This was the first evil picture that had been put into his mind. He'd heard the shameful story when he was four, and he'd made a picture of this depraved grandfather standing out in the street and reaching into his pockets for handfuls of money which he would throw into the air. It had stuck in his mind ever since, because he'd also been told in an accusing manner that he looked like his grandfather and talked like him. He said he'd dream even now of seeing this reckless old man throwing money away, and sometimes he'd wake out of a nightmare thinking it was himself instead of the grandfather that was tossing gold and silver to the winds.

He made it so grim that Orietta asked for details about the grandfather and learned what had made the scandal back in New England—Grandfather Briggs had gone crazy with his money and bought him a span of trotters costing six hundred dollars and a rubber-tired buggy that you couldn't haul wood nor hay nor anything useful in, and he'd kept this outfit merely for pleasure, driving out two or three times a week just for the sake of the ride, and he'd have the buggy new varnished from time to time, and special shoeing for the horses, and got him fancy harness with silver buckles and a buggy whip that cost twelve-fifty, and carried on in such ways till there was strong talk of having a guardian put over him.

But, anyway, Milo had got this first picture of sin by seeing this reprobate throw money to the birds. Orietta said he was quite earnest and pathetic when he told how this nightmare had terrified him. She couldn't think of much to say, because he was so serious about it; but she did ask if this grandfather had dyspepsia, and Milo said no, he'd never had a pain, and lived to a ripe old age. He drove his trotters right down to the very last, like a wicked old voluptuary or something.

Orietta now cried some more and laughed some more, and said what was she to do, because, though fond of Milo, the marriage was impossible. Milo was already married to his money, and marrying her would make it plain bigamy. Milo had made a swamp with his money and got caught in same—a horrible stagnant swamp with foul depths, and all through it there was crawling these slimy dyspepsia snakes—and no swamp for hers. What money she ever had was going to form a running brook, the swifter the better. And once more she wanted to be told what to do. Of course I didn't tell her. I've seen too much of the human race to tell any of it who to marry or who not to. Often I could advise rightly, but people won't listen unless you happen to advise the way they're leaning. So I give Orietta some more tea and some cold meat—she hadn't got fed up yet after her week-end visit—and she looked at a slab of beef and says, "That's all Milo needs, and any doctor would tell him so; but he won't go to a good one because they charge money."

And she's off again on Milo. If only he could get out of this swamp and be his real self! She had first thought he looked romantic, but long curling locks was one thing and letting your hair go because of hating to give up fifty cents to a barber was something else. And when she urged a good doctor for his dyspepsia it come out that he was consulting old Jenny Blue.

(Continued on Page 48)

And Milo Believed. He Groaned and Read the Verse Over and Over. Jenny Tells Him She's Looking Right at the Ghost

MY DIPLOMATIC EDUCATION

Washington—By Norval Richardson

WHY don't you go in for the diplomatic service? The question came at a time when I was trying—at what some may consider the mature age of thirty—to decide what I wanted to do with the rest of my life; and I received it—as probably the majority of people do when they think of diplomacy, if they ever do—with the feeling that such a career might be the most picturesque one imaginable, especially for an American. It immediately conjured up visions of kings and queens, beribboned and decorated ambassadors, smart young secretaries and a horde of fascinating ladies who flitted in and out of the picture, coloring it with their beauty, their wonderful jewels, their intriguing perfumes and their possibilities for finding out international secrets which, without their aid, would remain forever unknown. You know the sort of thing I mean—the things which dramas and books and anecdotes have always pictured as a part of diplomatic life. Of course this was years ago—before our American consciousness had been awakened to the realization that we are not a remote factor in international affairs.

After the first flush of interest brought forth by the question, and the picturesque visions had subsided, I began to think of diplomacy as a practical problem. I might as well confess that I knew absolutely nothing about it. I had no traditional interest in the subject, no uncles or cousins of whom I could boast as having been ambassador or minister or even consul in some remote part of the world—Bangkok, Teheran, La Paz—nor had I been near an embassy during the two trips I had made to Europe. The subject was about as new to me as relativity was to the world a little while ago.

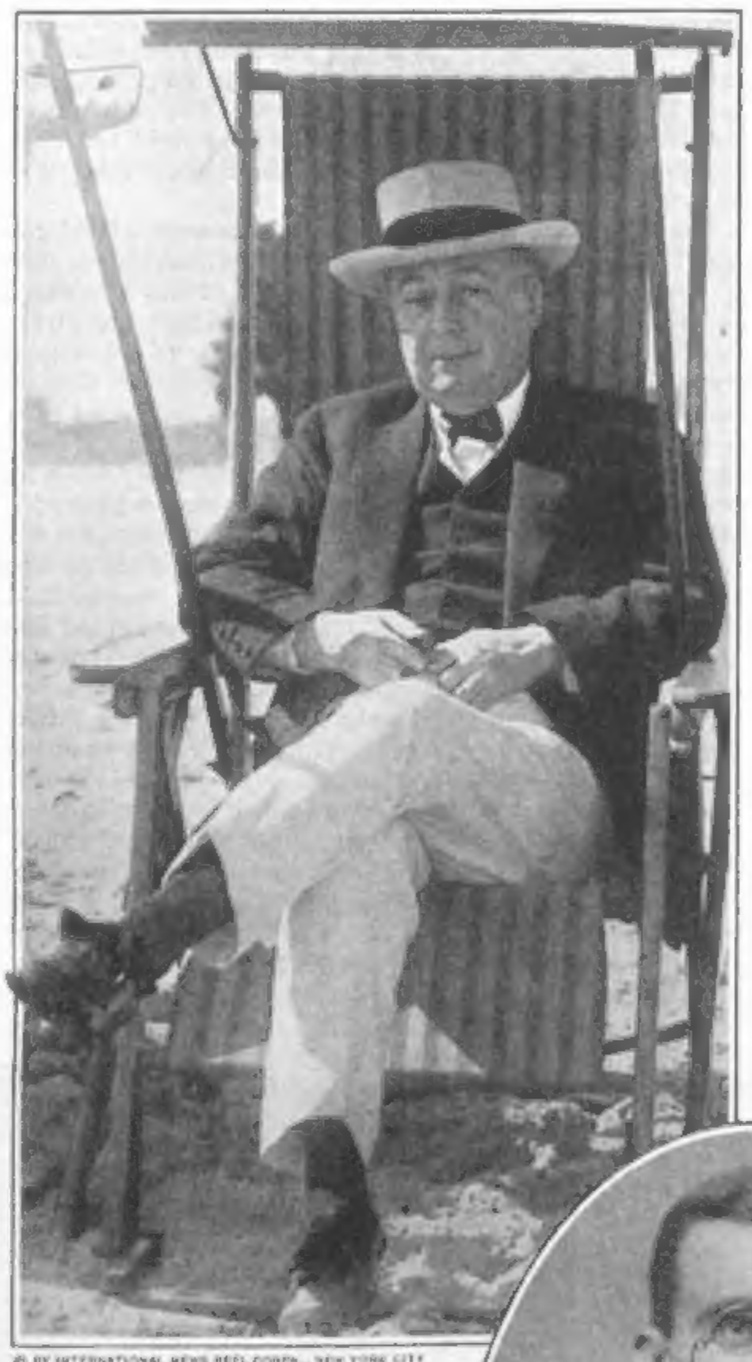
In my haste to obtain some information at once, I looked over a shelf of books and found the World Almanac. A good many subjects were there. Would diplomacy be too? I turned hastily to the index and found, with a real thrill, listed there "Diplomatic and Consular Service." The information, however, was meager; it included only the names of ambassadors and ministers and secretaries, their posts and salaries; absolutely nothing was said about how one became a diplomat. But the names of the capitals were quite enough to fire my imagination and send me off in a bewildering choice of places to which I thought I should like to go.

Argentina headed the list—which I dismissed at once. Somehow South America did not fit in with my colorful dreams of diplomacy; there were no kings and queens there. Argentina was just a plain old republic like my own country. Besides, it was new, there were no romantic stories about it, no inspiring backgrounds; altogether it was not worth giving a thought to. Next on the list was Austria-Hungary, which sounded much more promising; but immediately after followed more of those disturbing South American republics—Brazil and Chile. I hurried on to London, Paris, Rome. They were much more suggestive of what I was looking for. I tried them all in imaginary pictures and finally decided Rome pleased me most. The more I thought of it the more delightful it appeared. Why, exactly, I didn't know, except that I had spent two weeks there many years before and had carried away an impression of great romantic and historical interest. Perhaps, too, I might have been influenced by the thought that—admitted to me by an enthusiastic tourist many years later when I was actually secretary of the embassy there—"the great thing about Rome is all these B. C. things you've got lying around the streets here." There was no necessity of looking farther or trying to find a foreign capital that would please me more. Rome was immediately decided upon.

On to Washington

THE next step demanded more consideration. Detailed information of how one went about entering the diplomatic service was impossible to obtain in my somewhat remote home town. Someone suggested that it was entirely a matter of getting the support of your senator; that if he were strong enough politically he could get you the place you wanted; that diplomatic jobs were merely political favors. This brought me to the conclusion that the most feasible thing to do was to go to Washington and consult the senator from my state about the matter. And what appears to me now as having been a very striking example of American energy is the fact that, the day after that question was fired at me—"Why don't you go in for the diplomatic service?"—I was on a train bound for Washington.

John Sharp Williams received me with characteristic Southern cordiality, made me sit down while he unlocked a drawer of his desk, took out a bottle of very fine old bourbon, mixed himself and me a toddy, then listened to the expressions of my new ambition and finally admitted that he didn't know exactly what the system was at that moment for a young man entering the foreign service, that he was under the impression Root had been working on some scheme for improving the service, but that he would make an appointment with the Secretary of State and take me there with him so that we could find out everything that was necessary.



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Philander C. Knox and—in the Oval—Huntington Wilson, Former Assistant Secretary of State

Before he had finished speaking he picked up the telephone and ran from his words to me into a demand—it was exactly that—to be put in communication with the State Department. I was rather surprised to find that it took only a few moments for the senator to be talking personally with the Secretary of State himself; but then, this was my first experience in these seats of the mighty. The interview ended with an appointment being made for the next morning at half past ten.

The next day, I suppose, would be called my first real approach towards the goal on which I had set my desires. That I was actually going to meet the Secretary of State appeared to me then as having torn away all barriers. I already felt a full-fledged diplomat—somewhat disturbed, however, with the realization that I was going to have my first encounter with a member of a cabinet. Years before, when I was a boy of nine, I had been taken by my father to a White House reception and had been forced, much against my will, to put my hand in that of the biggest man I had ever seen, Grover Cleveland; and the memory of my fright and consternation, brought on probably by the excitement of such an important moment, remained very distinctly before me. Would Mr. Knox prove as formidable? The newspaper accounts of him at that time made him out a very approachable person—it was just at the beginning of the Taft Administration—but just to prepare myself on the subject and appear conversant in case I had a chance to express my great admiration of what he had already done for the nation—was this the feeble stirrings of an embryo diplomat?—I spent the night before reading everything I could find on the secretary's political career.

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I was at Senator Williams' office long before he arrived, and drove with him to that somber structure, the State, War and Navy Department Building, which was to be such a factor in my life in the years to come. Its first impression has never been modulated. It appears to me always as one of the most forbidding and dreary structures in the world. I remember particularly the long corridors and the negro men seated before the doors and the generally dreary atmosphere of the whole place. An uncanny note was furnished by the glass cases which contained wax figures in uniform placed near the office of the Secretary of War. Even the waiting room into which we were shown by an unctuous and bowing old negro who rolled "Mister Senator" between his thick lips with all the sugary flattery of his face did not dispel the gloom; the spaciousness of the room, its formal chairs, its large oil painting of the Shah of Persia and its impressive silence only accentuated a feeling of depression.

From Informalities to Formalities

HOWEVER, senators are not kept waiting, even by a member of the cabinet. When the door of the waiting room flew open and a private secretary asked the senator to walk into the secretary's room I experienced a feeling that must resemble very much the stage fright of an actor. It seemed such a very important moment. But all my self-consciousness disappeared as I looked across the large room and saw a little man sitting in a chair, which was tilted back, with his feet on the desk before him. This informal position, accompanied by "Hello, Williams; come in," was a blow that almost robbed diplomacy permanently of its glamour. But at any rate it made a genial atmosphere that left no room for disturbing formalities and gave me a chance to find a seat, after I had been presented, a little away from these two apparently intimate friends. As a matter of fact I appeared completely forgotten as a long and casual conversation went on and on about some political questions of the moment. "This young man," said the senator, at a time when I was just beginning to think he had forgotten I had come with him, "wants to go into the diplomatic service. I brought him along to find out what he had to do to get into it. Is my recommendation sufficient?"

The Secretary of State smiled. "Of course that's the best recommendation he could possibly have, but we've got some special regulations just now—examinations, things like that—but I'm sure your friend can pass them all right."

Examinations! The word sent a chill straight through me. What under the sun would I be examined for? It was a moment when fear created courage. I put the question to the secretary with dry lips.

Again the secretary answered in a most genial way. "I can't tell you exactly. I haven't time to go into it myself. The assistant secretary will tell you all that. He has charge of the personnel of the service."

The assistant secretary—at that time Huntington Wilson—proved rather less genial than his superior, as is often the case. Reënforced with heavily rimmed horn spectacles and an expressionless countenance, he received the senator most formally and with very grave courtesy, and explained that all applicants for the diplomatic service were expected to pass an examination in international law, diplomatic usages and one modern language. He accompanied this statement with a pamphlet, which he handed me. Besides the examination the formalities to be observed were: First, a letter of recommendation from the senator; after this I must await a letter from the secretary informing me that I had been designated to take the examination; then, if the examination was successfully passed, my name would be considered for assignment to a foreign post—or possibly in the State Department. For

further detailed information I could consult the chief of the diplomatic bureau.

This latter official—in spite of his portentous title—was a most sympathetic person, almost as much so as the secretary himself. He took great pains to answer all my questions, gave me a copy of sample examinations and suggested that as there would probably be an examination in about two months it might be advisable for me to engage some teacher of international law and begin studying at once. He gave me the name of a man who made a specialty of coaching applicants for the diplomatic service, and also the name of a French teacher. He even went further and introduced me to a secretary who had been in the service several years and who was spending a few days in Washington

Here at last I was in touch with someone who had been following for several years the career I was entering—or contemplating entering. I looked at him with very keen interest and admiration—this latter somewhat modified when he admitted that he had entered the service before examinations had been instituted, only a matter of a few years before. In appearance he was slim and tall, wore a smart morning coat, a small upturned mustache and spoke with a slightly Englished accent. Being at that time so wholly one hundred per cent American, I viewed him through slightly disapproving eyes; but once by his outwardly foreign assumptions, I found him pleasant and ready to tell me everything he knew about the service. He had served in both South American and European posts, and confided to me, when the chief of the bureau was out of hearing, that the former was desperately boring—a complete waste of time.

When I left the Department of State that day, my arms filled with pamphlets and lists of names of books, my head buzzing with all I had heard, I was fully convinced that it was every bit as dreary a place as I had thought when we entered it. Of course discouragement had much to do with this feeling. The idea of passing an examination hung over me with depressing dread. I knew nothing of the subjects that had been mentioned. International law was as totally strange as diplomatic usages. The only ray of light was in a modern language—I did know a little French, which I spoke with the fluency of the usual American tourist. At any rate, though, that was not an entirely closed book. The others—international law, diplomatic usages!

Things a Diplomat Must Know

I CONFESSED to the senator that I might as well go back home and choose some other career. It was out of the question to learn enough about such subjects to pass an examination in them in two months. He laughed, patted me on the back and attempted to cheer me by saying it would not be half so bad as it sounded, that international law was such a vague thing that no one really knew anything about it; and so far as diplomatic usages went, he supposed that was merely a matter of knowing how to say good morning in French and to eat with the right knife and fork. On the whole, I got the impression that he and the secretary took the subject rather lightly, but the assistant secretary, the chief of the diplomatic bureau and the secretary I had met—not a bit of it!

The pamphlet I had brought away with me increased my depression. I could hardly wait to get back to the hotel to see what the sample examination contained. Imagine my consternation when I found questions like this included quite casually with many others even more complicated:

"During a recent revolution in Constantinople one X, a member of the late Turkish cabinet, applied to the American Embassy for admission and was admitted One Y, a member of the recent government, indicted for the misappropriation of funds, secretly entered the American Embassy. Z, an opponent of the revolution, pursued by a mob, seeks refuge in the American Embassy. What should be the action of the American Embassy in each of these cases?"

Or this:

"A diplomatic agent leases a house for the period of two years at an annual rental of five thousand dollars, payable monthly. The agent pays rent for the first three months, but thereafter neglects to pay the rent when due. At the expiration of a year the owner of the house seeks to evict the diplomat and files an action to recover the rent due and damages for the breach of the lease. What, in your opinion, should be the result? Would it make any difference in your answer if instead of a diplomat the tenant was a consul general?"

Or this:

"Give your understanding of the difference between a chargé d'affaires ad interim and a chargé des affaires."

Or even this:

"Upon the execution of Louis XVI the British Government refused to receive the French diplomatic agent and sent him his passports. Was the action of the British Government correct?"

Naturally I spent a sleepless night, deciding for and against the diplomatic service and reaching the conclusion in the early morning hours that it could do no harm to go ahead and make an attempt to pass the examinations. Even if I failed I should have had considerable experience and learned a great deal about a subject that sounded, even under the influence of panic, very interesting. This decision meant settling down in Washington and getting to work at once.

"Can you teach me enough international law in two months to pass the examination for the diplomatic service?" I asked the coach to whom I had been referred

"How much of it do you now know?" he replied.

"Absolutely nothing."

"Can you give all your time to it?"

I nodded. "With the exception of a few hours on French."

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An Old Photograph of John Sharp Williams

The Grind

HE CONSIDERED this a few moments. "It all depends upon you. On the whole, you might get a fairly comprehensive idea of international law in two months. At least—you might try."

He could give me only two hours a day, from six to eight in the morning he was already coaching eight men—but I agreed to this and went on in search of the French teacher. At the end of the day my room was filled with ponderous volumes and grammars and much atmospheric uncertainty.

The portentous volumes made a disconcerting array. I hardly knew where to start. Then, with the determination to begin somewhere, I picked up the least formidable-looking volume—The Principles of International Law, by T. J. Lawrence—and read a definition of the subject which at once appealed to me—"the difficulty of making it"—international law—"satisfactory." I ran hastily over the table of contents to see if any of the subjects appeared comprehensible to me.

The Law of Peace and The Law of War seemed to be the two important divisions of the book, with a third part devoted to Neutrality. I settled down in a comfortable chair, plunged in and read for perhaps four hours.

The complete novelty of the subject interested me. Who of us, leading an ordinary American life, ever thinks of the ramifications of treaty rights, obligations and rights connected with jurisdiction, nationality, extradition treaties, and so on? The subject opened up an entirely new world.

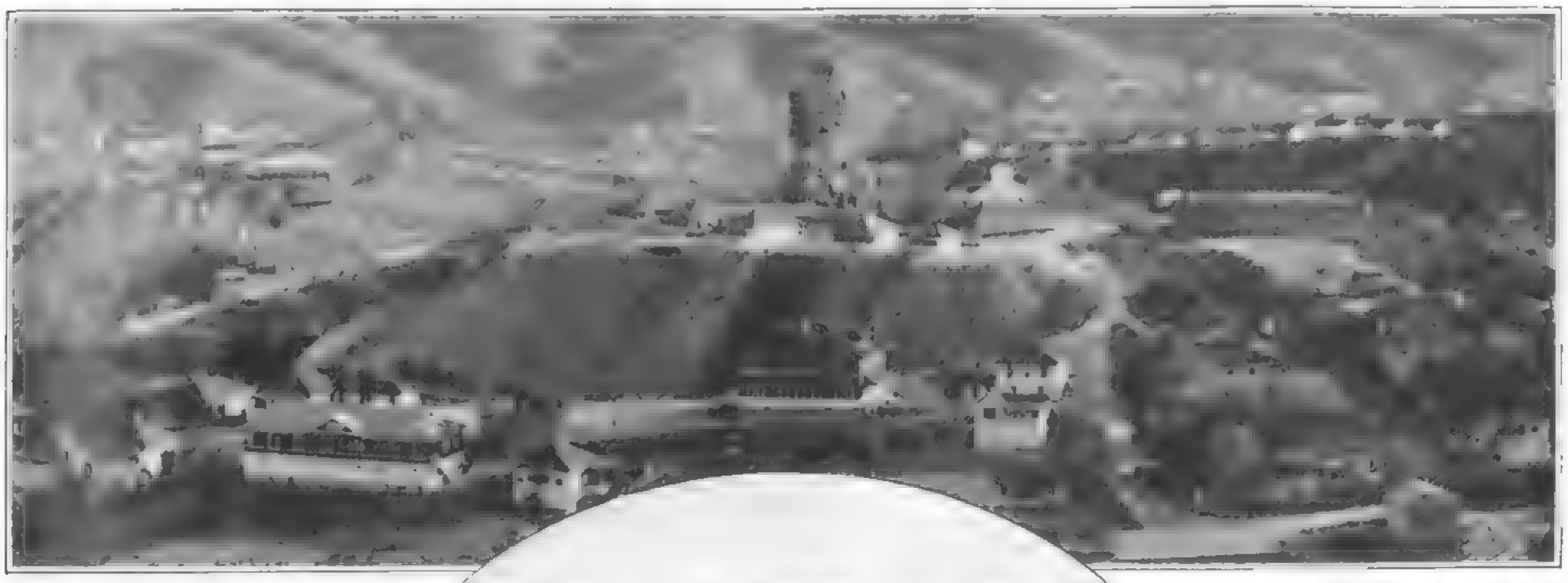
When I arrived at six o'clock the next morning at the rooms of the international coach I found that he had brought with him a book not included in my list—a book of cases compiled by James Brown Scott. My coach suggested that I study that first, as it gave actual cases, the causes, the discussions and the decisions. He considered it the best way to learn the principles of the subject, as one actually learned them through seeing the applications; and each case having actually occurred became more vital and vivid. Those first two hours and before breakfast, mind you—remain very distinct and suggestive in my recollections. The possibility of

(Continued on Page 121)

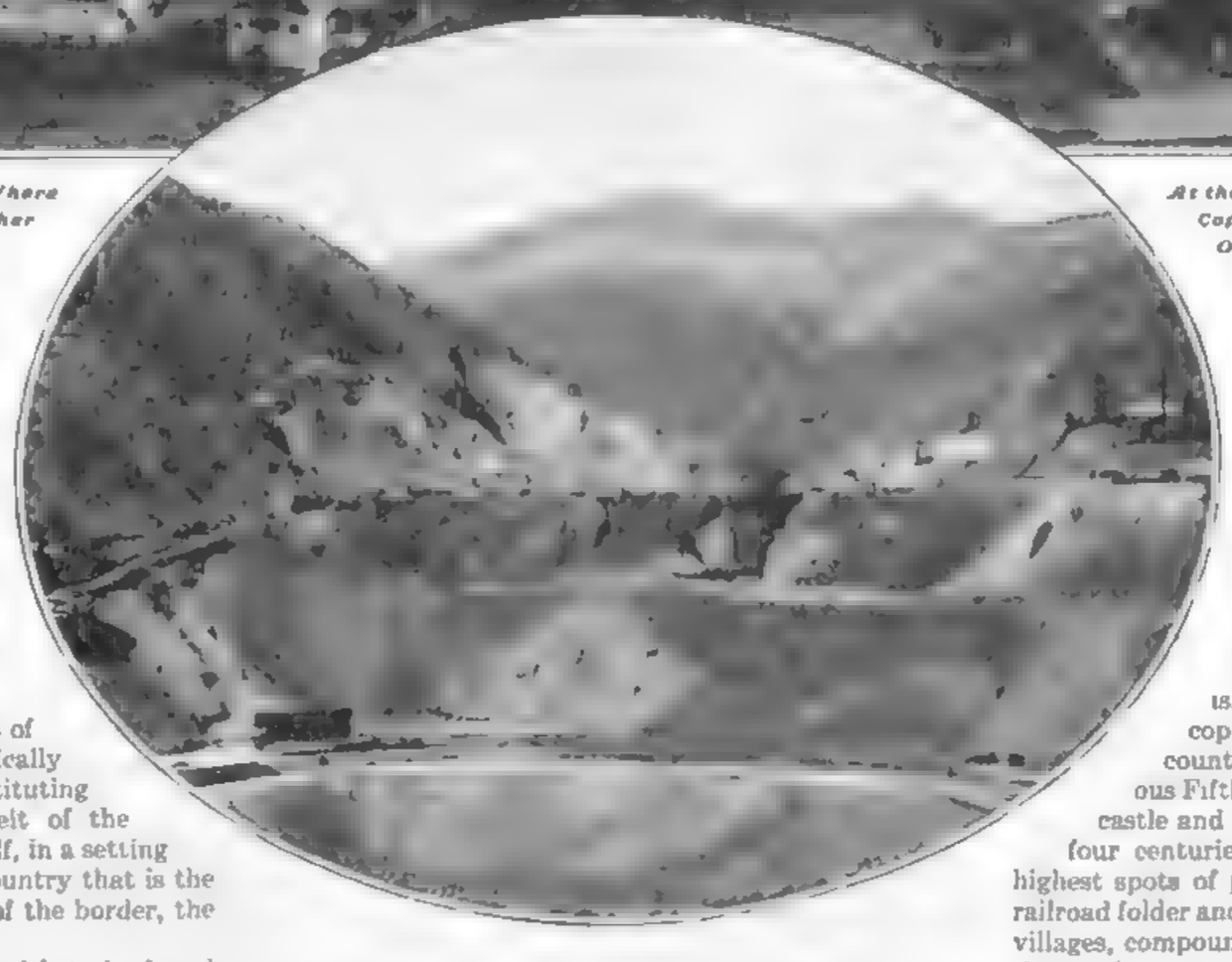
The State, War and Navy Department Building, Washington, D. C.

THE NEW FRONTIER

Red Metal Instead of Red Men—By Albert W. Atwood



A Copper Mine at Miami, Arizona, Where Dwellings and Operations Cling Together for a Good Foothold on the Hillside



At the Left—Steam Shovel Operations at the Copper Mine Near Prescott, Arizona, Owned by Senator William A. Clark

IN THE intermountain region of this country, in what was and still is to an appreciable degree a portion of the Great American Desert, there extends from northwest to southeast a broad belt or band of mineralized territory, stored here and there with gold, more frequently with silver, but most often and to a predominant extent with copper. It is not the only zone of enrichment with which Nature has compensated the arid regions, nor does it include by any means all the big copper mines of the country.

But there it stretches, across portions of old Mexico and New Mexico, and practically the whole of the state of Arizona, constituting what is, after all, the main copper belt of the Western Hemisphere and the world itself, in a setting of mountain and mesa and range, in a country that is the very heart and essence of the romance of the border, the desert and the last frontier.

It is said that the West is vanishing and is to be found no longer outside the movies—that is, the West of hostile Indians, big game and six-shooters, the glorious golden West of song and story. But the truth of such a statement depends upon the point of view, upon the perspective, as it were. The romance is still there, and there is a last or perhaps it is a new frontier. But it is no longer composed primarily of desperadoes and train robbers. The romance rather is that of resources, developed and undeveloped, and the only remaining frontier is one of agricultural, commercial and industrial possibilty.

The Heart of the Copper Country

TO MANY minds no doubt there is nothing other than prosaic in the torsions and agonies of an earth which in infant days created the basic and essential minerals, one of which is copper. Indeed it is comparatively rare for people to allocate to their source the physical substances upon which life depends or to connect them with the realities of geography.

The fact perhaps is not so much romantic as it is arresting and thought provoking in the contrasts which it suggests, that not far from half the copper produced in this country, and more than is dug from any other continent entire, comes from the youngest, the baby state, scarcely more than ten years out of its territorial swaddling clothes.

Also it comes from a state that is as large as all six of the New England States, with New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland and more than half of either New York or Pennsylvania thrown in, yet boasts only as many people as there are in Minneapolis, and even of these a substantial portion are aborigines who occupy a big slice of the total area.

It is scarcely more than twenty-five years since the Apaches and other hostile tribes finally came to rest, and the supremacy of the white man's civilization was definitely established. Geronimo, Cochise and the Apache Kid have gone, and it might be scornfully said by the lovers of the wild and woolly West that smelter smoke has more or less taken their place. But in the streets of the largest copper camp of all one may see his fill of peaceful Apaches, if there be any kick in that, with squaws as gayly dressed and bent as heavily under the weight of papoose as if they were starting out for a Buffalo Bill show.

These Indians mill about the streets of the snug little city and gaze into the store windows exactly like other folks who are about their everyday business of life. But alas for the vanished frontier, there is local color enough with Indians, cowboys and miners, but it is color only. Public interest no longer centers in shooting affrays, lynchings, train robberies, Indian raids and the like.

That is, it centers in such events no more than and precisely as much as it does in Lowell, Massachusetts, and Chester, Pennsylvania, for the simple reason that it has no more reason to be so concerned. What the people are interested in is exactly what they are interested in in Lowell, Chester and hundreds of other centers of modern civilization—the weekly pay roll of a fifty or hundred million dollar corporation whose shares are listed on the New York Stock Exchange and whose destinies are directed much like those of a thousand other companies, from a small area of land lying between the Hudson and Harlem rivers and Long Island Sound.

But I would not desert the mourners over a vanished West so soon. Let us jump into a jitney with the pleasant young Presbyterian minister of the locality and ride out of town a couple of miles. We have left behind the smelter smoke, the roar of the red-hot slag as it thunders down the dump, and the tiresome ever-present problems of labor, technology, financing and world markets. Up a small hill, past a little homestead ranch, and we are in the compound of a really vanished race, one that lived so many thousands of years before anything that most of us know about, that even the Smithsonian Institution and the American Museum of Natural History boast of but slight acquaintance with these men and women that antedate so many races.

The romance of the West may have vanished, but not its contrasts. Another great copper camp, which has created one of the country's largest fortunes and most conspicuous Fifth Avenue palaces, is near to Montezuma's castle and was probably worked by Coronado some four centuries ago. For that matter only the very highest spots of prehistoric civilization have reached the railroad folder and tourist guides. Indeed there are ancient villages, compounds and irrigation canals that, except for the careless scrutiny of cattlemen or cowpunchers and the closer but only occasional view of a government investigator, have hardly as yet met the white man's eye.

An Undeveloped Empire

OR PERHAPS those who deplore the vanished West would feel more comfortable and happy as we approach the border. Let us forget for a moment the costly development programs, the large dividends, the millionaire shareholders and the benevolent sociological experiments of a giant corporation, and slip down a half dozen miles just across the border.

Here, gentlemen, you may have a drink in complete safety, both digestively and constitutionally; but more important than that is the fact that we are now in a land still in the throes of consolidating its last revolution, an accomplished feat of but two years since.

At any rate the last battle just across the border was no longer ago than that, but the average American citizens whom one meets on this side of the border—haberdashers and garage owners, engaged in the same ordinary lines of trade that precisely similar men would be engaged in in Toledo, Ohio, or Meriden, Connecticut—talk regretfully of not having witnessed a machine-gun battle in our sister republic for at least two years, as if that were far back in the stone age.

Industry is different somehow in the undeveloped empire of the Southwest. In the smoky centers of the Middle West and East a thousand factories and warehouses support one another in a dead level of uniformity and unrelieved matter-of-factness.

But industry on the modern scale seems strangely clear and sharp against a background of deserts which exceed whole states in area, rich and fertile but far scattered

valleys, mountain ranges of bewildering number and variety, table-lands and mesas of lofty altitude and imperial dimensions, immense cañons, of which but one is known to outside fame, game preserves, forest preserves some of them petrified and Indian reserves as large in area as European countries. Industry here may be no more thrilling than in Akron or Liverpool, but at least no one can overlook or neglect the fact of its existence or its importance in such a setting.

Whatever may be the resources of such a country, developed or undeveloped—and they are no doubt many—they must in the nature of the case be overshadowed by the one great industry. But such an industry brings labor, and that is followed by a greater market for other products, which means agriculture, still other industries, good roads, schools, and so forth.

The Copper Camp of Jerome, Arizona. "Dogs are Said to be Born Here With Unusually Short Fore and Long Hind Legs to Cling to the Grades"

The transcontinental traveler is inclined, after the first interest has worn off, to think more about dust, dining-car meals, weariness, monotony, and the desirability of reaching his destination than he is to delve into complicated industrial and commercial relationships.

Sand, Cactus and Upper Berths

TRANSCONTINENTAL railroads pass through much flat country, uninspiring and unrelieved. The traveler spends what seems about a month of time crawling across what looks like a wasted effort of Providence.

Off there on the horizon beyond that mountain range or in another equally elongated and widened Western state there may be ore without which telephones, electric lights and similar little comforts and conveniences of modern existence would have a pretty poor chance. But the traveler's thoughts are elsewhere. He wants to see something besides sand, cactus and upper berths.

It is not so much that the mountains contain ore which when mined, milled, smelted and refined supplies the world with one of its basic and essential metals. Man takes the gifts of Nature and even his own painfully acquired machinery and technic pretty much for granted. The mere fact, or the mention of it, that copper or any other metal is produced in given quantity in a given state has about as much interest for the average person as any other encyclopedic item. What really matters is the vistas of inquiry that widen out, the meanings and implications of such an industry in such a place.

It is hardly probable that the tourist who crawls across the continent in any brand of railroad limited ponders upon the fact that over in yon mountains have been tried out for many years every known policy of management, every variety of industrial detail and technic, every form of individual or corporate effort, and in those barren, rugged hills have been enacted some of the bitterest industrial dramas of all history, the struggles of rival unions, deportations, revolts, battles, wars.

Diversity

FOR it is an industry which even today presents every diversity and stage of the art. Almost every mine differs, almost all ores differ, the processes for treatment differ, the camps and towns are as unlike as the equipment. There is a divergence of labor conditions and in the treatment of labor. But there is one common likeness, one unmistakable similarity—namely, that upon the foundation of this industry, upon this leverage or fulcrum, as it were, depends to no small degree the development of a fairly imperial domain.

In the Southwest most of the copper mines were closed down something like a year, from the spring of 1921 to that of 1922. One big company was closed for two years. The value of the copper produced in one state alone compared with that in 1919 as $21,000,000 compares with $163,000,000. Yet this is a state in which a very nice part of the Atlantic seaboard could be lost and still leave plenty of room.

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The Rim of the Mogollon Mesa From the Housetops of Jerome. The Smelter Towns of Clarkdale and Clemenceau in Right Foreground are Two Thousand Feet Below the Level From Which Picture Was Taken

A WOMAN WITH A PAST

By Alice Duer Miller

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

NOBODY asked her to dance, nobody noticed her, nobody looked as if they ever would notice her. She was nineteen years old and nothing like this had ever happened to her before. At home—she and her ancestors before her came from a prosperous country suburb of Boston—she was almost too popular for her own happiness; she lived so much in a group that she hardly had time enough to think life over—to savor her own enjoyment. Of the Harvard men who thronged her parents' house there were always one or two who wanted to marry her, three or four who merely loved her hopelessly, and a great many—and these gave Deborah the most pleasure—who offered her a frank, warm, equal comradeship. She lived surrounded by these different types of masculine admiration.

She was an excellent companion; she was fond of horses and dogs, she rode and drove and motored; she played a good game of tennis and a fair game of golf; she was distinctly an out-of-doors girl, and yet she was so finely made that in evening dress she looked as slim and fragile as any fainting heroine of the early nineteenth century. Only in her movements there was a vigor and firmness that meant strength; her slender ankle never shook, her wrist never trembled. She was very pretty, blond, but not of the pale silver type; nor yet of the purely golden; her hair was the color of old maple furniture; her color was high; her profile short and clear; her jaw a little too square. American men of all ages, even the boys whose friends she had refused, were apt to say when her name was mentioned, "They don't come any better than Deb Goreham."

So much for New England, but this was the Lido—that irresponsible little stretch of sand between Venice and the Adriatic. Here, where hardly a hundred years ago Byron and Shelley rode their horses along the empty beach, hotels are crowded together.

The Lido is the summer playground of half Italy; and in September it has a special season. Then it draws fashionable English people who do not care for shooting, and Americans who find the month dull in London and Paris, and yet are by no means ready to go home.

Deborah had been in France most of the summer with her parents, but as they were starting for Venice, which was to be the climax of their trip, they had been summoned to Scotland by the illness of an old friend. They were grateful to their cousin, Bradley Goreham, who suggested that Deborah should join his wife and himself, already established at the Lido.

All the Gorehams had the greatest confidence in Bradley—a thin, haggard, prematurely aged New Englander of forty, a noble soul with a poor digestion; he managed the business affairs of the entire clan. He had married a Southerner—not, his relations murmured among themselves, of the best Southern blood. She was admitted into the Goreham family as a sort of nonresident member; she was seldom in Boston, preferring New York and Paris; her desire to know people of importance and to make herself felt in new groups was thought vulgar and snobbish by her family-in-law, whose own opinion was that to have married a Goreham was enough. Deborah knew that Flora would be friends with everyone in Venice with a title, and though she disapproved of the methods by which Flora attained these acquaintances, it must be owned she was looking forward to meeting Flora's friends.

Her cousin Bradley was at the station to meet her. She stepped from the dust and dirt of the Paris express out upon the majesty of the Grand Canal. It was the late afternoon, and though her cousin had brought a motor boat to meet her, the distance to the Lido was so great that Flora was already dressing for dinner when they arrived at the hotel. Deborah went into her bedroom to greet her, but Flora was so busy telling her maid how to hook her dress, and urging Bradley to be quick about dressing, and to be sure the motor boat waited to take them back to Venice, where they were dining with a Russian princess, that the interview was not continuous. In the hard light over the dressing table Flora looked harder and older. As she talked she kept passing a powder puff under her chin, where a little hollow was visible. Her handsome, glossy, blue-black eyes kept flitting from her looking-glass to her dress, and back again—never to Deborah.

He Opened the Door of His Aunt's Sitting Room—Without Knocking "Here She Is, Aunt Pattie"

The girl dined in her room, which was not part of her cousin's suite, and then dressed and waited for them to come, as they had promised, and take her to the dance. She waited until after eleven, and then only Bradley came. Flora, he said, had gone straight to the party with some people who had been at their dinner. In the ballroom Bradley found her a chair and sat down beside her; he did not dance. The room was not overcrowded, and for a few minutes Deborah was amused at watching the dancers, as her cousin pointed out the notables—a celebrated cellist tangoing vigorously with Flora, a great singer of immense bulk pirouetting on his tiny feet.

"I wish I knew some of these younger fellows to introduce to you," Bradley said. "I'll get hold of Flora as soon as she stops dancing."

"Oh, don't trouble," answered Deborah, who thought Flora ought not to require being got hold of; "I'm perfectly happy looking on."

This was a lie; she was not happy; after a few minutes she began to hate—not only sitting still but the feeling that no one saw her, no one even glanced in her direction. She was not vain, but to be sought after and admired in a ballroom was as much a matter of course to her as to be fed and waited upon in her daily life; it was a presupposition; and, as we all know, there is something panicky in a presupposition giving way under us. She tried not to take it seriously, but as the dances succeeded each other—the same tunes, the same steps that she danced so well—and no one asked to be introduced to her or even looked at her, a terrified depression began to come over her.

She kept saying to herself: "Of course I don't know any of these people as yet."

There was Tommy Cotter; he had almost lived at their house during his senior year; but Cousin Bradley had told her that Tommy was desperately in love with the dark-browed Spanish lady with whom he was dancing; she was a connection of the Carlist claimant of the Spanish throne, large, and old enough to be Tommy's mother, but Deborah could see that there was something romantic about her—enough to turn Tommy's head. Besides, as the girl was sufficiently just to admit, she had never particularly liked Tommy; there was no reason why he should rush to her side.

And there—yes, no, yes—there was Mary Brockton—poor Mary, whom she had always considered uninteresting and, to be candid, second-rate at home. Mary was completely made over. Her dress seemed to be nothing but black jet chains which parted in the most unexpected places; her skin was a uniform dead white and her mouth redder than the reddest coral. Deborah did not know whether she was hideous or very beautiful, but it was obvious she was much admired—she was surrounded.

Suddenly a low ironic English voice said in her ear, "Of what nationality is that red-mouthed young person?"

Deborah turned and noticed for the first time an old lady sitting beside her—surprised that she hadn't noticed her before, for she was a strange figure. She wore a black velvet skullcap on her white hair, and had a great many lusterless diamond chains and stars and rings; she was small and seemed to be slightly twisted by gout or rheumatism, but her profile was sharp and all her features carefully modeled as if by a fine-fingered artist and her skin was soft and pink and white.

Deborah saw that she was asking about Mary. "Oh, she's an American like me," she answered.

The old lady looked at her. "Oh, really?" she said. "Are you an American? You don't speak like one."

This questionable compliment which most of us have heard at one time or another from our English friends was new to Deborah. She answered in perfect innocence: "Oh, yes, I do. I speak like all the Americans I know. Perhaps you have never met the right kind."

This answer, which might have annoyed the old lady, appeared to amuse her. She laughed; in fact, she chuckled. "That must be it," she said.

Deborah had been brought up to be polite to the aged, but she had something of the American feeling that it is always youth that confers the favor. It never crossed her mind that her conversation could be unwelcome, and as a matter of fact it was cordially received. She told the old lady a good deal about America, Boston and the Goreham family. Suddenly in the midst of one of her sentences, she stopped short.

"Do you know who that is," she asked—"that man dancing with my cousin?"

It was obvious he was an Englishman. In many countries the fashionable sporting set make themselves look like Englishmen—their clothes, their tones, their habits, even their manners may be English, but never their manner. That manner—blank without being sulky, unregardful yet never missing a trick, aloof and yet ready to break into the simplest friendliness to the right person—it isn't copied, the well-bred English manner. This man had it superlatively. There were several princes and counts in the room, the cousin of a king, and the supposed son of a

great sovereign, some of them lean and aristocratic as a greyhound is aristocratic, but none of them had the unassuming superiority of this man. He was dark, too—at least his hair looked brown, though it was really a smooth dark red; his skin was tanned to a permanent copper color; his cheek bones high and prominent; and his left arm almost useless. Deborah couldn't take her eyes off him. She liked the way he moved and talked and never smiled, the way his coat hung from his flat shoulders, the perfect way in which it was cut, and the casual way in which one of its buttons was broken

"He's my nephew," said the old lady. "His name is Brainard."

Deborah had plenty of time to observe him; never perhaps in the course of her short life had she been so completely at leisure, so unthreatened by interruption of any kind as she was in that ballroom. She said to herself, "I could fall in love with a man like that."

A few minutes later she heard her Cousin Bradley saying to her, "Sorry, Deb; I think I'll be off—don't feel just right—must have eaten something—scampi, probably. Do you want to stay? If you do, Lady Armistead won't mind your sitting with her."

She had wanted, a little while ago, to get away, but now there was something worth waiting for. What more natural than that Brainard should presently say to himself: "Who in thunder is that pretty girl in white and cherry color whom my aunt has picked up?" and come across the room to—speak to his aunt? She said she thought she'd stay a little longer—it was so amusing to watch, and Cousin Bradley, who she now saw was a strange gray color, disappeared from the room. Nothing happened. Brainard stopped dancing—and danced again, and went and stood by the door. He did not come. Once or twice his eyes seemed to glance across her, but they never paused.

It must have been noticeable that her own eyes never left him, for at last the old lady said, as if in answer to a spoken wish, "I'll call him over," and she stood up and beckoned.

He came at once.

"I want you to dance with this little American friend of mine," she said. "She doesn't know anybody."

"Oh, rather," said Brainard, but without any of that enthusiasm which may be thrown into that overworked word.

Deborah was ashamed that she was glad to get him even on these terms. She enjoyed dancing with him, and she liked the hard feeling of the arm he put about her. And, she said to herself, it was only the beginning—she had two weeks before her. Perhaps —— She did not spoil their dance by talking, but when they stopped she said the first silly thing that came into her head:

"Better weather for swimming than dancing. Do you swim in the morning or the afternoon here?"

He did not look at her. He took his handkerchief from his sleeve and mopped his brow, and then he answered as if he had almost forgotten she had spoken to him:

"Oh, I'm goin' on this beastly early train."

He wasn't a bit interested in her—nothing that she said ever would interest him—he had just danced with her to oblige his aunt. They were standing near a long open window, and an idea she had had of perhaps passing through the window to the terrace died within her. She felt she ought to go away and leave him free, but she did not know exactly how it would be best to go, and as she hesitated Flora approached her—for the first time—and swept them both out to the terrace with her own motion.

"Hello, Deb," she said. "Having a good time?" And then turning to Brainard she added: "Looks nice down on the beach, doesn't it?"

"Get your slippers full of sand," answered Brainard.

Deborah was delighted to see that he wasn't a bit more cordial to Flora, with whom he had been dancing a good deal, than to her, with whom he had not wanted to dance at all.

"Oh, I don't care if I do," said Flora. "Come on. I left a scarf down there this afternoon in my tent, and I want to find it. The moon is bright enough."

The next moment Deborah was standing alone on the terrace. Brainard had said something about not liking to leave her alone, and she had answered that it was all right, she was going to bed.

"Yes," Flora agreed; "she must be tired."

And they had disappeared round the corner of the hotel, leaving Deborah where she stood

Flora was right; she was tired -tired and lonely and sad. She went upstairs to her room.

Her windows faced—not the sea, but Venice. She could see the lights of the *piazzetta* and the campanile gleaming faintly in the moonlight. It was very beautiful, and the beauty made her feel worse. She knew it was foolish to feel that her place in the universe was fixed by one unsuccessful evening, but she did feel it—felt that her looks were uninteresting, her personality nonexistent; that she was a crude, raw, unattractive New England girl, who had better go back to her native obscurity as quickly as possible. And having reached this salutary conclusion about dawn, she went to bed and to sleep.

She slept until after eleven o'clock, and woke, if not hopeful, at least not quite so much obsessed by the idea of Brainard. "I might have been able to do something with him if I'd only had time," she thought as she rang for coffee. Then she called up Flora's room. The maid answered. Monsieur had been ill, very ill, during the night; the doctor was there. Deborah hurried to her cousin's door in her dressing gown, and had a word with Flora, who looked paler and wilder and more irritable than ever.

"No, no," she said. "He's better. It's just ptomaine. He will eat scampi. He's going to be all right. You'd better go and get a swim."

It was a hot bright morning, and Deborah thought the advice good. She put on her black bathing dress with the short slit skirt, hardly more than an apron, which had been so much commented on last summer on the North Shore, and wrapped about her the gay pink knit cloak which she had bought especially for the Lido while she was in Paris, and which she now feared was a little too conspicuous.

As she came out of the hotel and advanced toward the water, with the crowded piazzas behind her and the crowded beach before her, she had a sudden illusion that she was being stared at; a strange obsession that as she passed, excited conversation in Italian or English or French or Spanish sprang up behind her. Her first thought was that there must be something wrong with her clothes. She glanced down hastily. No, the pink cloak was holding together all right. Besides, as she looked about her she asked herself what in the way of costume or lack of costume could be conspicuous here? On the one hand girls were playing tennis in one-piece bathing suits rolled up as high as one-piece bathing suits will roll, and on the other, men in trunks and girls in pajamas were talking and sitting and strolling on the beach. No, it couldn't be her clothes.

Perhaps she was getting queer, imagining things—last night that no one noticed her, and today that everyone did. She decided to ignore the impression; and then as she passed another group a hissed "*Oui, c'est elle*," just reached her. She turned quickly. Yes, they were all looking at her.

Suddenly Mary Brockton, in peacock-blue tights and a flamelike bathing cap, rose from the sands, and two or three men sprang up about her.

"Oh—ho, Deb!" she shouted in the wrong kind of Boston voice. "The Prince of Berengaria wants to be introduced to you. And these are two counts—Rubino their name is—that's Sandro and that's Roberto, but you'll never know them apart. Tommy, of course, you know."

Deborah had a sudden feeling of being welcomed into a gang—of being wanted as a playmate the way she was at home.

"You are up early," said one of the little counts.

Deborah at once noted a difference between American men and Italians; the latter could say a mere platitude like this as if it had a special meaning.

"And I didn't get to sleep till awfully late," she answered.

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Deborah Did Not Know Whether She Was Hideous or Very Beautiful, But It Was Obvious She Was Much Admired

AN INTERLUDE

By Mary Brecht Pulver

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

"Stop That!" Commanded Elon. "You Mean That You Deliberately Wanted to Make a Game Out of Me——"

AS ELON LLEWELLYN looked up from the piece of harness he was mending the big gray automobile flashed into the little square again and stopped in front of Pike's Drug Store.

He knew what that meant. They would get out and go into Pike's and look over Harry Pike's store of stale boxed chocolates and magazines and order one of the three or four kinds of thick sticky soda Harry could mix and razz the whole place. They had done it every day for four days, coming down from the Castle on the mountain purposely to beguile an idle hour.

Yesterday they had worn bathing suits. Elon had watched them getting out. People said there was a swimming pool up on the Castle grounds and probably they intended bathing when they went back. But the suits had been perfectly dry.

It was the green one Elon had watched. At least she was partly green. There was a little round saucy-brimmed hat, with a green feather turning over one ear, and rows of little green silk ruffles over her hips, and little laced green shoes. But between the ruffles and the green shoes—nothing. That is to say, only a dazzling slenderly curvilinear whiteness that matched the slim young arms and half-bared bosom of the upper torso.

Elon had stared and stared, and swallowed hard. Not that there weren't other bare legs and arms present—plenty of them. The bevy of mocking, laughing, half-nude young people had brought a fairly orgiastic quality into the sleepy summer streets of the little town.

They had gone, in a milling fury of undraped limb and gaudy-colored trunks and flying linen dusters, into Pike's, and thereafter into Scoggins', the grocer's, and thereafter to Clemm's and to the post office and to the bank; and Elon had watched, dazed, aghast and pleasurably horrified, through his small window their every progress. Suppose they had taken a notion to come into his shop—in bathing clothes. That green one—that green-and-white one!

It was rather awful when they came into your shop—at least Harry Pike and Scoggins had intimated thus. They had no right business with you; just came for devilment, Scoggins said; and Harry Pike had told him some of the questions they'd asked. They wanted to tease you, to give you a run, that's all. It was bad enough for Harry, who was smart and knew about jazz; for himself it would be tragedy, for his mind, he knew, moved slowly, deliberately, like the turning of great wooden wheels.

But fortunately they hadn't come in. They were, he had heard, a house party up at the Castle—whatever that was. Certainly such birds of paradise as they were had small need of purchases in a country harness shop.

Today the green one was really, he saw, a purple one. She had on a short fringy skirt and silk sweater of that hue and a small knitted hat pulled over her ears. You could still see her legs, but they shone, two exquisite vaselike creations, in pale-gray silk and gray suède shoes. Close by her hovered an enormous youth, with hair of a pale-fawn hue, close-cropped, like a well-made brush, on a round bullet head, and a round face, pinkly brown from much sunshine. He was big and strong looking, after a fashion, but top-heavy, Elon concluded; deep-winded, with full-fashioned shoulders, and a hint of corporation even; but he spindled off too fast. His legs, Elon concluded, were not a match æsthetically for the pale-gray feminine silks.

Even so, they held Elon's eye, for from the edge of a light-gray knitted golf coat there extended, covering the same members, short pants and golf stockings of a curious bloomy long-haired, blue-gray stuff that made Elon think of the hair on thistle blossoms.

It was Elon's first experience with hand-loomed Scotch homespun and hand-carded wool socks made to order and exactly to match. The enormous youth, he noted, placed one hand on the green one's back as he piloted her into Harry's place. There was on the hand, he saw, a great *cabochon* stone of winking purplish hue—the gauds of a vain, frivolous world. In some vague way that easy confident hand on the green one's back displeased Elon. A woman was something to be touched more reverently.

Just here Elon's Aunt Martha entered. She thrust into the shadows of the back shop a prim panel of gray-clad, elderly femininity.

"Elon," she sighed, "thee must go and look for Matthew. I think he's gone swimming again. The child must certainly be disciplined."

Elon got up with another sigh, threatening to drive his tall fair head through the low ceil. The little shop had been made for smaller men than he, and its walls and dim corners came close and framed his big, strong, shapely young body with a Rembrandtesque effect of darkling dusky shadow, throwing him into strong relief. He was worth looking at.

The bar of dancing dust motes, rainbow prismatic, in the slanting sun fire that fell through the window corner led straightway to even sprightlier, more vivid colors in Elon himself. He lit the dim shop like a bright torch, with his apricot hair, the poppy flush on his cheek bones, the candid clarity of his bright, grave-glancing, turquoise-green eyes, the appalling womanly milkiness of the bared throat and chest above the blue work shirt, the corn-kernel harmony of his fine strong teeth. His big body, almost uncouth in its size, was yet as beautifully modeled as young Hercules, and against the bright window the line of his nicely proportioned profile was as finely drawn as an Abbey Galahad's.

Once in a while Nature so fashions a young male creature—to an inordinate beauty and perfection of physical type—with an accompanying almost virginal simplicity of mind and soul, an utterly shocking sincerity of spirit. He is to be found usually in a humble environment, ensconced in the simplest rituals of life. And it was so with Elon Llewellyn. He was twenty-two years of age, as strong as a pure-blooded young bull, as innocent as a field daisy, as beautiful as a young Saint John out of a stained-glass window.

He knew about his strength, took a nice personal standard entirely for granted, and never dreamed that a man could be beautiful. Certainly there was no way of finding this last out, not from his rustic neighbors, chiefly a colony of Welsh Friends, nor from the little blurred mirrors his home supplied. Certainly never from his grave Aunt Martha. She looked at him now as though the bright blaze of his physical person ought to be extinguished, and said gravely, "Has thee learned thy piece for tomorrow, Elon?"

"No, Aunt Martha, I have not, but I'll practice it this evening. And I'll go and hunt for Matthew now."

He peeped through his window again, saw that they were still in Pike's, the gray car standing empty. His get-away was safe. He rolled up and buttoned his shirt collar, put on his foxed everyday coat and his broad-rimmed country straw hat, stepped out into the little hot street.

A moment later he turned the corner past the Ford place and struck down a ribbon of thick white dusty lane to a screen of sumacs and willows. Behind this screen crawled a brown-green snake of a creek, with here and there at its various bends shadow-stippled deeper holes. Somewhere, by combing the stretch of bank to right and left, in one of these holes he would quite likely find Matthew, the recalcitrant, who must, out of deference to Aunt Martha's training and prejudice, be hauled forth and chastened. And immediately it occurred to Elon how tenacious of purpose, how utterly different, how implacably resistant to all training and form Matthew was. Different from himself—utterly. Never since he had come into Aunt Martha's charge, at twelve years, an orphan, with the little newborn brother, had he himself resisted! His instructions, his admonitions had all been worn in a dutiful sort of harness, a part of life's obligation—the obligation to be serviceable and considerate and unselfish before the precepts and wishes of those who were kind to him.

Matthew didn't care who was kind to him. He slipped out of authority like the unskinned eel from the clutching hand—little, lithe, freckled and skinny. They were as different as night and day. Matthew would probably never do anything he didn't wish to do. Certainly he would not recite at funerals—unless he wished to; certainly not merely because God had given him a talent for making pleasant vocal noises.

There was a patch of boneset, mullein and queen's-lace in a near-by meadow hedged by an old rail fence. Elon removed his hat, leaned on the rail a moment, fanned himself with the hat. His lips pursed, unconsciously his rich young barytone floated out over mullein and boneset recitatively:

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

Then he checked himself with a sigh. It was like him to practice his piece even while mentally protesting. Not that he desired anything else in the world than to pay honor to old Benjamin Carpenter, who had fallen to the scythe in the ripe perfection of ninety clean years. A fine pink-and-white old saint in the Lord, he deserved all possible tribute; and tomorrow at three, in the half twilight of the Friends' Meeting House where Benjamin would lie in his white-boiled shirt and Sabbath blacks, when a lull would come upon the kindly voluntary tributes of his friends to our dear departed brother, Elon would dutifully get up unannounced and send his fine strong tones out like the fulling of a bell into the sunny world beyond the opened door. He had done it a dozen times before. It was an expected ritual—to read at funeral services—a part of his life in this settlement. He himself would be the last to balk it. And yet—he spun his hat slowly round on one finger, reflecting.

They were not complete successes he and Matthew—as members of a Friends' Society. Matthew was frankly nonconformist, a mere potentiality. He himself, for all his apparent amenity, knew rankling, deep-rooted moments of complete protest.

It was, of course, because this particular training was a species of patina, an *appliqué*, wrought largely out of propinquity and his aunt's desires.

It was not intrinsic, not an inherent bent. On the contrary! He had but to raise his glance to a distant blue rim—that mountain where stood the Castle of the house party—to know a curious atavistic thrill of revolt. His bond with that mountain was curiously close; was interwoven with all the legendry and tradition of this countryside—a darkly perverse legendry discountenanced by his aunt, yet true, notwithstanding. For he was a Llewellyn of the Welsh Llewellyns, and in the old days long, long ago the Llewellyns had been dark men.

That distant rim of mountain had meant coal a hundred years ago, and thither had come two Welsh collier boys, his great-great-grandfather and his great-great-granduncle, whose push, whose audacity had eventually placed the mountain in their keeping. It was the granduncle twice removed who had built the Castle itself, and the legends of his ultimate grandeur, his clothing, his servants, his wines—yes, his temper and profanity—were historic matters. Elon's own forbear had been a close second. He was a hunter of foxes. It was said he had ridden his horse into the local Presbyterian church once, and no man sat at meat and wine more sturdily.

The children of both had discarded the home settlement and gone to live in luxurious Philadelphia. There were legends of ladies who wore silks and satins in the early mornings and went to sea in a ship as you might walk to Chester's Mill to get your buckwheat ground; and of gentlemen who drove spans of blooded horses and made bets of money at cards; and who—'twas said on good authority—lit their cigars with five-dollar bills. Fancy lighting your cigar with a five-dollar bill!

Elon left off fanning and, breaking a mullein stalk, whacked idly at the fence.

Well, it hadn't lasted. The mountain and its show place, the Castle, and all the other holdings in the country had passed out of the family. Five-dollar matchwood didn't pay!

The granduncle's progeny never came back at all—lost somewhere in the chaos of Philadelphia. His own grandsire, at forty, had come home wrecked of fortune and health and taken up a small mortgaged farm. Later he had financed a son—Aunt Martha's husband—in a venture in the village shop; and Elon, in the course of time, fatherless, penniless, had succeeded.

It was Aunt Martha whose abstemious frugality kept their family intact at all; who had brought the tenets of her family and neighbors to their lives; who had nurtured them in the austere sacrificial peaceful beauty of her faith. Yet at times a curious wild sympathy broke bounds in Elon—as now for these forgotten, far-flung, lawless, disgraceful ancestors who knew what he could not. His strength, for instance. He was aware this minute of the massive muscles under his sleeve; yet except at hefting sacks of grain or stone, or in a friendly wrestling match, he would never know the extent of his primal male energy, the fighting smack and punch of a doubled fist driven into an opposing jaw; never fight a man to close his eye, to bloody his nose.

Curiously, this reprobate thought raised a faint pang, a qualm of almost sickening pleasure in Elon. Something ran through his veins like a tiny serpent of scarlet fire. He must, he felt, be getting sick or be possessed of an evil spell. He had often deplored the passivity of his powers, but never had actually drunk even a vicarious sip of fulfillment. And it was curious and quite bewildering that with the pang had come a picture of a gray motor and a group of young people, with especially clear a big-shouldered young man in hairy pants, one hand on a girl's back as he guided her through a door.

A chuckling juvenile shape curved by under the sumacs, dribbling nondescript objects. The Willetts boy—and he'd been stealing clothes. Elon remembered his quest. He doubled his big hands around the top rail and vaulted into the lush meadow. Matthew must be near.

He was not mistaken. The Willetts boy and his filched wardrobe had completely disappeared; but just behind the first willows two lads of nine and ten years respectively stood ankle-deep in the water. They were stripped to the buff and had turned a piebald brown and white by reason of the handfuls of rich wet mud with which they clouted each other. They appeared to be singing or chanting, and when Elon caught the gist of their song he ran dutifully through the rim of bushes on shore and stayed them.

"Here, you!" he shouted in the worldly vernacular; then resorting to family intimacy, "Thee'll come out of that at once and close thy evil mouth, Matthew Llewellyn!"

His brother faced him coolly.

"Well, we ain't got any towel, nor any clothes, even. That gosh-darn Joe Willetts has took our pants an' shirts. Thee go git him, Elon."

"Silence!" Elon roared. "Thee'll dip and rinse at once, or I'll dip thee, and head first, too! Come now, thee must hurry."

He tried first aid with handfuls of leaves, but the boys were too richly daubed; his efforts and their own merely distributed their coating to a more considerable if lighter-toned area. They merely looked like a pair of partly peeled young habitants of Waikiki Beach when finished. There was nothing for it but to take them to some less tempting spot and hide them until he could find garments to shield them.

"Thee'll come with me," he said, and laid a hand on his brother's shoulder; "and thee, too, William Sears."

He led the boys up out of the willows, over a little path to where, across the main pike, a patch of young maple wood stood. He could leave them here temporarily. In all the still countryside there was no sound save the drowsy distant clucking of fowls from the village.

Yet you can never count on the stabilities of a modern stage-set. As Elon led his brace of muddy naked boys out of the wayside thicket to cross the road there was a roar, a hum, a flash, and the gray house-party car came tearing up the road toward him. Only toward—not past him.

It was the foul fiend that had led his feet at this precise moment to the hot-white exposure of the open road; it was the foul archfiend that gave to the females of this razzing party the hearts of shameless Babylonian women—unabashed, unmortified before a man's embarrassing predicament. The car jerked down almost to a stop in a gale of screamed enjoyment.

It took but a second for the Hawaiians from Waikiki to escape Elon's grasp and modestly reënter the shrubbery; but Elon could not escape. He stood broadside to, in the clear bright sun, with all the blood of his body in his cheeks and ears, and the shrieks and chuckles broke in a little flurry of comment upon him:

"How much are the kewpies, Jake?"

"Oh, you naughty boy! Right on the open road!"

"Say, Reuben, what'll you take for the twins?"

"Hey, pop, whatja pay for those kids' union suits?"

Rube! Jake! Pop! Elon stood stern and straight, his eyes unflinching on the laughing crowd. The car acalloped elaborately to one side and moved on. He saw that two of the girls had stuffed their handkerchiefs to their mouths; a third lay—sprawled, rather—overpowered with mirth in the arms of her escort.

But there was one girl who neither spoke nor laughed. It was the green one. Elon saw her face for the first time. Her eyes had looked straight into his, and afterward when the red mist of his indignation had somewhat faded he cogitated

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"I Think You're Wonderful, Elon Llewellyn. I've Never Seen Anyone Like You. So Big and So Strong!"

EUSTACE, F. O. B.

By Sam Hellman

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

LIKE the rest of you ignoramuses, I used to room with the idea that a guy billed as college-bread was a total loss that just got done with a four-year loaf, and maybe I wouldn't know no better now if it ain't for Eustace Hargardine. This cuckoo musta got his sheep's skin from some joint where they hands out the degree of F. O.B.,meaningfull of brains.

He's the fastest worker with the gray stuff I ever seen, and besides doing his own thinking in nothing flat he could look you in the lamps and tell you what you was figuring on doing five minutes before you make up your mind to do anything. No, he wasn't one of them medium mind readers or crystal-grazers or nothing like that. It was something he picks up at college—psychoparalysis or a disease sounding similar—that gives him this handicap of one stroke a hole on your thinks. The gab that goes with the act musta been born in him. Nobody could save up so many words in twenty years, and that's all the distance Eustace is from the crib

Just before Hargardine talks in on me I get a letter from Harry Simms tipping off the lad. Me and Harry used to be just like Damon and the Knights of Pythias in the old sporting days when your health depended on quick get-aways, but Simms gets a charley-horse and religion about the same time and grabs him off a job training the rah-rah Simon-pures to run their heads off for tin medals and three lusty cheers.

After writing that Eustace is coming to see me Harry ends up his letter with this line: "See that this boy gets what he needs, and by so doing you will greatly oblige."

That don't mean nothing to me at first. I supposes Simms has run into a youngster with a yen for the fist mill and wants that I should cure some of his weak points, which is probably all he is got. My stable's pretty full of cafeteria champs and I'm figuring what to do with Eustace and a moniker like that when who should drift in but F. O. B. hisself.

He's a slim baby with one of them first-growth flapper-ticklers, and he's got everything on that the theater program says a proper dressed bozo should have, including spats, a cane and a tie matching his shoe laces.

"I'm Hargardine," breezes Eustace. "You're Twin Higgins. Aren't we glad to meet each other? We are. Now to business." And he drapes hisself over the desk.

"What do you want?" I asks.

"Very little," comes back F. O. B. in answer to my question. "Just show me a pugilist that I can't lick."

"Well," says I, "Jack Dempsey ain't doing nothing right now."

"Bring him along," invites Eustace. "The old bean fears no man," and he taps himself on the conk.

I ain't in no humor for kidding with him, so I asks, "Ever fight?"

"Not with my fists," says he.

"What do you use? Your feet?"

"Brains," he answers. "Not mine so much; the other fellow's. Get his weak spot and punch at it. Follow me?" He don't wait for no answer but goes right on. "I mean the weak spot in his mind. Everybody has one. Maybe I have one too."

"Yeh," I says sarcastic, "maybe you ain't got anything else but."

Eustace don't have no come-back. He hops off the desk, grabs the blotter I got spread all over the top, and throws it in the wastebasket. Then he waves his finger at me.

"Never get one of that color again," says he. "Blue slows up your thinking at least two degrees. Red's what you require. I'll see that you get the proper shade. Can't have a manager that's below par, you know."

"Say," Says Hennesey, "Don't This Boxo of Yours Never Do No Fighting?"

"Listen," I yelps. "I ain't got no time to fool around with nuts. You selling something?"

"Yes, indeed," he comes back; "the most perfectly developed brain in America."

"I ain't in the market," I tells him. "I'm in the fist and knuckle business."

"I know it," says he, "and I want to show you what a poor line you have. I'm out to expose pugilism."

"How?" I asks.

"Get me a match for the old bean and I'll show you."

I'm beginning to get the drift of this cuckoo's ravings. He figures he's fast enough in the head to beat up some of the ham-and-eggers, and he's got me sore enough to oblige him with a row where he'll get the old bean knocked off his shoulders. I don't say nothing for a while.

All of a sudden Eustace butts in. "Pardon me," says he, "but you have an awful slow mind. I can almost see it work."

"Yeh? Is that so?" I asks. "What's it doing?"

"Very little," he grins. "Wasting its time, in fact, imagining that I can be beaten by one of your ordinary fighters and be gotten rid of. Right?"

"That'swhat," I admits.

"You don't seem to understand," says Eustace, "that I'm offering you a chance to elevate pugilism from a mere trading of blows to a clashing of wits. After I defeat the present champions — "

"Champions?" I asks. "How many of them?"

"All," says he. "Physical weight makes no difference."

"What do you scale?" I want to know. "Hundred and forty-five?"

"About that," says he, "in the body. What I actually weigh will have to be found out after I am dead. Nothing below the shoulders counts. You don't see elephants trading in human tusks, do you?"

"No," I comes back, "and I don't see no rabbits biting elephants' ears off neither."

"That's just the point," cuts in Eustace. "Neither one of them has brains. The same is true of your fighters. A two-hundred-pounder can lick a hundred-and-thirty-pounder because both their minds run on freight schedules."

"You want me to get a fight for you?" I asks.

"Several," says he.

Then I gets him to tell me about his experience. He ain't never been in a ring. He's seen a lotta fights and as far as I can find out all he got outta them was laughs. He tips me he ain't interested in the jack but he's just sore the way folks is going batty over boxing while guys with brains is starving, and he's just made up his mind to show up the graft.

"You got your nerve," says I, "asking me to help you put my game on the bum."

"Well," says he, "if you won't get me matches somebody else will. Simms said you would give me what I needed."

"What you need," I snaps, "is a good trimming."

"That's what Simms thought, too," grins Eustace. "Know anyone who can do it?"

"You bet I do," says I. "I'll put you up against a lad that ain't got enough brains to change a dime into two nickels, but he's got enough of a wallop in both fists to put you to sleep for a week. You got this game all wrong, boy. It ain't no place for double-tracked think tanks. A strong back and a weak mind's the ticket. I'll give you the chance you're after, though. What name you want to fight under?"

"What's the matter with the one I got?" he asks.

"Who the hell," I sniffs, "ever heard of a scrapper ticketed Eustace?"

"Show Me a Pugilist That I Can't Lick"

"It'll be heard of soon enough," says he.

"Yeh," I comes back, "in the burial permits."

II

THAT evening I bumps into Swag Hennessy, who's got a string of biffers besides running the Stag A. A., which gives him a double cut of the gate.

"Swag," says I, "I got a new kid I want a row for. Any of your babies looking for a set-up?"

"What's the idea?" he comes back. "Wanna give me a benefit?"

"No," I explains, "I wanna give myself one. They is a bird hanging around my joint sent by an old pal of mine that I'd like to tie a can on. I can't just throw him out, but if one of your hams will knock him for a bale of bandages he'll leave on his own account, and I'll be much obliged to you and yours."

Swag's a suspicious bozo so I have to tell him the whole story.

"Is that all the kid's got brains?" he asks.

"That's all," says I, "excepting perspiration of the tongue. How about Young McGurk? Can't you slap him into a prelim for me next week?"

"Why McGurk?" Swag wants to know.

"Because," I tells him, "that kid ain't got sense enough to comb his hair, and I'd like to see Eustace rocked to sleep by a real stupid, to make the lesson stick. They is about the same weight, which gives my baby a run for his money."

"How much of it?" asks Hennessy.

"Anything you say from a ruble up," says I. "This boy of mine ain't in the game for the filthy, you know."

I don't see Eustace until the next afternoon.

"Well," I tells him, "I got the murder all fixed up for you. Got any favorite hospital?"

"Who's the old bean's first victim," he asks.

"A boy by the name of McGurk," I answers. "His head is about as useful to him as a carload of refrigerators would be at the North Pole, but he's got a pair of rock crushers at the ends of his arms. One wallop on the jaw and you is likely to wake up in a bird cage."

"Never heard of him," says Hargardine. "Couldn't you get somebody with a reputation?"

"Where's yours?" I asks.

"Ah, well," says Eustace, "I suppose one must start from the ground and "

"Yeh," I cuts in, "that's where you start and where you finish. Want some workouts for this crime?"

"I've already started," comes back this baby. "I was at the library all this morning."

"At the library?" I gasps. "Is that where you is going to do your training?"

"Certainly," says Eustace. "Where else can the old bean be tuned up?"

"What do you think you're going to do?" I yelps. "Argue politics with McGurk or trade wallops?"

"Neither," is the answer; "we are going to trade mental reactions."

"He don't even know what them things is," I says, disgusted. "That cuckoo quit school the week before it opened."

Hargardine just starts twirling his cane and walking around the room. I don't know what to make of this gink. Then I begin to worry.

"Listen here," I says finally. "The works is off. They ain't nothing doing. I ain't gonna take no chance of going up the river. McGurk is likely to kill you with one wallop and get me in bad. You're not in no condition for a scrap with that bird."

"Fear not, little one," chirps Eustace. "He might kill me if he landed a blow, but he won't."

"Can that," says I. "Go back there and strip. I wanna take a look at you."

He don't make no objections and walks back into the gym I got fixed up. In about five minutes I follows, and there is Eustace dressed up in a running suit gassing with a couple of my lunch scrappers. I'm kinda surprised the way he shapes up. He's pretty thin, but his arms and legs is well developed and his muscles is fairly hard.

"All right?" asks Eustace. "I always keep myself in good trim for the sake of the old bean."

I calls over one of my boys—Sledgehammer Jenkins.

"Here," says I to Hargardine. "You two boys mix it easy for a few minutes."

Without saying nothing Eustace puts on the gloves I slips him and folds his arms.

"Let's go!" I yells.

"I'm ready," says F. O. B.

"Put up your dukes," I tells him.

"The old bean's dukes are up," he comes back. "Never mind my hands."

Sledgehammer makes a lead with his right, but Eustace just steps away easy. He don't make no attempt to fight back, but just walks around the other boy talking a blue streak. Jenkins don't come within a mile of landing a wallop. I see Sledgehammer getting mad, so I stop the fuss and motion Eustace over to a corner.

"Is that the way you fight?" I asks. "Don't you ever use your fists?"

"I rarely expect to," says he.

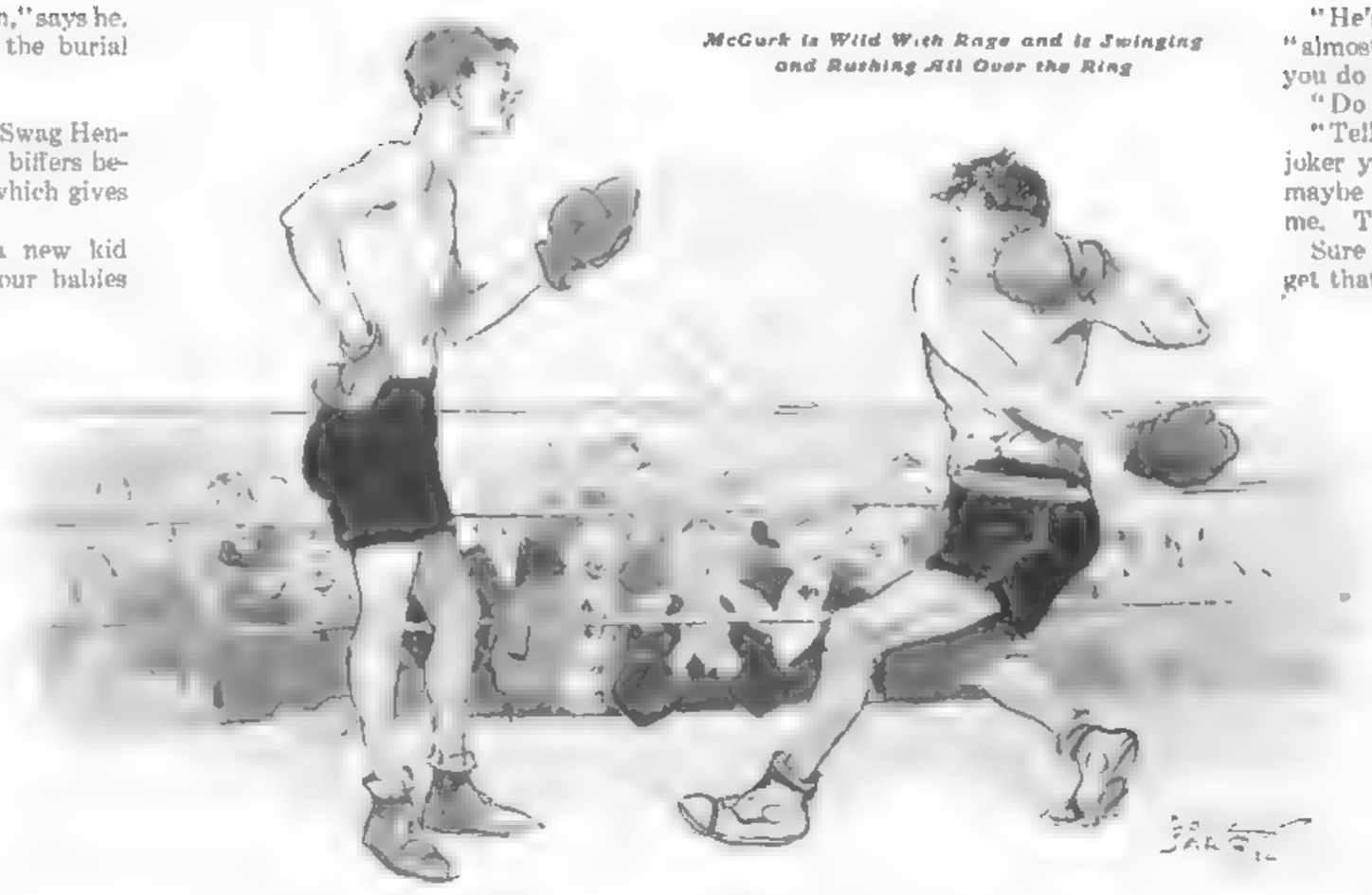
"Can you?" I wants to know.

"Oh, yes," he comes back. "When I wish to I can end the fight by a mere tap on certain nerve centers. But I'm not interested in that."

"No?" I asks.

"No," says he. "All I want to do is to make pugilism ridiculous by showing how helpless the best fighter is against the use of brains. That boy Jenkins couldn't have hit me in a week. I could tell what he was going to do before he was sure of it himself. In fact I told him what to do. Didn't you hear me talking to him?"

"Bunk," says I. "Wait until you run up against some of the smart lads. Sledgehammer ain't got all his marbles."



McGurk is Wild With Rage and is Swinging and Rushing All Over the Ring

"He's a slow thinker," admits Eustace; "almost as slow as you are. Why don't you do it'"

"Do what?" I asks.

"Tell me that you believe I'm not the joker you had the idea I was, and that maybe you'll make some money out of me. That's what's in your mind now."

Sure enough it was. "Where do you get that money stuff?" I asks.

"Well," says he, "I see admiration in your eyes, and your mind's the kind that doesn't admire anything it can't make money out of."

"You're tooting," I admits.

Eustace switches the subject. "Tell me," he asks, "can I see this man McGurk before the fight?"

"Sure," I says. "He's working out over at the Stag. They don't know you. Just drop in and take a look-see for yourself. I'll tip you off right now that he ain't no Jenkins. All that bird's got to do is to land on you once."

"That's once more than he will," comes back Eustace.

A coupla hours later Tad Benson, of the Herald, drifts in for his column of smoke. I starts telling him about this new freak I got and I no sooner mention his name than he jumps up, excited.

"Brains Hargardine!" he yells.

"Know him?" I asks.

"Don't you read the papers?" he comes back. "That's the lad that beat Harvard almost single-handed by grabbing off all their signals. That boy was over the top and had his man nailed almost before the ball was snapped."

Then Benson starts telling me about this psychoparalysis that this baby is so good at. He uses a lotta big words trying to explain to me what it is, but about all I get out of his monologue is that it's something that lets Eustace look in back of your head and see what the front end is thinking about if anything.

"What's he busting into the fight game for?" I asks.

"I don't know," says Tad, "except that Hargardine is a bug on showing up the strong-man stuff. He thinks muscles are the bunk and that a cuckoo with an ounce of brains can make a monkey out of all the beef in the world. I read some place where he butted into a wrestling tournament once and practically bulled the champ into throwing himself. This will make a great yarn. Who's he going to fight?"

I tells him, and he shakes his head.

"McGurk may not be as easy as he supposes. Hargardine's stunt is to outthink the other guy and that fathead of Hennessy's has got nothing to think with. He ain't got even enough brains to fall for the trick stuff. Where's Eustace hanging out?"

"Up to the library," I tells him, "working some of the fat off the old bean."

III

THE arena at the Stag is jammed, thanks to the hokum pulled by Benson on the sport pages. I listen to some of the chatter and they ain't no one who gives one whoop about the main go. The prelim is the puller. Just before the rows start I runs into Swag. That bozo's still suspicious.

"What is this cuckoo of yours?" he asks. "A hypnotist?"

"No," says I, "just a brainy lad that's got psychoparalysis."

"Huh!" grunts Hennessy. "He'll get regular paralysis in a coupla minutes if McGurk lands one of his haymakers."

"If he does," I comes back.

"What's that?" busts out Swag. "I thought you told me this was a set-up for my boy."

"I told you the truth," says I. "Eustace ain't never been in the ring before, but I'm beginning to think they is something in that brain stuff of his. He talks a hell of a good fight anyways."

Swag beats it, mumbling to himself, and

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"Training to the Last Minute, eh?" Says I. "Ain't You Afraid You'll Go Stale?"

EUROPEAN FOOD NEEDS AND AMERICAN AGRICULTURE

By Alonzo Englebert Taylor

A Typical Family of Hop Pickers in Germany

BEFORE the war a boastful and imperialistic agriculture used to assert that Germany could sustain a population of 100,000,000 people. The data do not now indicate that the Germany of the present boundaries is able to support reliably over 50,000,000 people. The deterioration of German agriculture is the consequence of many factors. As a result of war, work animals were low in number and poor in condition. Farm machinery had deteriorated. The soil was depleted through lack of fertilizer.

Since the war improvement has occurred in every direction; but conditions are still below normal. There is no scarcity of potash and it has been used as never before. There is still scarcity of nitrates, since the German fixation plants are not yet large enough to meet the full demands of agriculture.

For 1922 the outturn of fixed nitrogen is estimated at 340,000 tons; for this year at 420,000 tons. The import of Chili saltpeter is now being considered, but it is impossible except on credits. The great shortage is in phosphates. Germany contains no available sources of phosphates outside of Thomas slag. Importations since 1914 have been small. With small importations of phosphate and the natural manure reduced with the lower count of domesticated animals the fertilization of the soil has been one-sided as well as deficient, and the results unsatisfactory. Despite high prices, landowners are now buying fertilizers freely—storing them, in fact, to avert losses by further depreciation of the mark; making a savings bank of fertilizer. Ideal climatic conditions may produce a large crop from a depleted soil. But consistent improvement in agricultural outturn cannot be anticipated in Germany without heavy increase in use of artificial fertilizers.

The landowners sorely need credits. German agriculture is short of labor. Many peasant boys were killed or disabled in the war. Many others have deserted the farm for the high wage and care-free life of the city. The hundreds of thousands of foreign workers that used to enter Germany at peak periods of labor needs, as for the sugar crop, are no longer available. The quality of farm labor is lowered. The work of the landowner is as effective as ever, but the work of hired workers has deteriorated. The short workday and the psychology of the socialized laborer have been introduced to the countryside, and landowners now experience dissatisfaction with the work of employes that was unknown before the war.

Illicit Trading

THESE labor difficulties find particular expression in certain directions—in the cultivating of the sugar beet and of bread grains and in dairying. At the same time the landowner has no conception of a national agriculture to yield the maximum food supply for the total population. He plans instead for maximum remuneration for himself. Most German peasants are illicit traders and farm in accordance with the practices of smuggling. The average German peasant would rather sell through the "hole in the west" at double the price than feed his city brethren at half the price. This is clearly illustrated by the Bavarian beef shipped to France.

Trade in and milling of bread grains is not free in Germany. In 1921 each peasant was required to deliver to the government one-sixth of his crop of small grains, including wheat, rye, barley and oats. In order to induce the peasant to pay his requisition in wheat and rye, prices were fixed on the four grains so as to make the delivery of wheat and rye relatively more remunerative. The requisitioned grain was milled to 84 per cent extraction, and this flour was used for bread sold at low price on a rationed basis. The remainder of the wheat and rye was free to the trade and the mills, and the bread sold at a higher price.

For the 1922 crop the government requisitioned an arbitrary quantity 2,800,000 tons; but since the crop was small, this corresponds to between one-fifth and one-quarter of the crop. The price on requisitioned bread grains was set in November, 1922, at 28,500 and 27,000 marks a ton for wheat and rye respectively. The remainder of the crop is free and the price of domestic wheat and rye follows the world price. The correspondence is fairly close in the case of wheat; in the case of rye the German price has been relatively higher than the world price.

Shortages

A CERTAIN margin will always separate the price of German wheat from that of world wheat because of the risk incident to importation. Anyone can import wheat and mill or sell it as he desires; but the larger fraction of German imports is done by the government through trading agencies, against which importers find it difficult to compete because of lack of insurance against fluctuation of exchange. It was the plan of the government to obtain 2,800,000 tons by requisition, secure 2,000,000 tons by importation, lay aside 300,000 tons as a reserve and issue 4,500,000 tons in the form of price-controlled, rationed bread.

The harvesting of wheat and rye in Germany was delayed last summer on account of wet weather, and the grain was garnered in a moist condition. In some sections of Southern Germany the rye was not harvested at all, but animals were turned directly into the fields. The deliveries on account of requisitioned grain have been greatly below the rate of delivery of 1921. Up to December 1, 1922, the deliveries of requisitioned grain did not reach 1,000,000 tons—less than 40 per cent of the schedule. This fact constitutes a serious embarrassment to the government, since the import program is related to the flour from requisitioned wheat. Whether the delay in deliveries by peasants represents merely technical difficulties, or means actual nonfulfillment of requisition, remains to be seen; probably the latter. It will be impossible to requisition grain that the peasant believes is needed for consumption on the farm.

The government strives in every way to maintain the promised supply of bread furnished on bread cards at fixed price. If the requisitioned quantities fail the government is in dire dilemma. Either imported grain must be secured at high price and the bread sold at low price, which involves a heavy loss to the state treasury, or the government must repudiate the promise of cheap bread on bread tickets at the risk of national unrest and political upheaval.

This very dilemma, however, makes it clear that the present low price of the ticket bread made from requisitioned grain represents a subsidy by the peasant to the industrial worker. On November 25, 1922, the ticket bread was 112 marks per kilo, free

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Gathering Asparagus on a Farm Near Berlin

LABOR WITH A "U"

By Samuel G. Blythe

APPARENTLY no politician ever knows where whatever he starts will finish; nor any set of politicians. Momentous political events seem to happen in their own way, and the political annals of any country have yet to record an enormous victory of any party that was not greater than its partisans expected or experted; nor an overwhelming defeat that was not more disastrous than had been anticipated. There probably is a considerable truth in the English saying that politicians live in a world of their own, apart from the thoughts and mental habits of the mass of mankind. Anyhow, they rarely seem to know what is going on.

Take this latest general election in England, where politics is an art and a profession, the constant study and practice of the great bulk of the higher intelligences. The most striking and momentous thing about that election was the showing made by the Labor Party on a socialist platform. Nobody expected such a result, not even the Labor-Socialists. Only a day or two before the polling on November fifteenth several of the best-informed Labor leaders told me that the best they hoped for was to hold their own. They had seventy-six seats in the old Commons. They said if they got eighty in the new Commons they would do all they could reasonably hope to do.

The political managers of the other parties in the contest—the Conservatives and the two sorts of Liberals—held the same views. Moreover, at the borough elections in England only a short time before the general election the Labor candidates for the borough offices had been defeated by hundreds.

Labor's representation on the borough councils had been literally decimated. It looked like a bad year for Labor.

Then came the general election, and Labor, instead of barely holding its own, gathered in 142 seats and cast 4,202,516 votes of a total of 14,354,441 recorded for all candidates of all parties. Labor found itself with the second largest representation in the Commons, which made it the chief opposition party; and firmly in that position, not only because it had a clear majority of seats over the combined seats of the other opposition parties but had cast within 1,250,000 as many votes as those cast by the Conservative Party, which secured 346 seats.

A Demonstration by Unemployed Englishmen in Hyde Park, London

Election Post-Mortems

WHEREUPON there burst over the British Isles a most extraordinary long-continued flood of explanation, alibi, extenuation, exultation and discussion. This result was held to be the second-greatest demonstration of the organized power of socialism, barring Russia and Germany, the world had ever seen; the salvation and salvage of the masses and the triumph of the proletariat over the hideous forces of capitalism. It was held to be a mere political fluke due to the depressed circumstances of the moment; an accident, an inchoate protest, a gesture, a thing of none but casual significance. It was held to be a warning, a portent, a writing on the wall. It was held to be fortuitous, contingent, incidental. And between these extremes it was held to be about everything else politically that the imaginations, fealties, prejudices, fears and hopes of those concerned could hold it to be, from the victorious onslaught of the forces of nationalization of both public resources and all industries and private fortunes to a feeble and futile uprising of the masses that would soon be crushed by the old order

As is usual in political events of this character, the truth is between the extremes. The Labor result in England was not the supersignificant result the socialists and the radical Labor men hold it to be; nor was it the insignificant episode the Tories have been trying ever since to persuade themselves it was. Just what it was, in its last analysis, will not be known until the two opposing political forces have had opportunity to maneuver, propose legislation and try conclusions in the House of Commons. What happened on November fifteenth in England will not be getting towards a full disclosure before next summer, if then; but what may happen, and why what happened did happen, and what it all means in its initial demonstrations is of vast interest, not only to Great Britain but to the United States as well, because the political and the economic situations in England and America have points enough of resemblance, and even similarity, to make an English election result of this sort the basis of an American prognosis, or at least of an American comment.

Labor is political in England, definitely and in a party sense. Labor is political in the United States, indefinitely and in a class sense. That is, in England labor goes in for politics, and in this country politics goes in for labor. There have been numerous attempts in the United States to organize a labor party to operate as such in our politics; but none of these has been successful, principally because the important labor leaders here feel that greater power and more efficient results can be obtained by holding labor aloof from party organization and operating with it politically in a free-lance sense—supporting whatever is best for labor in each party's platforms and of each party's candidates without specifically having platforms and candidates of labor's own. In a general sense, the labor leaders of both countries have the same aims, which are the betterment of conditions for the workingman; but, specifically, their methods and political creeds are widely divergent. However, the conditions with which the labor leaders of both countries deal are basically the same politically and economically, and their protests are identical

The English Labor Party is frankly and militantly socialistic in the dominant branch of it, and passively socialistic as to the rest. Its powerful leaders at the present time are socialists. The men who led the party in this latest election are almost all socialists. The platform on which it won its 142 seats and got more than 4,000,000 votes is entirely socialistic. On the contrary, the great fight that Samuel Gompers has made in the American Federation of Labor and the strenuous efforts of the other great labor leaders in the United States have been to fend off and stamp out socialism in organized labor. This does not mean that there are not many socialists in the labor organizations of this country. What it means is that so far Gompers and the others have succeeded in keeping the brand of socialism from their organizations, have kept their labels free from the designation, whatever the contents of their packages may be.

A Protest

ON THE face of it the growth of the Labor Party in England has been the most significant political demonstration of the century in that country. In 1900, only twenty-two years ago, the Labor Party returned two members to the House of Commons and cast a total vote of 62,698. Last November the Labor Party returned 142 members to the House and cast well over 4,000,000 votes. That result has two main aspects. It was, to a considerable extent, a protest vote—a protest against unendurable conditions, profligate government, oppressive taxation and general economic distress consequent on the war and the peace. But it also represented the steady and continued growth of a new force in British politics, and those who seek to cry it down, as most of the politicians and publicists of the older parties seek to do, are evading the facts.

Barring Russia and Germany, where socialism took initial credit for the revolutions, and is, in its various manifestations, most apparent as to governmental functioning and governmental theory, whatever the results may show either in radicalism or in the milder theories of what the socialists hold to be progress—barring Russia and Germany, there is more socialism, politically expressed, in England than in any other country, and almost as much vocally and in print. The Labor Party is socialism's medium of expression.

None but the old-line party men refuse to admit this—the Tory politicians, the Conservatives, the men who have long been in control, who have continued the conservative English policies for centuries and who stand on the statement that the country is nonsocialist and overwhelmingly so, and that, hence, this newfangled doctrine never can prevail. "Don't take this Labor showing too seriously," they said to me.

The Tory leaders said that. The Liberal leaders said it. The Conservative newspapers solemnized the sentiment. The British publicists wrote long pieces to show the result was sporadic, not the legitimate growth of a theory or the spread of a conviction.

(Continued on Page 137)

ADVENTURING

By Tristram Tupper

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

XVI

THE old Davis House has faced the steady southwest wind at Beaufort for more than half a century. Its antiquity goes unquestioned. Three cottages, back in the years, were joined together by a rambling double porch and the whole curious structure was painted indifferently a lemon yellow. Since '69, when the Atlantic Hotel with its three hundred rooms was lifted by waves and wind and hurled to destruction, the Davis House, despite its ill-fitting doors, torn wall paper and lack of baths, has held the patronage of doctors, lawyers and sportsmen. They come with rod and gun.

Rocking-chairs creak on the lower porch. The railing of this porch flanks the broken sidewalk, at the outer edge of which a sparsely planted row of wind-swept trees gives the effect of a hurricane. Across the wide sandy road is the Davis House dock, shape of a T; and at the side of the dock is a one-room cottage with a narrow porch overhanging a sea wall.

An old negro was sitting on the narrow porch of this one-room cottage. He was sitting close to the door, his battered felt hat on the bench at his side, his gray head misty in the twilight. He was waiting—but for what, no one can say. Whitecaps were in the channel, waves making a slapping sound beneath the narrow porch and sloshing over the sea wall. But his gaze was beyond—across the channel and marsh toward the ocean; and his foot was marking the cadence of the breakers on the bar. The door opened and a man spoke to him.

"Yes, sir, boss. How is he, boss?"

The door closed and Palmer, arising slowly, pulled his hat well down over his forehead. The wind was blowing this evening.

Captain Jef Rowley, Blackfisherman, Swam Five Days in the Gulf Stream; and Finally a Coastwise Schooner Picked Him Up

You can see him crossing the sandy road, his head bent only slightly—a gaunt old negro man with long knotty hands, darker by a shade than his face; his corduroy breeches are blanched from many washings. Slowly, yet without a limp, he moves along in front of the old Davis House, on past the corner, and on to the last house—the Williams house. Here he knocks at the second door.

And you can see Ennis Williams, heavy-shouldered, short-limbed, followed by this old negro man, who is losing ground at every stride the lawyer takes. They are coming back down the street.

Again Palmer is sitting by the door of the one-room cottage, his hat on the bench beside him, his foot marking the cadence of the breakers on the bar. Again he is waiting—but no one can say for what.

It was dusk when the door again opened. Ennis Williams looked out at the turbulent channel, out farther at the breakwater, where red lights marked the way to the ocean.

"Bad outside tonight, Palmer."

Both listened to the distant breaking of the sea.

"Palmer," asked Ennis Williams, "do you know any man in Beaufort who would go out there tonight?"

"There's Captain Clem Davis, boss."

"He's out there."

"Captain Jef Rowley."

"Jef Rowley!"

"That's so, boss; he went down with the J. T. Oliver. I don't know of nare another man. There's Captain Clem Davis' girl. She ——"

"She's out there. You know she's out there, Captain Palmer."

"Yes, sir, I know she's out there."

Both became silent.

Presently Ennis Williams asked, "How old are you, Palmer?"

The negro mumbled something: "Eighty-two, boss."

"Eighty-two. Which pier did you used to tie up to when you owned The Captain Clem?"

"That one." The old negro stood at the rail of the porch, pointing a crooked black finger. "Second from the hotel dock. That one."

Silence. Then:

"Mr. Ennis, is it him, in there? You got to get hold of Captain Clem Davis' girl?"

"We've got to get her, Captain Palmer."

"Yes, sir; I knew it. I knew it yesterday when I see them take him off the Sea Pal. I heard him talking. Mr. Ennis. . . ."

"What is it, Palmer?"

"I was lying when I said I was eighty-two. I ain't but seventy-two. If I could get hold of The Captain Clem. If—if I could pick my own crew—backlanders, furerners. They ain't afraid"

"Palmer—when you get your crew together The Captain Clem will be tied up at that pier—second from the hotel dock—waiting."

"Yes, sir; that's the pier"

Pulling his dilapidated hat over his gray hair he crossed the sandy roadway in the dusk. His head was hardly bent at all. And no wonder! Palmer Harris the only black blackfisherman this coast has ever known—was on this night to cross the bar for the last time. Perhaps this was the thing he had been waiting for.

XVII

JAY SINGLETON that night awakened with the conviction that bottomless hell was a reality to be found in the pit of his stomach. Abysmal—that was the word. What had happened to him? He could not remember, but it was something mighty abysmal. Jay was in bed. And a lamp was burning dimly on a table.

Also, he was wearing a nightshirt, and this particularly perplexed him. Whose nightshirt? He reckoned it wasn't his own, for he possessed no such garment. Then the word "Salter's" got uppermost in his mind

Nope. He was sure he was not at Salter's. He knew something about men, and he was confident that the Salter's men had never seen a nightshirt. "Sleep in their undershirts," he mumbled to himself. "Mighty perplexing."

Faintly a memory came foglike into his brain: People moving here and there. He had waded through shallow water, climbed into a skiff, then into a motor boat, noisy and odorous. He had left Salter's Path, and the journey had ended with a bubble of blackness bursting in his brain and red channel lights swinging on invisible pendulums.

The nightshirt was cotton and it was cold across his chest. He rubbed his chest. The lamp on the table gave hardly a perceptible radiance, merely a violet flame edged with yellow. But the night outside was clear blue—a moon some place, and the windows of this room were without shades. Also, on the table at his side were two glasses of water, one with a spoon across the top. Jay was thirsty, and he drank the contents of one glass with satisfaction.

It was not until then that he became aware of some other living creature in this room. He could see no one, yet faintly he could hear the sound of breathing. He reckoned it might be a cat. He did not like cats in his room, nor did he like the room itself with its musty odor, the smell of a mildewed mattress.

Supporting himself with his hand on the floor he looked under the bed. If it was a cat he could see its eyes. But there was nothing, merely darkness. And he got back on his pillow and listened to the faint breathing, trying to figure things out. Then Jay sat up and looked over the foot of the bed.

A woman was lying on a cot. Somebody else's nightshirt and a woman in the room! She was young, but her mouth was open. Too bad, he thought, too bad that the first time he should ever see this lady her mouth should be open. He gazed down upon her. She was fully clothed and a blanket was thrown across her body, but her shoes stuck out. "Too bad, mighty bad!" And he reckoned he

didn't like a lady in his room any more than a cat. He'd have known what to do with the latter—pet it a little and put it out the door. But a lady? He sat there peering at her through the nocturnal gloom, and at the same time holding the cold, damp nightshirt away from his chest

It came to him that this lady might be a nurse, and the water in the glasses, medicine. An unpleasant thought! He quietly reached out and tasted the second glass. It was flavorless. He drank it

Sitting on the edge of the bed Jay divested himself of the flowing garment and dressed as quietly as the shuck mattress would permit. He looked at his watch. The hour was past midnight twelve minutes past. He glanced at the trained nurse, still sleeping, lips parted. "Now that's too bad." And he escaped from this musty, dim-lit room out onto a narrow porch

The porch overhung the water. A pointed moon was sailing rapidly through thin greenish clouds. Battalions of white-plumed waves were marching in company front down the channel and breaking against this sea wall. On they came, a countless legion, gayly marching to destruction.

"Joe," murmured Jay Singleton, "they're coming down the channel, mighty like generations of people. Don't know what's ahead of them. Generation after generation marching along, singing, until they strike the wall. Listen! That's the cry of a generation going down. Its time has come. It's frightened, it shrieks. Now it's gone, disappeared, forgotten. And another is coming on. Listen to that shriek!"

Nope. He wasn't going down that way. "Not crying out," he said to himself. "More silent; maybe laughing." And, too, he wasn't going down in a dim, musty room. He was going down out there.

A woman was out there, at Salter's, sitting by the sea. And he told himself maybe that was love—a woman sitting by the sea, waiting. Joe was out there, too, but she wasn't waiting. Nope. She didn't know anything about love. Too young, maybe; mighty young. Didn't know about love, and nothing out there was going to tell her. "Joe, nothing out there is going to tell you. Some day, maybe, some day, you'll love a man like you love that little old schooner yacht named Beatrice; maybe more. Then you'll be like a woman sitting by the sea, waiting. That's love, I reckon that's love."

For a time he mutely leaned against the porch railing and gazed across the turbulent darkness at two red lights marking the breakwater hard against Bogue Bank.

"Nope," said he presently; "not on a mildewed mattress in a dim-lit room. Out there."

Jay Singleton left the narrow porch and made his way to the end of the dilapidated hotel dock. The Sea Pal was moored there. He climbed down to it and went forward. The engine room was noxious with the fumes of gasoline In the rays of a smoky bracket lamp Jay bent his back over the flywheel. The engine coughed, back-fired, stopped. Again he turned it. No response. The little one-cylinder contraption seemed spunkily to resent his handling of it, and Jay kind of understood this, couldn't blame it. The engine room was becoming nauseous. He extinguished the light and climbed to the dock

Beneath him the waves splashed around the worm-eaten spiles, against which a rowboat scratched its side like the lazy porkers in the valley of the Shenandoah. The rowboat was chained and padlocked. Jay swung down into it and bent himself to the task of bailing. Thoughts came to him jerkily: Ought to be back making leather. He saw himself on his porch in the valley of the Shenandoah, listening to the voice of the Little Calfpasture Creek that had a way of saying "I'm going to the sea." Hadn't he come to the sea? What now? Anyway he wasn't going down on a corn-shuck mattress in a little old dingy room. He gave the matter some thought

The water sloshed around his ankles in the bottom of the leaky boat. He continued to bail. Above him the pier, dark, motionless, casting black shadows, exhaled the dead odor of rotting timber. All other things around him were alive with curious madness—the tide streaking between the spiles, the waves tumbling about, the foam forming eddies; and, above, thin greenish clouds scudding across the sharp-pointed moon.

He poured another scoop of water over the edge. And this struck his mind as peculiarly fatuous—putting drops of water back into the ocean. Why was he doing it? Maybe he couldn't help it. Maybe he wasn't master of himself. And immediately he stopped bailing and straightened his back.

A pair of oars stuck out from the struts of the pier. Jay pulled at the oars, got them loose, placed them in the bottom of the boat, and continued to bail. A woman was out there waiting.

"Got to get there somehow. Got to row a bit. Got something mighty important to tell her." He reckoned they'd be pestering her down there at Salter's. He remembered something a man named David John had said, something about driving her out. "Got a right to wait if she wants to. I got a little old place back in the Blue Ridge where nobody'll pester her. Little old place called Black Iron Spring. Nobody lives there, nobody to pester her." She could wait there if she wanted to, looking out on the Shenandoah going by, slow and smooth, and running in among the willows. Nobody would pester her there.

Jay placed the bailing scoop securely under the bow seat, fitted in the oarlocks, and leaned there, holding to the gunwale. Weakness like thin poisonous milk coursed through his veins. He thought of the distance to Salter's, thought of his inexperience in handling the oars. "I got to get there." He stood up in the boat, looked out across the rolling darkness with the generations marching, marching; he gazed at the red lights marking the channel. Salter's, maybe he wouldn't make it, but he reckoned he would Hadn't somebody twenty-five hundred years ago said something about man being the peer of gods? He'd have to sort of remember that, have to think about it. "I got to remember I'm the peer of gods."

He wrenched loose the padlock and chain that held the leaky skiff, and shoved the boat into midchannel

XVIII

OUT there—a girl's personal god stands alone upon a pedestal of concrete and iron. Its location is definite You can mark it with your finger on a map—Latitude 24 37′ N. and Longitude 76 31′ W. Twenty times the height of the tallest giant, it arises above the sea, one hundred and fifty-six feet to its steady beaming eye: Joe's own personal god—the Lookout Light.

Lonely, cyclopean, this god gazes upon dreaded waters a rolling ocean and, on this night, far across the crawling darkness, a tiny speck, a ship riding out the storm beneath scudding clouds and a thin pointed moon. Out there—a schooner yacht riding at anchor above the submerged wreck of an ancient blockade runner. A hull at the bottom in motionless black waters, anchors near it buried in sand, fathoms of chain leading diagonally up through liquid darkness, now taut, now slack, holding, striving to hold. And why? Is this merely the whim of a girl?

Joe is concealed from her god. She is alone in her stateroom, and the hour is past midnight. She has counted the silver strokes of the ship's clock—eight bells, midnight. Her hair is braided, two braids, warm as wine, her eyes are closed. You can imagine her making a prayer, kneeling, with gown falling from her shoulders—a saintly conception, but wholly erroneous. One prays when fear is in the heart, and this votary of the Lookout Light is not afraid; one prays when desire is in the heart, and what is left to be desired? This is hers, all hers, this marvelous yacht, the Beatrice. She is making no prayer. Inarticulate upon her couch in the cool sea gloom of this room with the curtain drawn back from the brass-framed lens of the port, she is listening to the wordless language of the mother that cradled her—the voice of the sea that floods by with a sob,

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"Joe, You're the Foam, the White, White Foam of the Sea. And I Been Carrying You in My Arms"

LEAVE IT TO PSMITH

By P. G. Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

CHAPTER II

AT ABOUT the hour when Lord Emsworth's train, whirling him and his son Freddie to London, had reached the halfway point in its journey, a very tall, very thin, very solemn young man, gleaming in a speckless top hat and a morning coat of irreproachable fit, mounted the steps of Number 18 Wallingford Street, West Kensington, and rang the front-door bell. This done, he removed the hat; and having touched his forehead lightly with a silk handkerchief, for the afternoon sun was warm, gazed about him with a grave distaste.

"A scaly neighborhood," he murmured.

The young man's judgment was one at which few people with an eye for beauty would have caviled. When the great revolution against London's ugliness really starts and yelling hordes of artists and architects, maddened beyond endurance, finally take the law into their own hands and rage through the city, burning and destroying, Wallingford Street, West Kensington, will surely not escape the torch. Long since it must have been marked down for destruction. For though it possesses certain merits of a low practical kind, being inexpensive in the matter of rents and handy for the busses and the Underground, it is a peculiarly beastly little street. Situated in the middle of one of those districts where London breaks out into a sort of eczema of red brick, it consists of two parallel rows of semi-detached villas, all exactly alike, each guarded by a ragged evergreen hedge, each with colored glass of an extremely regrettable nature let into the panels of the front door; and sensitive young impressionists from the artists' colony up Holland Park way may sometimes be seen stumbling through it with hands over their eyes, muttering between clenched teeth, "How long? How long?"

A Hatless Young Man Was Standing Beside Her, Holding an Umbrella

A small maid-of-all-work appeared in answer to the bell and stood transfixed as the visitor, producing a monocle, placed it in his right eye and inspected her through it.

"A warm afternoon," he said cordially.

"Yes, sir."

"But pleasant," urged the young man. "Tell me, is Mrs. Jackson at home?"

"No, sir."

"Not at home?"

"No, sir."

The young man sighed.

"Ah, well," he said, "we must always remember that these disappointments are sent to us for some good purpose. No doubt they make us more spiritual. Will you inform her that I called? The name is Psmith. P-smith."

"Peasmith, sir?"

"No, no! P-s-m-i-t-h. I should explain to you that I started life without the initial letter, and my father always clung ruggedly to the plain Smith. But it seemed to me that there were so many Smiths in the world that a little variety might well be introduced. Smythe I look on as a cowardly evasion, nor do I approve of the too prevalent custom of tacking another name on in the front by means of a hyphen. So I decided to adopt the Psmith. The *P*, I should add for your guidance, is silent as in phthisis, psychic and ptarmigan. You follow me?"

"Y-yes, sir."

"You don't think," he said anxiously, "that I did wrong in pursuing this course?"

"N-no, sir."

"Splendid!" said the young man, flicking a speck of dust from his coat sleeve. "Splendid! Splendid!"

And with a courteous bow he descended the steps and made his way down the street. The little maid, having followed him with bulging eyes till he was out of sight, closed the door and returned to her kitchen.

Psmith strolled meditatively on. The genial warmth of the afternoon soothed him. He hummed lightly, only stopping when, as he reached the end of the street, a young man of his own age, rounding the corner rapidly, almost ran into him.

"Sorry," said the young man. "Hullo, Smith."

Psmith gazed upon him with benevolent affection.

"Comrade Jackson," he said, "this is well met. The one man of all others whom I would have wished to encounter. We will pop off somewhere, Comrade Jackson, should your engagements permit, and restore our tissues with a cup of tea. I had hoped to touch the Jackson family for some slight refreshment, but I was informed that your wife was out."

Mike Jackson laughed.

"Phyllis isn't out. She ——"

"Not out? Then," said Psmith, pained, "there has been dirty work done this day. For I was turned from the door. It would not be exaggerating to say that I was given the bird. Is this the boasted Jackson hospitality?"

"Phyllis is giving a tea to some of her old school pals," explained Mike. "She told the maid to say she wasn't at home to anybody else. I'm not allowed in myself."

"Enough, Comrade Jackson!" said Psmith agreeably. "Say no more. If you yourself have been booted out in spite of all the loving, honoring and obeying your wife promised at the altar, who am I to complain? And possibly, one must reflect, we are well out of it. These gatherings of old girls' school chums are not the sort of function your man of affairs wants to get lugged into. Capital company as we are, Comrade Jackson, we should doubtless have been extremely in the way. I suppose the conversation would have dealt exclusively with reminiscences of the dear old school, of tales of surreptitious cocoa drinking in the dormitories and what the deportment mistress said when Angela was found chewing tobacco in the shrubbery. Yes, I fancy we have not missed a lot. . . . By the way, I don't think much of the new home. True, I only saw it from the outside, but—no, I don't think much of it."

"Best we can afford."

"And who," said Psmith, "am I to taunt my boyhood friend with his honest poverty? Especially as I myself am standing on the very brink of destitution."

"You?"

"I, in person. That low moaning sound you hear is the wolf bivouacked outside my door."

"But I thought your uncle gave you rather a good salary."

"So he did. But my uncle and I are about to part company. From now on he, so to speak, will take the high road and I'll take the low road. I dine with him tonight, and over the nuts and wine I shall hand him the bad news that I propose to resign my position in the firm. I have no doubt that he supposed he was doing me a good turn by starting me in his fish business, but even what little experience I have had of it has convinced me that it is not my proper sphere. The whisper flies round the clubs, 'Psmith has not found his niche!' I am not," said Psmith, "an unreasonable man. I realize that humanity must be supplied with fish. I am not averse from a bit of fish myself. But to be professionally connected with a firm that handles the material in the raw is not my idea of a large life work. Remind me to tell you sometime what it feels like to sling yourself out of bed at four A.M. and go down to toil in Billingsgate Market. No, there is money in fish. My uncle has made a pot of it, but what I feel is that there must be other walks in life for a bright young man. I chuck it tonight."

"What are you going to do then?"

"That, Comrade Jackson, is more or less on the knees of the gods. Tomorrow morning I think I will stroll round to an employment agency and see how the market for bright young men stands. Do you know a good one?"

"Phyllis always goes to Miss Clarkson's in Shaftesbury Avenue. But ——"

"Miss Clarkson's in Shaftesbury Avenue. I will make a note of it. Meanwhile, I wonder if you saw the Morning Globe today"

"No. Why?"

"I had an advertisement in it in which I expressed myself as willing—indeed, eager—to tackle any undertaking that had nothing to do with fish. I am confidently expecting shoals of replies. I look forward to winnowing the heap and selecting the most desirable."

"Pretty hard to get a job these days," said Mike doubtfully.

"Not if you have something superlatively good to offer."

"What have you got to offer?"

"My services," said Psmith with faint reproach.

"What as?"

"As anything. I made no restrictions. Would you care to take a look at my manifesto? I have a copy in my pocket"

Psmith produced from inside his immaculate waistcoat a folded clipping.

"I should welcome your opinion of it, Comrade Jackson. I have frequently said that for sturdy common sense you stand alone. Your judgment should be invaluable."

The advertisement, which some hours earlier had so electrified the Hon. Freddie Threepwood in the smoking room at Blandings Castle, seemed to affect Mike, whose mind was of the stolid and serious type, somewhat differently. He finished his perusal and stared speechlessly.

"Neat, don't you think?" said Psmith. "Covers the ground adequately? I think so, I think so."

"Do you mean to say you're going to put drivel like that in the paper?" asked Mike.

"I have put it in the paper. As I told you, it appeared this morning. By this time tomorrow I shall no doubt have finished sorting out the replies."

Mike's emotion took him back to the phraseology of school days.

"You are an ass!"

Psmith restored the clipping to his waistcoat pocket.

"You wound me, Comrade Jackson," he said. "I had expected a broader outlook from you. In fact, I rather supposed that you would have rushed round instantly to the offices of the journal and shoved in a similar advertisement yourself. But nothing that you can say can damp my buoyant spirit. The cry goes round Kensington—and district—'Psmith is off!' In what direction the cry omits to state, but that information the future will supply. And now, Comrade Jackson, let us trickle into yonder tea shop and drink success to the venture in a cup of the steaming. I had a particularly hard morning today among the whitebait, and I need refreshment."

II

AFTER Psmith had withdrawn his spectacular person from it, there was an interval of perhaps twenty minutes before anything else occurred to brighten the drabness of Wallingford Street. The lethargy of afternoon held the thoroughfare in its grip. Occasionally a tradesman's cart would rattle round the corner, and from time to time cats appeared, stalking purposefully among the evergreens. But at ten minutes to five a girl ran up the steps of Number 18 and rang the bell.

She was a girl of medium height, very straight and slim; and her fair hair, her cheerful smile and the boyish suppleness of her body all contributed to a general effect of valiant gayety, a sort of golden sunniness, accentuated by the fact that, like all girls who looked to Paris for inspiration in their dress that season, she was wearing black. The small maid appeared again.

"Is Mrs. Jackson at home?" said the girl. "I think she's expecting me. Miss Halliday."

"Yes, miss."

A door at the end of the narrow hall had opened.

"Is that you, Eve?"

"Hullo, Phyl darling."

Phyllis Jackson fluttered down the passage like a rose leaf on the wind and hurled herself into Eve's arms. She was small and fragile, with great brown eyes under a cloud of dark hair. She had a wistful look, and most people who knew her wanted to pet her. Eve had always petted her, from their first days at school together.

"Am I late or early?" asked Eve.

"You're the first, but we won't wait. Jane, will you bring tea into the drawing-room?"

"Yes'm."

"And remember, I don't want to see anyone for the rest of the afternoon. If anybody calls, tell them I'm not at home. Except Miss Clarkson and Mrs. McTodd, of course."

"Yes'm."

"Who is Mrs. McTodd?" inquired Eve. "Is that Cynthia?"

"Yes. Didn't you know she had married Ralston McTodd, the Canadian poet? You knew she went out to Canada?"

"I knew that, yes. But I hadn't heard that she was married. Funny how out of touch one gets with girls who were one's best friends at school. Do you realize it's nearly two years since I saw you?"

"I know. Isn't it awful? I got your address from Elsa Wentworth two or three days ago, and then Clarkie told me that Cynthia was over here on a visit with her husband, so I thought how jolly it would be to have a regular reunion. We three were such friends in the old days. . . . You remember Clarkie, of course. Miss Clarkson, who used to be English mistress at Wayland House."

"Yes, of course. Where did you run into her?"

"Oh, I see a lot of her. She runs a domestic employment agency in Shaftesbury Avenue now, and I have to go there about once a fortnight to get a new maid. She supplied Jane"

"Is Cynthia's husband coming with her this afternoon?"

"No; I wanted it to be simply us four. Do you know him? But of course you don't. This is his first visit to England."

"I know his poetry. He's quite a celebrity. Cynthia's lucky."

They had made their way into the drawing-room, a gruesome little apartment full of all those antimacassars, wax flowers and china dogs inseparable from the cheaper type of London furnished house. Eve, though the exterior of Number 18 should have prepared her for all this, was unable to check a slight shudder as she caught the eye of the least prepossessing of the dogs, goggling at her from the mantelpiece.

"Don't look at them," recommended Phyllis, following her gaze. "I try not to. We've only just moved in here, so I haven't had time to make the place nice. Here's tea. All right, Jane, put it down there. Tea, Eve?"

Eve sat down. She was puzzled and curious. She threw her mind back to the days at school and remembered the Phyllis of that epoch as almost indecently opulent. A millionaire stepfather there had been then, she recollected. What had become of him now, that he should allow Phyllis to stay in surroundings like this? Eve scented a mystery, and in her customary straightforward way went to the heart of it.

"Tell me all about yourself," she said, having achieved as much comfort as the peculiar structure of her chair would permit.

"And remember that I haven't seen you for two years, so don't leave anything out."

"It's so difficult to know just where to start."

"Well, you signed your letter Phyllis Jackson. Start with the mysterious Jackson. Where does he come in? The last I heard about you was an announcement in the Morning Post that you were engaged to I've forgotten the name, but I'm certain it wasn't Jackson."

"Rollo Mountford."

"Was it? Well, what has become of Rollo? You seem to have mislaid him. Did you break off the engagement?"

"Well, it sort of broke itself off. I mean, you see, I went and married Mike."

"Eloped with him, do you mean?"

"Yes."

"Good heavens!"

"I'm awfully ashamed about that, Eve. I suppose I treated Rollo awfully badly."

"Never mind. A man with a name like that was made for suffering."

"I never really cared for him. He had horrid swimmy eyes ——"

"I understand. So you eloped with your Mike. Tell me about him. Who is he? What does he do?"

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Her Mouth Quivered and a Tear Stole Down Her Cheek

SUCH-A-MUCH

By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

The Crowning Piece of Effrontery Was When He Caught Fanfaron Acting as a Sort of Escort to the Floor Waiter

IT IS very hard being a hero, Mac," said Monsieur Fanfaron sadly as he squared away to a huge bowl of bouillabaisse at lunch; "very hard—especially holding in the stomach."

There are other hardships too. That very night, as he was strolling peacefully homeward from a quiet game of manille at the Club Helvetia, somebody sneaked up behind him and threw a brick.

"It hit me here, Mac," he moaned, pointing to a lump on the back of his head

"Boy, what a wallop!" exclaimed his sympathetic ally. "Say, but you was lucky. A foot lower and it would of broken something."

"But what do you make of it?"

"Well, the way I got it doped," said Mactavish, "there's somebody who don't like you "

"Ah-h-h, it is as I suspected."

A glance of understanding passed between them.

"No," remarked Fanfaron, after a moment's thought, "it wasn't her."

"Why not?"

"There are three excellent reasons. In the first place, she couldn't hit me. Secondly, Mac, I happen to know that she is still with her mother in Bern."

"That's only two."

"Lastly, my wife would never forgo the pleasure of hurling the brick herself. And it was a small boy who flung it. Yes; I saw him scamper away."

The movie expert pondered this information.

"Got any enemies?"

"What man has not? There are many jealous of my success "

"Yeh, but that ain't enough. It needs more than that to start the rough stuff."

Suddenly Fanfaron banged the table with his fist. "*Parbleu*, I have it! It is all your fault!"

"Fine! My fault, hey? There's gratitude for you!"

"It is true, nevertheless."

"How come? I up and made you famous, didn't I?"

"Yes, but ——"

"And only for me your wife would never have left you, would she?"

"True," answered the concierge, beginning to feel ashamed.

"And yet the first crack out of the box you go and blame me for everything. Say, you're a bird, you are."

"But this newspaper notoriety, Mac; all these stories about my romances with the Princess Sophie and the Grand Duchess Olga and the Marquise de Bombom—that wretched business has made great trouble for me. It has raised up enemies. I have been an unhappy man from the day it started, I assure you. Sometimes I wish I had never been a hero, Mac. The honest man who can live in peaceful obscurity is the happiest."

Ah, there was the pinch! To be a concierge is in itself a fearful strain, demanding all a man has of resource and fortitude; but when on top of that one has to play the rôle of a lady killer—*ma foi*, it is too much! The most nerve-racking of human experiences is to maintain a pretense, and ever since Mactavish and his newspaper friends had fanfared to the world the story of Monsieur Fanfaron's imaginary conquests of the noble ladies who were guests of the Imperial-Splendide, he had been subjected to it, for the management expected him to live up to his rakish reputation. To them it was a purely box-office proposition. A Don Juan in the lobby was a din whose advertising value laid it all over the jazz orchestra or their famous cuisine.

What tortures Fanfaron suffered trying to fill his job! Once two American ladies of gorgeous plumage walked slowly past the concierge's desk and took a good long look at Marc-Aurèle. Ever faithful, he stuck out his chest, twirled his handsome mustaches and held in his waistline until he threatened to pop.

"Huh!" exclaimed one of the proud beauties, in tones she made no effort to moderate. "I don't think he's such-a-much!"

And her companion added, with the air of one who has been cheated, "So that's what they call a heartbreaker over here, is it? Well, well! How do these women get that way, Sarah? Why, at least two of my husbands were better lookin' than that guy!"

The pride of the Imperial-Splendide let go his breath like a blow-out and sagged down to his natural shape.

"*Pouf!*" he muttered, eying the backs of the pair venomously. "Not such-a-much, *hein?* And who would bother to look sidewise at you, I'd like to know? Bah!"

His feelings were hurt. Somehow the word stuck in his mind, and he brooded over it.

"What is a such-a-much, Mac?" he demanded.

"Well," explained his friend judicially, "if it's what you ain't, it's a mean crack. Who's been callin' you that?"

"That's all I need to know. Thank you," replied the concierge with dignity.

He went back to his desk to check up the *débours*. From one of them a guest had stricken an item of twenty francs, and Marc-Aurèle was worried. Not that the item represented anything but hope on Fanfaron's part, yet he had been conscientious in regarding it as the tip he felt he would not get, and so his worst fears were confirmed.

"Now, Fanfaron!" bellowed the manager.

The concierge roused from his gloom with a jerk. "M'sieu?"

"What does this mean?"

"I do not understand."

"Is this what we pay you for?—sitting there like a sick ox, and ladies going to and fro under your very nose!"

"But what would you have me do?"

"Rouse yourself, Fanfaron! Rouse yourself! Be debonair, dashing. Look at them out of the corner of your eye—thus! Be masterful! It is easy."

"Pardon, but is monsieur a married man?" inquired the wretched concierge.

"*Sacré bleu*, no!"

"I thought as much."

The manager switched his attack.

"We have received complaints of you, Fanfaron," he said sternly.

"Of what nature?"

"That you are insolent."

"*Ma foi*, and only a minute ago you were urging me to be dashing!"

"There is a difference. This was not a lady "

"No," boomed the concierge wrathfully, "I can well believe it, Monsieur Robitaille. You do not need to tell me the name. I already know it—the name of my mortal enemy—ah, *sale scélérat*—Bombom!"

"And what of that? We demand that our guests be treated with courtesy, Fanfaron. And if Monsieur le Marquis ——"

"Enough! Enough, m'sieu! If you are going to listen to the poisoned words of that man, who hates me with an unreasonable and bitter hatred, then it is impossible for me to remain here longer, and I take pleasure in presenting ——"

"There, there, not so fast, my dear Fanfaron, not so fast!" expostulated the manager, who had been merely relieving indigestional bad humor. "Who said that I believed it? It was not a complaint, you silly fellow; it was something I thought you ought to know, and I mentioned the matter only as a friendly warning."

"I am grateful. And I will take care to protect myself, m'sieu."

"Do nothing rash. We've had trouble enough, heaven knows."

"You may trust me, Monsieur Robitaille," the concierge promised, but when he espied the marquis skulking in a corridor that night as though to spy on his movements the hot blood of the Fanfarons got the better of him. He puffed out his cheeks, pulled fiercely at his mustaches, and

swelling out his chest like he had seen the Terrible Swede do, advanced on his enemy. But the little old dandy fled precipitately at his approach, his thin legs twinkling grotesquely.

"What do you know about that, Mac? Now I know who hired the boy to throw that brick. Ah, the coward! Assassin!"

"Yeh, but why? What's he sore about?"

"Madame la Marquise, of course. Those ridiculous stories of yours—they linked our names."

The movie expert whistled. Then he said, "All right. Why not give him something real to worry about?"

"Huh?"

"He's jealous, ain't he? Well, give him something to be jealous about. Then it'll be fifty-fifty."

It took a full minute for this idea to percolate. But when it did Fanfaron broke into a loud guffaw

"Ah, you are a great man, Mac. You are always doing me favors. Give him something to worry about, *hein?* I will! Watch me! I know how to make the bluff." And he rubbed his fat thighs with satisfaction.

After that Marc-Aurèle shamelessly ogled the dainty marquise whenever she appeared. The couple could not pass through the lobby without the concierge running to open the door or show her some wholly superfluous attention she could not well refuse or the marquis resent. It maddened the elderly husband. The insolence of the fellow! And what did he mean by the glances of understanding he threw at his wife?

"You have encouraged him!" fumed the marquis.

"Don't be silly!"

"You have, I say! Do you think I am blind? You can no more keep from using your eyes on a man than you can stop breathing."

"Then it means nothing; so why get excited, my own?"

"You—you—I lift you from nothing, and what is my reward? If nobody of our own kind is handy you flirt with a chauffeur. And now a concierge—a big, coarse, common lout!"

"On the contrary, I had scarcely looked at him; but now I will. You have taken the surest way to make me, Alexandre."

"I forbid you!"

"*Oo, là, là!*"

"Bah!"

"Now, don't be jealous, little man; it is so ill bred," purred the marquise. "Besides, it is bad for you at your age. Remember what the doctor said "

"Bah!"

"You are so childish."

"I tell you I am not a fool."

"Nowadays one must prove his statements, Alexandre."

That was dirty work, and her husband flung out of the room, vowing for the thousandth time that he had married a devil and was through with her for keeps. The marquise smiled happily; his jealous rages always amused her and gave a fillip to dull days. Moreover, she knew he would come crawling back for forgiveness, abject and eager with promises, for it was the unfortunate wretch's calamity to despise the woman who bore his name, yet love her so hopelessly that the threat of a separation invariably threw him into a panic.

The result of his interference was that she became very gracious to Fanfaron. Once or twice, when Alexandre was by her side, she permitted her hand to touch the concierge's arm or shoulder as he tucked the rug around her feet Fanfaron boldly thrust Gustave aside in order to do it. The marquis gnashed his teeth. He tried to humiliate the concierge by offering a beggarly tip, but Marc-Aurèle was no more humiliated than you or I would be at receiving somewhat less for a Christmas present than we had expected. He snorted contemptuously and stuck the money in his pocket. The fact is that Fanfaron simply could not see how the acceptance of money could ever humiliate anybody.

It was Gustave's place to hold open the door of the car for her, but Marc-Aurèle always contrived to help him. The chasseurs were supposed to carry messages upstairs, but the concierge delivered all that came for the marquise, an honor hitherto reserved for the royal exiles living in the Imperial-Splendide. But the crowning piece of effrontery in the eyes of her husband was when he caught Fanfaron acting as a sort of escort to the floor waiter who carried in the marquise's breakfast of fresh figs and hot chocolate.

Personally I cannot blame him. Many a man has walloped another on the jaw for less. At the moment the rickety old marquis peeped in to see whether his wife was up, there stood the concierge, beaming and pulling at his mustache, whilst he superintended the placing of the tray to suit madame, who was sitting up in bed, maddeningly pretty in a pink negligee and boudoir cap. And yet he dared not say a word; one cannot be jealous of a servant without becoming ridiculous.

"What does he mean by it, *hein?*" raved the husband.

"I wonder," mused the marquise, and she smiled at herself in the glass.

When her maid came to dress her she asked all sorts of questions about the concierge.

Of course he was impossible; one glance had been enough to assure her of that. Yet he piqued her curiosity. Fat and florid and commonplace though he was, Fanfaron had an air. He looked so bold, so sure of himself. She couldn't imagine the concierge ever growing jealous or weeping like a penitent child. No, he would more likely beat her. She was of the type of woman who admires brazenness above all things in a man and will love him for brutality. So that day she threw a fleeting glance at the concierge over her shoulder as she stepped out of the elevator, and that night Fanfaron became conscious that somebody was dogging his footsteps as he wended his way home from the Club Helvetia. When he stopped the skulking figure took to its heels, but he felt certain it was the marquis

"He means to stab me in the back," he told Mactavish.

"Yes; first he hires a boy to hit me with a brick, and now he would assassinate me. Ah, the scoundrel! He fears me, Mac. He cannot meet me face to face. Perhaps he knows I make the box, *hein?*"

"Maybe so. But you'd best keep your eye peeled."

"I shall do so. Would you advise me to get a pistol?"

"Yeh, but don't load it."

"Why not, pray?"

"It might go off."

"Sometimes you are very mysterious, Mac," remarked the concierge, regarding him with puzzled eyes.

His response to the marquis' surveillance was to send a basket of fresh figs to

(Continued on Page 34)

"What's This?" He Demanded, Sucking in His Breath. She Turned Quickly. "What to What?"

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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 10, 1923

A World of Chance

ONE of the never quite fully explained miracles of the modern economic and financial system is how all the new securities offered in the leading financial markets of the country are absorbed. Now and then the offerings, or issues, dry up. Soaring interest rates, a sudden fright or chill in the world of credit may stop the flow. But these periods of cessation are for the most part brief. In general—and the past few months have been no exception—the corporations of the country continue to pour out in an apparently ever-growing stream new securities which are somehow, somewhere, taken care of.

There have been periods when particular classes of bonds or stocks were in special favor. It has been some years since railroad securities were prima donnas, but there have been great emissions of many other groups from time to time. Recent new flotations and issues have had marked variety, covering almost the whole range of industrial activity. But there is one characteristic of all periods of security emission—namely, the undisputed fact that a large or at least a substantial proportion will turn out badly.

Pessimism does not as a rule pay. The man who goes about preaching one of the few facts on which all men can and do agree, that all must die, is not the most popular citizen. Risk has thus far proved to be an essential element of industrial progress, especially in mining, oil and new inventions. It has been said that very little ore would ever be produced if most mining prospectors and even operators did not lie about its metallic content, even to themselves. Constant disappointment and actual mortality are the price of life and progress, and the field of investment is no exception.

Leaving out of consideration altogether the so-called get-rich-quick promotions, doomed, as a rule, from the start, although absorbing several hundreds of millions of hard-earned dollars each year, the failure or partial failure among the legitimate, respectable, supposedly decent issues of new securities can be described by no adjective other than frightful.

It is entirely safe to say that a fair proportion of all the legitimate securities, honestly promoted and sponsored, offered to and absorbed by the investing public in the past few months will prove a partial or total loss to the present or future owners.

Good or bad intentions have nothing to do with it. Changes in the conduct of companies, alterations in financial structure, new lines of business, mergers, shifting markets, these and a thousand other contingencies of business life raise new problems which are not always correctly met. A stock or even a bond issue may be fair seeming, without an apparent flaw, and yet go bad in a very few years indeed.

No way has yet been found to eliminate risk from the business structure. There must be a body of security buyers willing to absorb the element of hazard. All securities, or even the bulk of them, cannot be made what their name implies until life itself is rendered devoid of chance—an unthinkable proposition. What the individual with surplus savings must decide is whether he belongs in the risk-taking class. He does not have to join it. No man or woman able to read and write is really ignorant of the fact that safe investments are to be had, or what and where they are.

Nor should those who can afford to lose mourn over an occasional misplaced purchase. They perform a function essential to the economic system, and, what is more important from their viewpoint, they have the keen enjoyment involved in taking a chance, or to put it more plainly, in gambling. The tragedy occurs when those who do not belong in the risk-taking class join its ranks. That is real wormwood and gall. Investors have been given many hundreds of suggestions on how to invest, and there are voluminous books on the subject. But there is one question the honest facing and answering of which are worth more than many involved and technical precautions: Can I afford to take a chance?

A Tonic for National Nerves

THE great book of the Great War has not yet been written—no, nor even its preface. When finally the awaited volume appears it will be no encomium of militarism, no romantic glorification of death upon the field. In the real story the marchers will be misshapen, harrowing specters—disease-infested muck, strangling vapors, blood-stiffened sandbags, barbed wire that is the clothesline of death. And in the carriages at the rear, forced from the showy glory of leadership into the company of their shattered wounded, will ride the commanders who blundered their troops into demolition, the politicians who sent men untrained and unequipped into oblivion, the postwar protagonists of economic excitement and social upheaval.

The dreary hopelessness of it all has been brilliantly expressed by Mr. C. E. Montague, an English writer, in a recent volume entitled Disenchantment. It should come as no surprise that human nature was in the British Army as it was in the A. E. F. The average soldier's repulsion to warfare comes from the fact that normally man is a peace-loving animal, and a little bloodshed goes a long way with him. When he sees at first-hand that the slaughter must be wholesale his soul sickens and says "Let us have peace" long before the roaring rage of his noncombatant brother can be quelled.

For the unrest that has followed upon the high blood pressure of war Mr. Montague offers a formula that might be framed and hung conspicuously before the eyes of prime ministers, mill workers, farmers, bank presidents, manufacturers, street cleaners and newspapermen:

"To possess your soul in patience, with all the skin and some of the flesh burnt off your face and hands, is the job of a boy compared with the pains of a man who has lived pretty long in the exhilarating world that drugs or strong waters seem to create and is trying to live now in the first bald desolation created by knocking them off. . . .

"Sick as we are, we have still in reserve the last resource of the sick. To let the sick part of our soul just be still and recover; to make our alcoholized tissues just do their work long enough on plain water—that, if we can but do it, is all the sweeping and garnishing needed to make us possible dwelling places again for the vitalizing spirit of sane delight in whatever adventure befalls us. How, then, to do it? Not, I fancy, by any kind of powwow or palaver of congress, conference, general committee, subcommittee or other expedient for talking in company instead of working alone. This is an individual's job, and a somewhat lonely one, though a nation has to be saved by it. To get down to work, whoever else idles; to tell no lies, whoever else may thrive on their uses; to keep fit, and the beast in you down; to help any who need it; to take less from your world than you give it; to go without the old drams to the nerves—the hero stunt, the sob story, all the darling liqueurs of war emotionalism, war vanity, war spite, war rant and cant of every kind; and to do it all, not in a sentimental mood of self-pity like some actor mounting in an empty theatre and thinking what treasures the absent audience has lost, but like a man on a sheep farm in the mountains, as much alone and at peace with his work of maintaining the world as God was when he made it."

The Inferiority Complex

THE inferiority complex is the feeling of the man who told the world that one man is as good as another, begorrah, and a good deal better. And at one time or another every one of us has experienced it, although we have not always recognized it.

Early in childhood, when we are still aware of our helplessness and our dependence, when we know nothing of what there is to do in the world except what we see others doing, when we have not yet had the opportunity to discover our own powers, the feeling of inferiority and the envy of the strength of others is normal and useful. For it is the feeling that makes us strive to imitate those we admire, that stimulates us in our rivalries, that drives us to find our distinctive capacities and to display them for the approval of others. The complex begins to make trouble if the inferiority feeling continues on year after year, reducing efficiency, depressing the spirit, obstructing development of personality.

We all have it, then, at some time; and we should all get over it; and many do. The complex may be due to a real constitutional defect that stands in the way of energetic and joyous living; or to being too strongly impressed in infancy with one's helplessness and dependence. But too often it comes from invidious comparisons with others, which undermine self-esteem, or from frequent failure, which destroys self-confidence.

The inferiority complex shows itself in infinite varieties. It may lie back of the disdain which the successful business man affects for the unpractical poet, as well as of the contempt which the poet has for the Philistine. Sometimes the practical man has his doubts; sometimes the artist's mouth waters for the fleshpots. The scholar may be saving his face when he sneers at the athlete; the latter may be boosting his specialty because he knows he would fail in the other game. Whenever anybody insists vehemently that he represents the salt of the earth, we may suspect that he is none too sure of himself.

But inferiority complexes are not confined to the incompetents or to the overmodest. Some of the finest men and women, just because they are out of the ordinary, are made to feel inferior; they cannot or will not succeed in the trivialities of the commonplace, so they must suffer the derision of the regular fellows.

It is only after many gibes and insults that such a one usually finds his medium for self-expression and his world that will appreciate him and restore his self-esteem. But in the presence of real ability a natural or a social handicap may be a source of strength. Demosthenes became the greatest Greek orator in his efforts to overcome his speech defects.

The inferiority complex appears in an inverted form in the braggart and bully, the overconceited person who shouts from the housetops "Behold me!" because such people are uncomfortably suspicious of their insignificance and know of no way to get notice except through the noise they make. It is only by imposing themselves upon our attention that they can escape utter self-contempt.

The meaning of a wide distribution of the inferiority complex among grown men and women is that in our education, in our social and our industrial life, too many people have failed to adjust themselves by finding suitable means of self-expression and satisfying recognition from their fellows. The person of poise does not need to tell the world; the world has already acknowledged him.

THE PROGRESSIVE DILEMMA

By WILL PAYNE

JUDGING by the past, this present progressive movement in politics may have bright prospects if only it can discover a cure-all issue and a good cross-of-gold rallying cry. So far it has discovered only a dirge—to wit: "Every day and in every way business gets bigger and bigger."

That is the horrid fact which seems to engage its attention and out of which it presumably hopes to extract a new political panacea that will do a thriving trade in votes a year from next November. Consider the situation a moment: But yesterday the automobile was only a toy; now it is much bigger business than the railroads were in our grandfathers' time. A little while ago the telephone was a mere curiosity; now its tentacles reach to every hamlet and farmhouse, and its capitalization exceeds the national debt of 1916. The little drug store that has a knack of selling things expands in a few years to a whole chain of drug stores on the best corners in a score of cities. A country merchant gets the idea of a five-and-ten-cent store and ere long erects the tallest building in America in order to dispose of his spare cash. In an evil moment somebody in a twenty-by-fifty shop puts a few spoonfuls of baked beans in a tin can and begins talking about it. Before you can turn around, figuratively speaking, he is spattering the nation with beans and paying stock dividends. A mere stick of chewing gum expands into a chicle octopus.

The Railroads' Troubles

THERE is the shocking case of Standard Oil. A dozen years ago it was judicially cut up into fifteen or twenty baby octopuses, toddling trustlets of an easily manageable size. Already some of these pieces are about as big as the whole concern was before the division. Progressivism itself slips into big business. It proposes an extension of government credit to farmers and mentions $600,000,000 as the proper amount. Satan himself must have a hand in it, for every day in every way business gets bigger and bigger. Everywhere, once a man gets an idea that catches on, he immediately expands into a bloated corporation that produces income surtaxes and progressive regrets.

At first blush that might look discouraging to a political movement whose chief stock in trade consists of indefinite but impassioned objection to big business; but on second thought, if there was no big business there would not be this present progressive movement. I say "this present movement" because there once was a progressive movement of a different kidney that came out in the open and told you what it meant in plain language.

Look at the railroads for a moment. Although freight rates were reduced last summer, they are still higher than farmers can afford to pay. On the other hand, railroads in 1922 earned considerably less than 6 per cent net on their investment, and rail credit is so dubious that it has long been fairly impossible for even the strongest lines to raise capital for permanent improvements except by issuing mortgage-secured bonds bearing a fixed rate of interest. Under a healthy condition strong lines would finance improvements by issuing stock, involving no fixed charge, for in that case a lean period could be met by reducing or passing dividends. Under the present scheme of issuing bonds with a fixed interest charge, a lean period points to default and bankruptcy. The Pennsylvania Railroad's last annual report shows the same amount of capital stock outstanding as in 1917, but the funded debt had increased by more than $200,000,000 and fixed charges had more than doubled. For years, as a rule, the strong, growing roads have had to resort to bonds instead of stock for financing improvements and extensions. The only way to remedy that is to strengthen the credit of railroads by giving them more income or greater certainty of such income as they have.

Under these conditions freight rates can be reduced materially only by undermining railroad credit so that capital cannot be raised even on bonds, or by reducing cost of operation. Wages are the chief item in cost of operation, and wages will not come down. Many capable and disinterested men who have studied the situation think operating costs may be reduced without trenching on wages, by consolidating the roads into fifteen or so big but competitive systems. The Interstate Commerce Commission has worked out a tentative scheme for such a consolidation; but Senator La Follette, as progressive leader, declares that no such consolidation into monster systems must happen. They would be quite helpless monsters, for the Government has complete control, fixing railroad rates, prescribing how the books shall be kept and extending a regulatory hand to all important details of management. But they would be monsters; in other words, they would be very big. We must have no monsters.

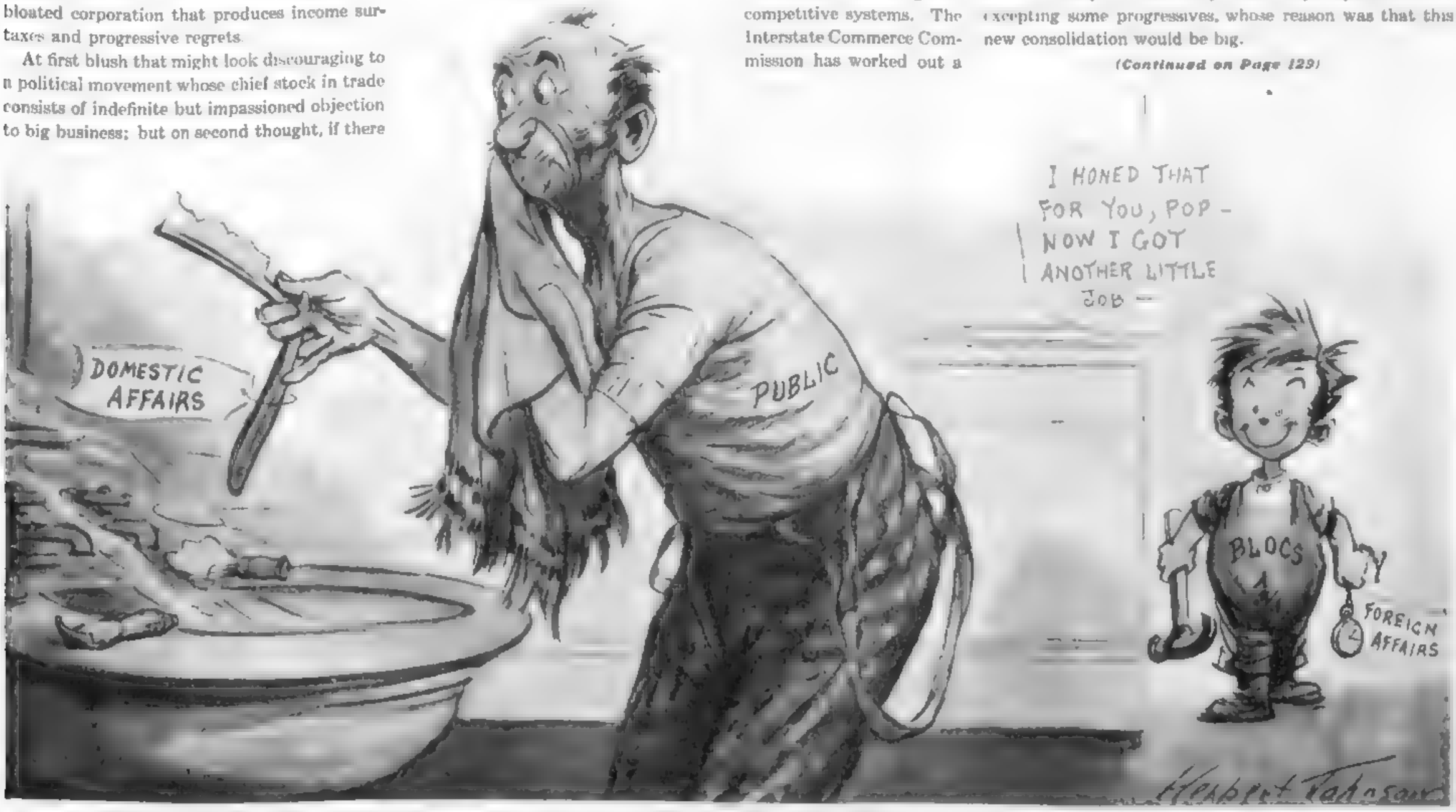
It matters not to Saint George that a given dragon may be a quite benevolent and useful beast. He is out to slay all dragons at sight.

The United States Steel Corporation, you remember, has something like half the country's steel trade. The Government brought suit, under the Sherman Law, to dissolve it as an illegal combination in restraint of trade or competition. In preparing its case, and in the trial, the Government searched every nook and angle of the corporation's affairs. The matter was in the courts several years, with due deliberation and due examination of mountainous evidence. Both the lower court and the Supreme Court found that the defendant, in its relations with its competitors and with the public, was a rather decent sort of monster, not attempting to monopolize the business or to crush rivals. Therefore the courts held that it was not an illegal combination under the Sherman Law.

Competitors Combine

A CHIEF point in the attack upon the corporation was that, though it might not have actually attempted to monopolize the trade and crush its rivals, it was in a position to do so because it was much bigger than any of its competitors. Last year a number of these competitors consolidated into a bigger unit—which, being more nearly of the Steel Corporation's size, would be better able to resist an assault from that concern. The Attorney General, following the Supreme Court's interpretation of the law, found no reason why they shouldn't. So far as I am aware, nobody has found any reason why they shouldn't—excepting some progressives, whose reason was that this new consolidation would be big.

(Continued on Page 129)



HELPING FATHER

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Elmer and Myrtle

At Last!

ABOUT the time when tree-toads cry
And through the shadow night wings hurtle,
Our Elmer screwed his courage high
And went to pay a call on Myrtle.

He rang the bell and stood there, dumb,
To see her, slender, sweet and rosy
She said, "How good of you to come!"
And "Ain't our parlor bright and cozy?"

And "Don't you like my chiffon dress?"
And what could Elmer say but "Yes"?

She made him take the deepest chair,
"The one," she laughed, "for folks to stay in."
He liked the way she did her hair?
And had he put his summer hay in?

And wasn't Rex a pleasant boy?
But Neil was just as nice, though duller.
And wasn't Madge a perfect joy?
And ain't her eyes the sweetest color?

And had he heard of Tom and Bess?
And what could Elmer say but "Yes"?

With aid from Myrtle, Elmer turned
The portrait album's gilded pages;
Of aunts and uncles Elmer learned,
Their occupations, weights and ages,

Of other kin of solemn mien
And how they fared and where they tarried;
And here was ma when just eighteen—
"The year that pa and she were married;

"They say I'm like her, more or less."
And what could Elmer say but "Yes"?

And then they wound the gramophone
And John McCormack sang a ballad
About "I love but you alone!"
While Myrtle served the herring salad

And other things to please a man
Whose appetite is fairly hearty.
And then she smiled, as Myrtles can,
And said, "I hope you like my party.

"And ain't that pie a grand success?"
And what could Elmer say but "Yes"?

And when the hour was come to part,
So dear she looked, so quaintly charming,
That Elmer's tongue obeyed his heart
And cried with ardor most alarming.

"Oh, Myrtle! Won't you marry me?"
While neck to brow began to rudden.
And Myrtle cried, as all agree,
"Oh, Elmer! this is awful sudden!"

But that was not his fault, I guess,
So what could Myrtle say but "Yes"?

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

In the Restaurant

"I'M NOT a bit hungry—I'll just have a cup of tea and a muttered buffin."

"Ha, ha! You mean a buffered muttin!"

"You're as bad as I am! Of course, I mean a muffered buttin ——"

"A buttoned muffer ——"

"A muttined buffer ——"

"A buffined mutter ——"

"Oh, pshaw, let's take crumpets!" —*Carolyn Wells.*

DRAWN BY ELLISON HOOVER

Office Boy "A Lady to See You, Sir"
Yellow Editor: "M-m-m. Tell Her I'm in Conference"

The Life of Herman Cecil Mimph, the Man Who Dared

By NEAL R. O'HARA

LIKE so many pages torn or cut from the Arabian Nights reads the life story of Herman Cecil Mimph, today the dominant figure in the shoe-polish industry. Known from the sardine factories on the coast of Maine to the salmon fisheries of Alaska, Mr. Mimph is modest notwithstanding Having his face on every genuine can of polish has not turned this industrial giant's head a bit. Nor have a palatial cottage with a cellar to it, at Southampton, Long Island, an expensive limousine purchased for cash, or other insignia of luxury and wealth affected his straightforward Americanism. Mr. Mimph is still Herman and sometimes Cecil to the old cronies of his struggling days.

Born on a turnip farm of poor but healthy parents, Herman, the youngest of a family of seventeen, determined commerce should be his goal. For several years he did chores on the farm, tilling the soil and watering the milk, with always the vision of Newark before him—Newark being the nearest large city to those acres.

Just forty-eight years ago the plucky youngster arrived in Newark with exactly eleven cents in his pockets—the price of a cheap seat at the movies plus the war tax, except there were no movies then. But even this pittance was not to last him long. Falling in with evil companions he lost his entire nest egg within an hour and a half shooting craps with crooked dice. Mr. Mimph has never gambled from that day to this—with crooked dice.

As night cast its shroud over heartless Newark the youngster had no place to lay his head and neck. In addition, hunger was gnawing at his stomach with a capital G. In desperation he entered an oyster bar and asked for any kind of work.

"Can you shuck oysters?" snarled the surly proprietor.

"Aye, aye, sir," responded young Mimph in the salt sea language of oysters, although, as he admitted years later, he had never seen an oyster before in his life, not even in a stew.

The young man donned an apron, and in the next fourteen hours broke the amateur oyster-opening record for Newark and Bergen County. But that was only one instance in a thousand of his determination and grit. Unfortunately this oyster opening did not continue for long April thirtieth came on apace, and as the clocks chimed midnight on that date young Mimph served his last half dozen raw and sadly hung up his apron. The end of the oyster season had arrived, and want stared him in the eye.

The next day found young Mimph out of a job, but he did not join the May Day riots.

II

WE LEFT young Herman Mimph hungry and starving, having lost his position in the oyster bar. In this installment he starts off still hungry and starving. He had saved $21.60 from wages and tips while opening oysters. With that sum he bought a 6⅞ interest in a prosperous Frankfurter stand. This enabled him to eat his meals on the job and keep an eye on his partner and majority stockholder.

But once again the harsh hand of Fate was to jostle him and put his mettle to the test. The summer swiftly yielded to autumn, and with it the dog days passed. Business at the Frankfurter stand fell off, the customers complained about the mustard, and things were in a sorry state. Young Mimph sold out his 6⅞ interest for twelve dollars, ten of which were counterfeit.

"These misfortunes," he said when I interviewed him recently, "made me take account of myself. My oyster-shucking job went blooey because oysters aren't eaten from May to August, inclusive. My Frankfurter venture was a flop because dog days came and went. That made me do some tall thinking. 'I'll get into some business,' I said to myself, 'that is good the year round.'

"A friend offered me a route selling baseball pools, but I refused on account of my decision. I'd accept nothing but a job good for twelve months a year. The next day I started work as a coal miner."

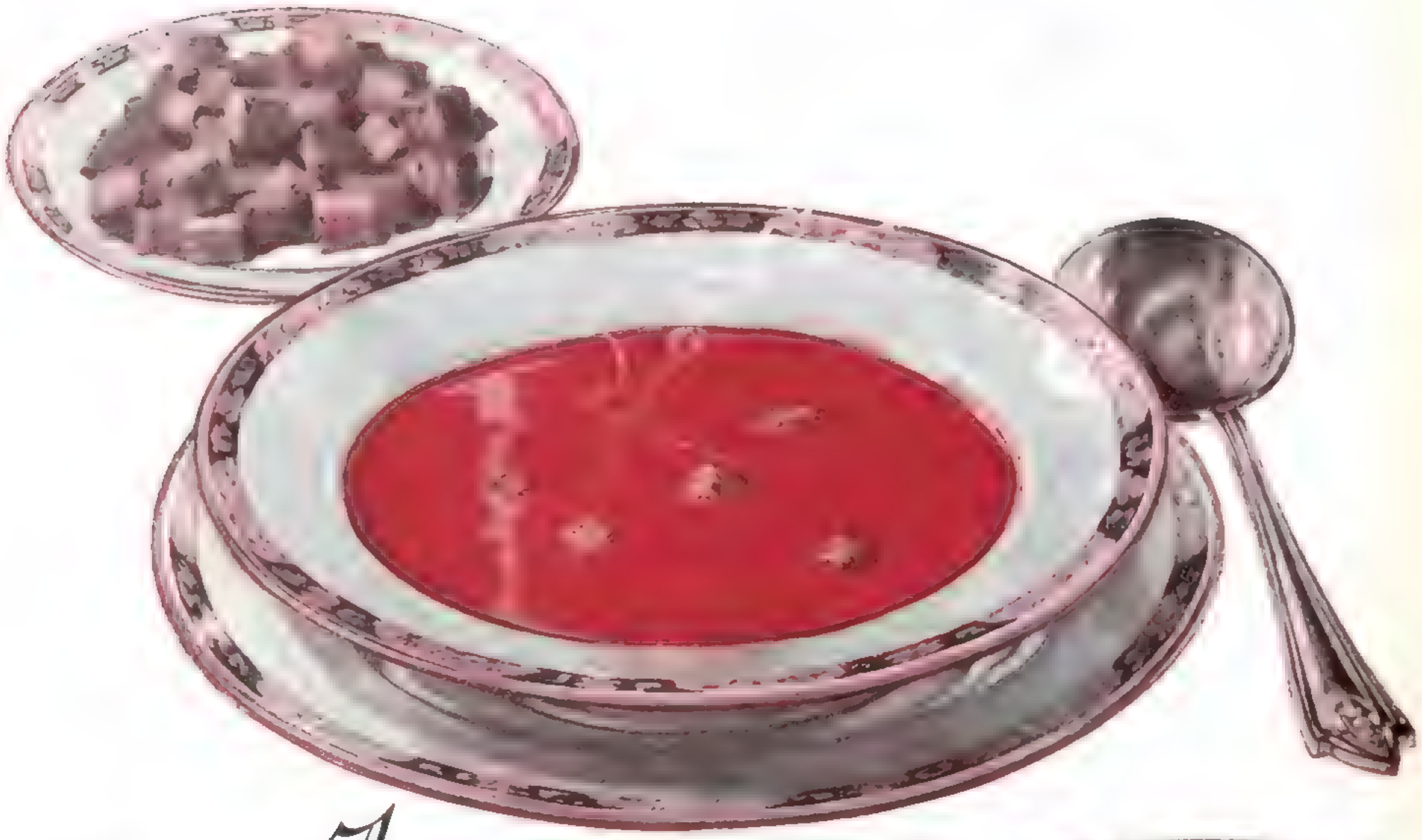
That was in 1888. As you remember—or if you can't remember, it is easy to guess—that was one of the years the miners struck. Herman Mimph was out of a job again and penniless in Pennsylvania—which, by the way, is the title of a little book on success he published a few months ago.

With no funds and fewer prospects, the chances were that Mimph couldn't stay in Pennsylvania long enough to vote the straight Republican ticket. But as he slowly starved in that land of opportunity—the heart of the correspondence-school belt—an idea came to the plucky youngster.

He analyzed his career up to that time and discovered the cause of his ill success as a miner was in starting at the top and working down.

(Continued on Page 134)

RIVALS
His Dog: "Well, There's One Consolation—It Isn't Another Dog"



A soup to grace any table!

A glance at this rich puree, a breath or two of its delicious fragrance—and your hand is on its way to the spoon! Artist-chefs create this soup. Nature gives to it the tonic spice of pure tomato juices and the "meat" of the finest fruit, strained to exquisite smoothness. Golden butter enriches it and heightens its flavor and nourishment. All the arts and sciences of the famous Campbell's kitchens are lavished upon it. Here is your appetite's temptation. Here is your good health's delightful ally. Here, in each spoonful, you *taste* the worldwide reputation of Campbell's Tomato Soup.

Cream of Tomato made with Campbell's is a dish of special luxury. So rich and velvety that it is a rare delight. Made with Campbell's you taste Cream of Tomato at its very perfection.

21 kinds 12 cents a can

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

THE SILENT PARTNER

By Maximilian Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

WALL STREET will still remember the flurry in Three Cities Steel. Sensational as it was, though, the sudden unlooked-for activity in the stock was, after all, only another of those commonplace, ordinary occurrences that lend so much zest and variety to the game.

Here and there in the bucket shops and brokerage offices a limited number of Wall Street's hangers-on, the dabblers, made a knock-out, a killing on the deal. Here and there, also, others—a much larger number, of course were wiped out and ruined. However, as this naturally was to be expected, little time needs be wasted on them. It's enough to say that the smoke of battle hardly had begun to dissipate when the Street, with its usual facility for looking backwards, sat up and began feverishly to figure what had taken place.

It was quite clear, once it was looked into. It appeared, for one thing, that from early in the summer a pool had been operating in the stock. Among other things, it appeared that the pool comprised a number of insiders who originally held large blocks of the security. This, however, they had gradually distributed at a high figure to the public, after which, and acting under what Wall Street terms a gentlemen's agreement, they had set to work to break the market price cut it in half, if possible. This was in order to get back from the public the stock they originally had sold to it.

This is an approved and everyday method of doing business in the Street. Everyone does it—that is, everyone who can. In this case, though, what was surprising, though perhaps not unusual, was that certain members of the pool, the gentlemen's agreement, proved under temptation to be less gentlemanly than had been expected of them. At any rate, before the stock had been driven down to the low figure agreed upon, certain of the insiders, it appeared, had broken their agreement. Estimating that the price was low enough, and fearing that they might have to pay still higher if they waited, they had surreptitiously jumped into the market and bought all the stock they could lay their hands upon, the result being that, with the downward pressure relieved, Three Cities Steel, shooting off fireworks, immediately had bounded upwards.

This was Wall Street's explanation. It was logical, quite the thing that happens regularly; and, as such, the explanation was generally accepted. To the day's happenings there was another side, however.

At half past three or thereabouts that afternoon the door of the downtown executive offices of the Three Cities Steel Company opened and Jim Harker bustled hurriedly inside. The moment he appeared the attendant greeted him expectedly.

"Mr. Nesbit's waiting, sir," he said.

Harker nodded briefly.

"Anyone with him?" he asked.

"Only Mr. Benton, sir," was the reply; and with a grunt, his eyes and his bony features keen, the visitor hastened through the outer offices to the suite of private rooms at the back.

Wall Street often wondered about Harker. He was known in most of its brokerage offices and in not a few of its bucket shops as well, but just what his connection with Wall Street was the Street somehow never had been able to fathom. He was a trader; that was certain, for he always had an account running in one or more of the Street's margin houses; but beyond the trading he did in the market there was a question as to Harker's real purposes and the reason for his constant activities. Market dope was Harker's specialty; he knew always the dope on any stock. Gradually, however, it began to be realized that whenever anyone acted on the tips that Harker spread so profusely he almost invariably lost. It also was realized that Harker himself seldom, if ever, played any of the tips he gave out. Whenever he did play—and what's more, he won almost every time he did—the information he played he kept scrupulously to himself. The thing about him, though, that attracted attention was the tips he spread broadcast among the dabblers. It was suspected at length that he was another of those familiar Wall Street figures, the gentry employed by certain interests to spread inspired information broadcast. The name "stalking horse" is as good as any. What the Street calls them need not be mentioned.

She Looked at Him Steadfastly. "I've Told You," She Said Deliberately. "You Can't Have It, George"

Pushing open the door of the inside office, Harker stepped inside. Across the room, behind a big, flat-topped desk, Nesbit, president and general manager of the steel concern, sat chewing a cigar. Beside him, talking energetically, was Benton. As the two saw Harker they looked up sharply. Nesbit rolled the cigar over in his jaws.

"Well?" he inquired briefly, and Harker grinned.

"It's all right, chief; you saw the close, didn't you? She dropped off three points and an eighth on profit taking during the last half hour, and we've got her pegged down all right, I guess."

A grunt from Nesbit.

"How much did you gather in'"

Harker grinned again.

"It'll figure around thirty thousand shares, Nesbit—a day's work, I call it too. Counting what we took in yesterday, the whole lot averages only 133¾ like picking money out of the gutter, eh?" Then he exploded into a laugh.

"Say, what d'you think? When Rooker, Burke & Co. closed out the boob, that big sucker, this morning they had to pay 138 to cover his account'"

He laughed again, and after a moment Benton joined in with him.

"What happened to him?" he inquired.

"Search me," grinned Harker. "He beat it out of the place early and they haven't seen him since"

Benton studied him for a moment.

"You don't think he's tumbled, do you?" he suggested.

Another grin stretched itself on Harker's bony face. Behind his shell-rimmed glasses his eyes narrowed contemptuously.

"That simp? Say, you should have seen him last night when I was throwing the hooks into him about that twenty-five thousand, the bucks he gave his wife to buy those pearls. I could hardly keep my face straight."

"Those pearls were fakes, Jim," said Benton; "my wife tipped me off. Do you think he really gave her that money?"

"Sure!" said Harker. "She bought those fakes and knocked down the money on him. She's pretty slick—Lisa. She saw the crash was coming."

Nesbit touched a push button on his desk. His stenographer, a man, appeared at the door.

"Heard from Mr. Coombes?" he asked.

"He's on his way over, sir; he's just left his office," the man replied, and Nesbit turned to the others.

"I'll see you tomorrow, Harker; you too, Benton."

To the two a hint was evidently as good as a kick, and they rose. As they reached the door Nesbit grunted to them, "I'll have a check for you men tomorrow, just as soon as the brokers give me a statement."

Busy with the papers on his desk, he was chewing his cigar energetically a moment or so later when his secretary reentered.

"Mr. Coombes, sir," said the man, and Nesbit scrambled to his feet.

"Hello there!" he greeted the caller gayly.

Coombes came in hurriedly. He wasted no time in either removing his hat or the fur coat he had on, or for that matter in responding to Nesbit's greeting.

"Well?" he inquired tersely.

"The stock, you mean? Why, everything's tiptop, Coombes," reported Nesbit complacently. "We've pulled

(Continued on Page 32)

Announcing

A National Standard of Costs for Cadillac Service Parts

EFFECTIVE February 1st, 1923, Service Parts for Cadillac cars will be sold throughout the United States at a uniform rate, without war tax, freight or handling charges.

This means that Cadillac service parts can be purchased in Maine or California, or anywhere in the country, for identically the same amounts.

As no advance is made in the catalog prices of parts, the removal of tax and shipping charges represents a clear reduction, and a material saving to Cadillac owners.

The creation of this national standard of costs for service parts marks still another step in this Company's avowed policy of giving to its clientele maximum value in every phase of fine car ownership.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

STANDARD · OF · THE · WORLD

CADILLAC

(Continued from Page 30)

down a matter of forty thousand shares, I'd say, at an average around 133 ."

He picked up a memorandum from his desk and handed it to Coombes. Coombes waved it aside.

"I know about that; I just saw that fellow Harker outside, the cad! What happened at the brokers'?"

"I told you, didn't I? We cleaned up all the stock that came out around our figure."

A shade of annoyance flickered across Coombes' face.

"Look here!" he demanded brusquely. "Do you think that fellow Coburn was cleaned out? You don't suppose, by any chance, that he's been holding out on us, do you?"

"Him? What makes you think that?"

"I wish I knew," Coombes returned, frowning. "I've just seen his wife." Nesbit's eyes lit furtively at the information, but Coombes continued: "She didn't act as if her husband had lost everything. From the way she took it, it might be that he has something salted down."

Nesbit shook his head.

"I know that bird—I know his kind too. As long as he had a cent left a dabbler like him would keep on pouring it down the rat hole." Then he gave a chuckle. "I'll tell you something, though: I'll lay you what you like that she's salted down a wad. What d'you think of that for high, eh? I as much as know it!"

If Nesbit, however, had looked for the statement to startle his hearer with astonishment he was doomed to disappointment. Coombes only nodded idly. For a moment he studied the floor.

"Tell me," he inquired, "your wife's going abroad next month, isn't she? I wonder if she'd go this week instead?"

"This week? What for?" inquired Nesbit, wondering

"For me," Coombes answered tersely. "You find out from her if she'll go this week and take a friend of mine, a lady, with her. You understand, Nesbit, I'm asking this "

A light seemed to dawn comprehensively on Nesbit.

"I see," he said. "I see."

"In the meanwhile," added Coombes, scowling, "you find out about that fellow Coburn. I can't afford to be known in this, but you find out if he's bankrupt or not. I want to make sure—I've got to, Nesbit; and you let me know immediately, you hear?"

There was a telephone on Nesbit's desk. A minute or so after the visitor's departure the bell rang and Nesbit took the receiver from the hook.

"That you, Nelly? Listen! You're going abroad next week not next month, understand? You'll have to begin packing now. . . What's that? Now don't put up any holler! This is business and it goes! You'll get it when I tell you you're going to take a—a lady with you. . . Yes, yes, of course"

He listened a moment while the telephone crackled and spluttered eloquently. Then he grunted.

"Don't be a fool, Nelly. I told you last night, didn't I, that I gave them about a month? Well, from what I know now you can make it twenty-four hours. You'd better telephone her while she's still there."

XI

AS MRS. DREDGE had said, a woman never knows till the time. As it had happened, though, the choice to decide had not been left with Lisa. Dumb with astonishment, with consternation, too, she leaned back against the footboard of the bed, striving to get her wits in order.

It's one thing for a woman to leave her husband, another for him to abandon her. Lisa made no mistake about this. A woman may quit the man she's married to and still burgeon along, carrying her head high to the world; but as she knew and more than once had seen in that hectic, hurried circle she frequented, if the man left the woman it was something the deserted woman was never quite able to explain. After all, though, that Coburn would carry out his threat seemed after an instant's reflection to be absurd. She knew him too well. Why, if he'd been her son—if, in fact, she had been his mother—he could not have been more dependent.

The thought girded her. Her wits quickening, she summoned to her aid a woman's ready artifice, the trick of confusing the enemy by making war in his own territory.

"You tell me what's happened to you!" she demanded. "I want to know what it is!"

Coburn was too incensed to succumb to the stratagem.

"You never mind what's happened!" he retorted hotly. "It's enough, isn't it, that I'm broke, cleaned out? What I want to know is, do I get that money or not—the money you've trimmed out of me?"

"I didn't trim it out of you," she returned sullenly.

"Didn't you?" retorted Coburn. "I'd like to know what you call it then!" Inflamed, he swung toward her, his wrath murky. "You can't head me off now—not with any soft soap! I began to tumble last night when that Harker woman called the turn on you. She knew you'd never bought those things at Papillard's, and when I looked at you I knew you hadn't. You got a bill there by the same trick you played at Harrier's. You bought something cheap, then you raised the figures on the bill. The dresses and all the rest of the things I've paid for were like those pearls you got. They were fakes!"

"Well, what if they were fakes?" returned Lisa stubbornly. "What are you going to do about it!"

"Hah!" cried Coburn. "You own up to it then? You admit you swindled me? Gad, I like your nerve!"

The vulgarity of it all, she and Coburn bickering like a tenement pair, scarified her; but her own anger had risen now.

"I didn't swindle you. You told me I owed it to you to rig myself out, as you called it, in the best money could buy. You poured out the money to me so I could look look, as also you expressed it –like a rich man's wife! Pshaw, his woman!" Disgust, resentment overwhelmed her a moment. "You poured it out, yes, as if you were drunk with it!"

"Yes," retorted Coburn, "and after you got the money you tucked it away. If that ain't trimming a man I'd like to know what you call it!"

She gave her shoulders a contemptuous shrug.

"I earned that money. I helped make those dresses with my own hands. For five years every dress I've had I got that way."

"Yes, and you knocked down the money I gave you to buy them!"

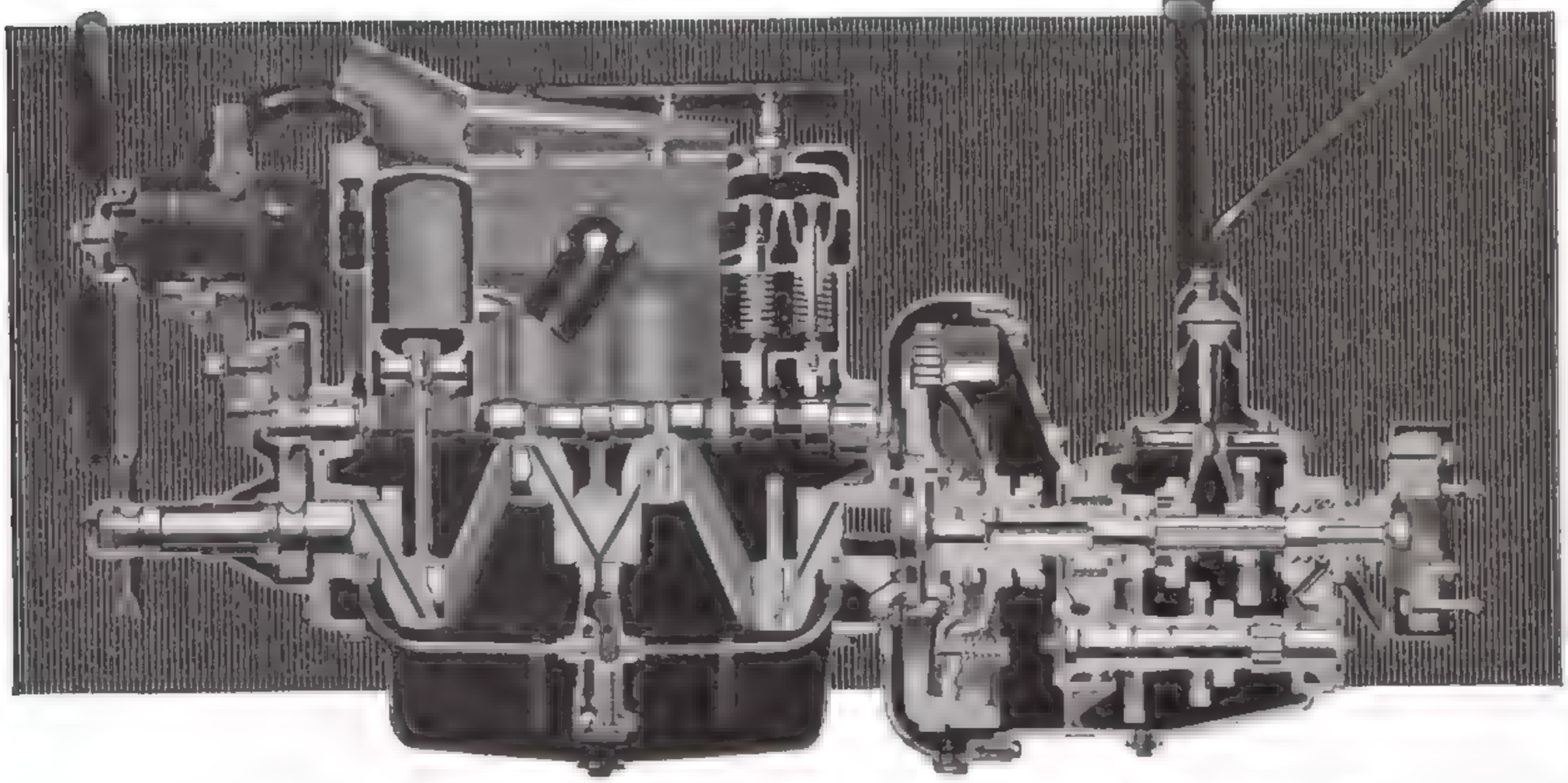
A gleam of anger like an ember among the ashes of a hearth burned for an instant in her eye.

"Have it your own way if you like! I knocked it down, as you say, and I'll tell you why I did it. Five years ago I made up my mind that when the crash came, that when you were at the end of your rope, there'd be something else than beggary left; something more than what those two other people had—Cora Dredge and that man, her husband. I made up my mind then that every dollar – no, every cent—that I could get out of you I'd get. I knew you even then. I knew you'd squander and chuck to the birds all that easy money you made. If I didn't get it I knew someone else would. Time and again I begged you to save something and you laughed at me. You thought it would last forever, and I –I knew it wouldn't. I saved

(Continued on Page 52)

"You'll Not Take Offense, I Hope, But He Was Askin' Me if You Was All Right and to Let Him Know"

The Good



MAXWELL
ENGINE

An engine which incorporates high-priced quality and practice throughout, with features not found even in much costlier cars—

Three extra large crankshaft bearings; full pressure lubrication to main and connecting-rod bearings, through channels bored in the crankshaft; all rotating and reciprocating parts—even the flywheel—minutely balanced; pistons light-weight alloy, of the split-skirt type originated by Maxwell—an engine of great power and flexibility, notably smooth, vibrationless and quiet.

The car steadily winning a larger and larger proportion of its market, for the very excellent reason that it is a *better car*, and is *proving* itself better under closest comparison.

Showing the fine results in performance, in actual savings, in long-distance reliability that can only come from the goodness which the new organization is consistently building into the good Maxwell.

Beneath the greater beauty of the good Maxwell—under the hood and the body—lie the reasons why it is outselling in constantly increasing volume.

Prices F. O. B. Detroit. Revenue tax to be added: Touring, $885; Roadster, $885; Club Coupe, $985; Sedan, $1335; Four Passenger Coupe, $1256

SUCH-A-MUCH

(Continued from Page 25)

madame. Evidently she failed to guess its origin, for she gave no sign; so Fanfaron waited a couple of days and then sent another. In this one he inserted a card with a large F written on it with gorgeous flourishes. At first he had been tempted to sign "Marc-Aurèle"; next he decided to put his initials and a few significant words by way of message; finally prudence and his natural sense of delicacy asserted themselves, and he let it go with the F.

The marquise gaped at the card a long while before she had the remotest notion who the donor was. Meanwhile she ate the figs.

"What did you say the concierge's name was, Marie?" she inquired of her maid.

"Fanfaron, madame."

"*Oo, là, là!*"

The marquise broke into ripples of laughter and wiggled delightedly under the covers. She left the card carelessly on her dressing table, where Alexandre could not fail to see it when he came nosing around.

"What's this?" he demanded, sucking in his breath.

She turned quickly. "What is what? Give it to me. It is nothing."

The marquis retreated with the card behind his back and glaring at her.

"So!" he panted. "It has come to this!"

"Don't be absurd. How dare you pry into my correspondence? Give me that instantly!" she shrilled. "Do you hear, Alexandre?"

Darting on him, she snatched the card from his fingers and stuffed it inside her waist. The marquis looked as though ready to strike her, but the maid entering at that moment he choked back his rage.

"We will talk about this later," he said in a strangled voice, and went out.

"Ah, Marie, what idiots men are!" cried the marquise.

"And a very good thing for us, madame."

"True. You are a sensible girl, Marie."

"I would rather be pretty, madame."

"Why?"

"Well, I do not find that men are idiots."

As she was passing along the corridor that afternoon to go out for her daily walk Marie met the concierge carrying a parcel.

"For Madame la Marquise," he said.

"Would you please leave it in her room, Monsieur Fanfaron?"

"Certainly."

He deposited it on the table and had turned to leave when the door to the adjoining bedroom opened and the marquis appeared.

"What are you doing here?" he inquired harshly.

"A package for madame."

"Why don't you knock?"

"Marie told me to enter. I did not know that anybody was at home."

"You are altogether too forward."

"I simply try to do my duty, m'sieu."

"Get out!" ordered the marquis. "It is my wish that you never enter this apartment again, monsieur le concierge. When any service is required allow those to attend to it who are employed for that purpose."

Fanfaron went, smarting under the rebuke. What made it worse was that the guest was entirely within his rights. However, a chance offered for him to take it out on the *valet de chambre*, and he bawled out Armand for five minutes because he caught him sitting down a moment on a stool in the linen closet.

"Ah! So this is where you sleep, is it? *Fainéant!* Loafer! No wonder the guests complain that they ring and ring!"

"Nobody has rung. And I work seventeen hours a day," whined the valet.

"*Pouf!* You call that work? When I was a boy ——"

And before he got through he left Armand with the impression that twenty-eight hours a day had been nothing at all for Fanfaron before he won success. The valet, in his turn, tried to take it out on the *femme de chambre*, but inasmuch as she was his wife, the effort didn't get very far, and their clamor brought the concierge upstairs on the run.

"Now, Armand! Again?" he boomed. "To strike a defenseless woman!"

"I did not strike her. She struck me. Look, m'sieu! *Regardez!*"

Armand was weeping with rage and pain At a loss for a snappy retort, Mathilde had replied with the broom handle, and his left eye looked like an alligator pear. They made such an uproar that the Marquis de Bombom came out to see what the trouble was, and heads showed all along the corridor.

"Silence!" thundered the concierge. "I will do the talking!"

This did not appear to make any noticeable improvement, and first thing he knew Fanfaron was engaged in a hot wrangle with Mathilde. In the course of it he gave her a push to emphasize his command that she go back to her work; the *femme de chambre* shrieked that he had slapped her and called on Armand, if he had a spark of manhood about him, to wade in and protect her.

The valet loved his wife, but he needed his job, and need takes precedence of sentiment. He refused to interpret the concierge's gesture as a blow or even as an insult; but he eagerly seized on the opportunity to shift the fight. The result was that it presently developed into a row between Fanfaron and Mathilde, with Armand, in the rôle of peacemaker, gently chiding them for their intemperance.

Their voices resounded in the elevator shaft and penetrated to the writing room, disturbing Mactavish in the composition of a masterly bit of imaginative fiction. He was making out his expense account.

"Holy mackerel!" he exclaimed, noting Fanfaron's heavy bass. "The wife's back!"

As he was pondering all the possibilities, he saw the Marquis de Bombom descend the stairs and approach the concierge's desk. In Fanfaron's absence Gustave was on duty there, but otherwise the lobby was deserted, the manager having departed for a game of billiards, and the two bookkeepers, five minutes later, to an inner sanctum for tea. The elderly dandy engaged Gustave in conversation and presently sent him away on a mission of some kind. Left alone, he took a nonchalant step this way and that, but Mactavish perceived him throw a sharp scrutiny all about. Next moment he stepped carelessly behind the counter and into the dark cubby-hole which Fanfaron used as a clothes closet.

Ever Faithful, He Stuck Out His Chest, Twirled His Handsome Mustaches and Held in His Waistline

The movie expert got up with the intention of investigating, but the marquis emerged immediately and then Gustave returned. Whatever it was he reported, the marquis seemed satisfied, because he tipped Gustave and went upstairs.

"Say, listen!" said Mactavish as he bought some stamp from Gustave. "You seen my pipe anywheres about?"

"No, m'sieu."

"Maybe I left it in Fanfaron's closet."

Knowing the intimacy that existed between the concierge and the movie man, Gustave was not surprised, and invited Mactavish to take a look. The latter did so. He was in the clothes closet only a minute, but when he came out there was a queer expression on his face.

"Find it?"

"Sure! Look!" he answered, producing a small shell briar.

It was not the pipe, however, which engaged Mactavish's attention when he was alone. In the seclusion of the writing room he drew from his pocket an object that winked and glowed as the light struck it, and he held it for a long time in his cupped hands.

"Now, I wonder what he did that for," he muttered.

The majority of the guests of the Imperial-Splendide went in to dinner between eight and half past; the fashionables usually sauntered in about nine so that their women could be sure of the gaze of a full dining room. Moreover, this division of the day was a happy arrangement, enabling them to eat the clock around—breakfast about ten, lunch at half past one, tea at five and dinner at nine. That is about the daily schedule of the leisured idlers in European resorts.

At 8:55 Armand came leaping like a chamois down the stairs, crying out that the concierge was wanted in the apartment of the Marquis de Bombom, and *sacré nom* and *hélas!*

Well, what now? What had scared him this runt of a marquis? *Pouf!* One would think a murder had been committed at the very least, the way he was shaking. Fanfaron got up with dignified deliberation, brushed his hair very carefully, twirled up the ends of his mustaches and entered the elevator. Of course Armand walked up the three flights, elevators being forbidden to such underlings.

In about ten minutes Fanfaron descended to the office, accompanied by the nobleman and his wife. His aplomb was gone, the perspiration stood out on his face, he was pale around the ears and in his eyes was the worried look of a cornered animal. The three walked straight to the manager's room. Mactavish, who had been loitering in the lobby a full hour, trailed along and took up a position near the door.

"You say you have lost your bracelet?" repeated the manager, glancing from one to the other.

"*Oui, m'sieu.* And it was there at noon."

The little marquise snapped it out resentfully, her fine eyes flashing. It was plain that she was ready to suspect everybody, like most women when they lose anything. Her husband nodded, but kept silent. As usual, his face was as devoid of expression as a mask, but Mactavish thought his manner seemed even jerkier than ordinarily.

"Where did you leave it? And what kind of bracelet was it?"

"Diamonds and sapphires in platinum. It was in a small box locked in my trunk, m'sieu."

"And who had keys to this trunk?"

"Nobody except myself."

"Not even your maid?"

"No, m'sieu. But what has that to do with it? The trunk was broken into."

"Ah-h-h! Why did you not say so in the first place? Was there anything else stolen?"

"Not that I have been able to discover."

"Surely there must have been other articles there worth while?"

"A dozen"

"Then why ——"

"We think that the thief was disturbed," put in the marquis.

"What makes you think that?"

The marquis threw out his hands, palms upward. "Well, if he had not been it is reasonable to suppose that he would have taken more."

"H'm," murmured the manager reflectively. There was silence for a moment, whilst the marquise tapped on the rug with her foot and Fanfaron perspired.

"You are aware, of course, that the management accepts no responsibility for losses from theft?" demanded Monsieur Robitaille

(Continued on Page 37)

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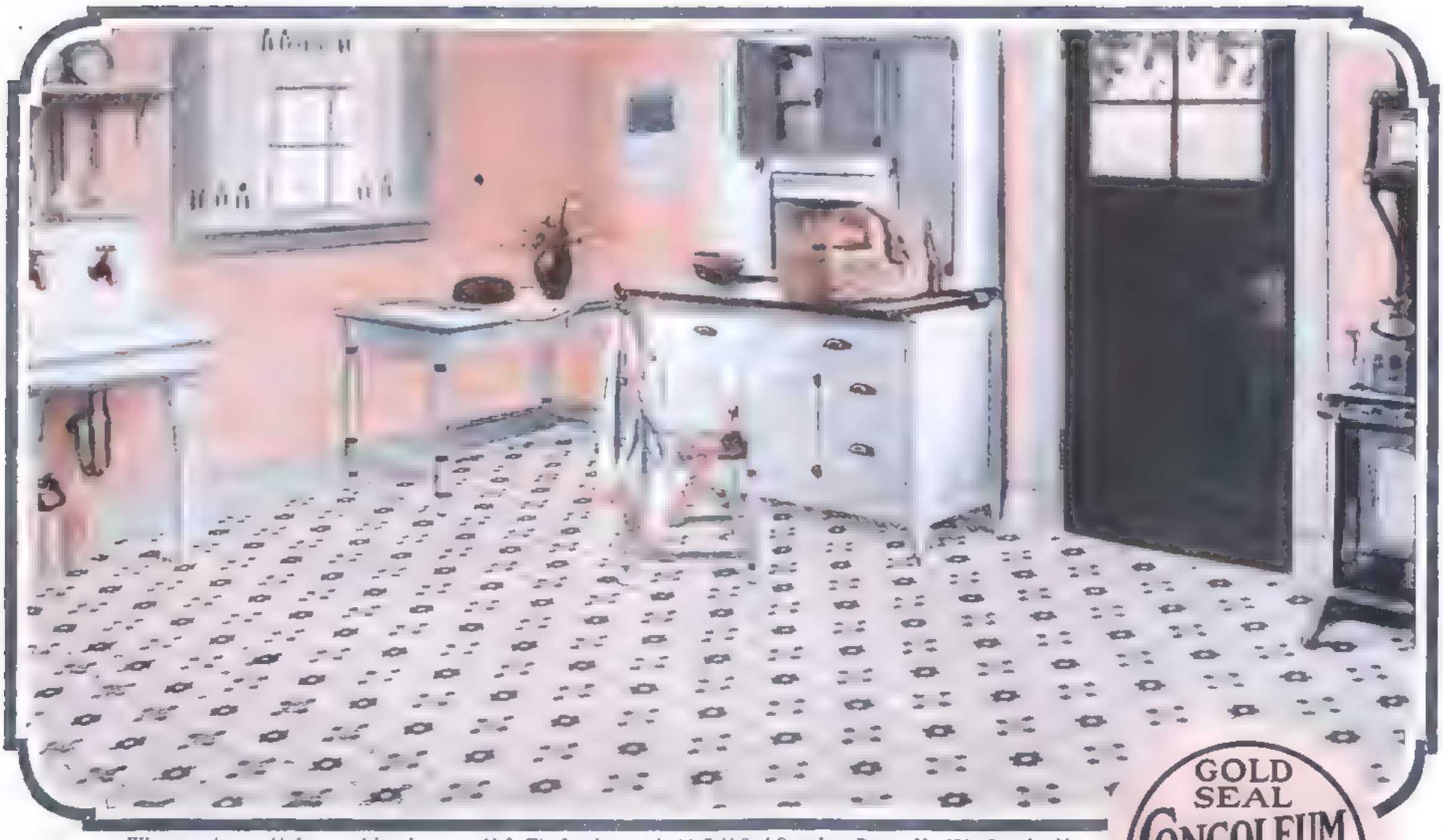

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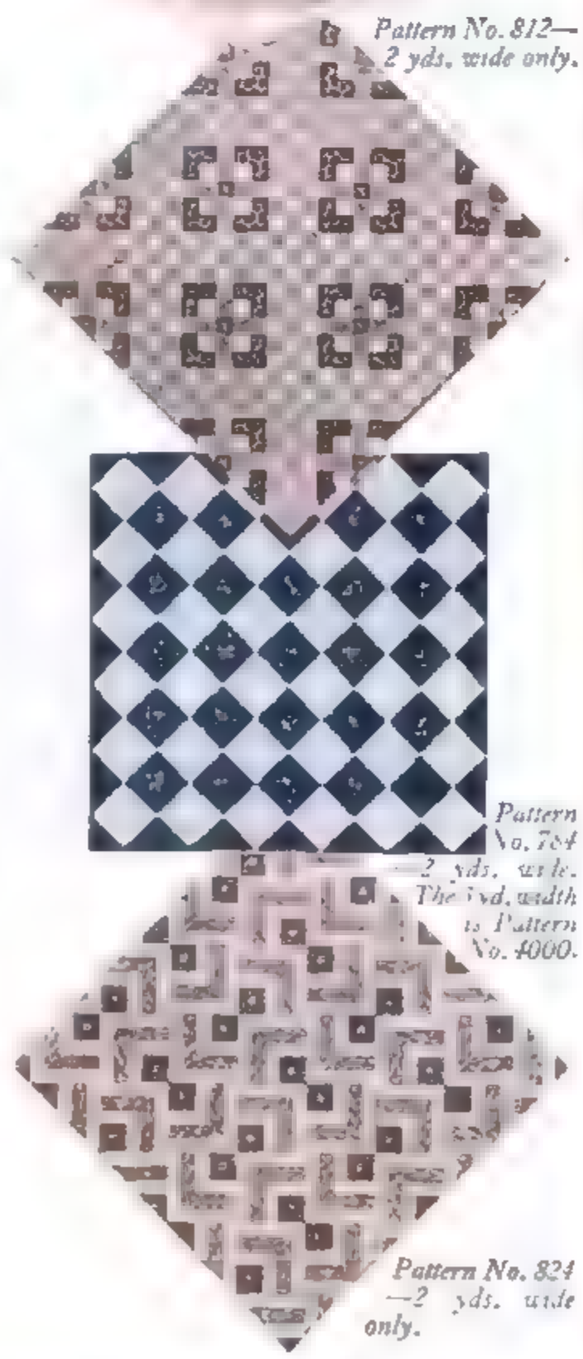

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(Continued from Page 34)

sharply. "We provide a safe in the office for valuables. It is a pity you did not take advantage of it, madame."

"I keep my necklace there. But this bracelet, m'sieu—I wear it so often, you see. And it has never been stolen before."

"No, I suppose not. Otherwise ——"

"Permit me to point out, m'sieu," interjected the marquis suavely, "that mere denial of responsibility does not always relieve one from it."

"Sir?"

"I mean that if the thief proved to be one of your own employes, the hotel would certainly be held responsible." His tone was hard, his glance menacing.

"So!" said the manager softly. He stared fixedly at his guests. "Well? Have you any suspicions?"

No reply.

"Your maid, madame—could she have taken it?"

"I would trust Marie anywhere," replied the marquise emphatically. "If she had ever wanted to steal, she's had plenty of chances; Marie has been with me seven years."

"Who else then? Was there anybody around your apartment today? Speak up, please."

The marquis cleared his throat.

"I found that man there," he said, pointing an accusing finger at Fanfaron, "in madame's room this afternoon while madame was out for her drive."

The concierge opened his mouth to say something, but could only gulp and mop his face. He had known this was coming.

"But, monsieur le marquis—Fanfaron, you know—this is ridiculous."

"Just what I told him a moment ago, Monsieur Robitaille. I am the concierge. Why should I not go to a room? Besides, the whole thing is absurd. I am a man of property. I am rich. Yes, I can prove it."

The marquis turned on him. "What were you doing in madame's room then?"

"Delivering a package."

"That is not your duty."

"He is right there, Fanfaron," said the manager. "Why did you deliver the package?"

"Sometimes—now and again—when a visitor is especially distinguished—you understand, Monsieur Robitaille."

"Huh!" exclaimed the manager, and it was evident he was thinking more of Fanfaron's confusion than of his words.

"Marie told me to leave it in madame's room."

"You did not even knock!" cried the marquis.

"I thought everybody was out."

"Aha! He admits it! He thought nobody was in the room."

"Monsieur le marquis, this is a very serious affair," said the manager. "Fanfaron has been with us many years and his character has been above reproach." At this tribute the concierge whimpered. "Be quiet, Fanfaron. Don't sniffle. You surely do not accuse the concierge, monsieur le marquis?"

"On the contrary."

"You do? Then what do you propose, sir?"

"I demand that you search this man and everything he has on the premises before he can leave the hotel and make away with his loot," replied De Bombom firmly.

A gasp from Marc-Aurèle and a forward movement as though he planned to lay violent hands on his accuser.

"Be still, Fanfaron. That will do you no good. You insist on this step, sir?"

"Most assuredly."

The manager glanced inquiringly at the concierge.

"It is an insult. This man is my enemy. He is trying to stab me in the back."

"Why should I be your enemy?" asked the marquis coolly, and Fanfaron was at a loss for a reply.

"Well, I do not see how you can object to a search, Fanfaron," argued the manager. "It is no more of a reflection on you than has already been made, and it presents an opportunity for you to establish your innocence."

"My innocence? *Parbleu*, you do not think me guilty, m'sieu?"

"Of course not. But this is the way to find out, is it not?"

"Say, listen!" The voice was like the lower register of a pipe organ and they all turned toward the door.

"Maybe this is none of my business, and I ain't got any right to butt in, see," said Mactavish; "but this guy's a friend of mine and I don't aim to stand by and see nobody smear anything on him. Get me?"

Nobody answered him, but Fanfaron straightened and a look of tremendous relief came over his countenance.

"This old bird says he's lost a bracelet, don't he?"

"Stolen," corrected the marquis with dignity, in English.

"Sure! How much did this here bracelet cost? Huh?"

"Thirty-two thousand francs."

The manager gave a start.

"Then it must of been the real stuff, hey? Nothin' phony about it—real di'monds. Ain't I right?"

"Of course."

"And you think my friend here has stole it, and you want to search him?"

The marquis was beginning to grow uneasy, but answered with a brusque "I do."

"Good! That's fair enough. But to make it fairer, let's search everybody here."

The marquise exclaimed indignantly. Monsieur Robitaille smiled.

"It is absurd, but I have no objection," he said.

"How about you, Mr. Bonbon?"

The marquis shrugged. "What is this joke, sir?" he queried.

"It ain't a joke. But it don't seem right to me that only one man should be searched when almost anybody might of lifted that bracelet. Why, there's the maid and the valet and the floor waiter and everybody else on that floor! Let's do this thing on the square. Say, listen, are you on?"

"Anything you wish."

"Then let's go!"

Marie was summoned; also Armand and his wife. They shut the door so that nobody might witness the performance.

"But who will make the search?" inquired the manager, turning to Mactavish.

"How about me?"

"I object!" cried the marquis with sudden suspicion.

"All right," assented Mactavish.

"As it is my bracelet ——" began the marquise.

"That would never do!" burst from Fanfaron.

Monsieur Robitaille reflected. "Do you have any objections to me?" he asked.

"None in the world."

"Very well."

A swift but thorough search failed of results, beyond starting a flood of tears from the *femme de chambre*.

"Yes, but their effects." It was the marquis who spoke.

"We will now search those too," said the manager, and led the way into the lobby.

Fanfaron's clothes closet was first in order. They all waited near the concierge's desk as Monsieur Robitaille went through the articles of clothing that hung there. In a minute he came out carrying an overcoat. Silently he held out his hand. In the palm lay a diamond and sapphire bracelet.

Everybody turned to look at Fanfaron. He was speechless, staring at the glittering bauble.

"Well, what have you to say?" asked the manager sternly.

"Why, I don't—I never saw — "

"This was found in your coat."

"Was it, Fanfaron? Is that your coat?" asked Mactavish.

At that, the concierge uttered a loud cry and pounced on the overcoat.

"No!" he yelled. "It is not my coat! It is yours—yours, Monsieur Robitaille—your coat!"

The manager grabbed it from him and verified the identification.

"Why, this is very strange—extraordinary! It is, indeed, my coat. How did it come to be in your closet, Fanfaron?"

"Ha, that is what we would all like to know, m'sieu!" replied the concierge, cocking a wise eye at him.

Monsieur Robitaille reddened. "Don't be ridiculous. I trust you don't imply that I am guilty, do you?"

"Of course not. But this is the way to find out, is it not, m'sieu?"

"You are a fool, Fanfaron."

"Maybe," admitted Mactavish; "but it don't look like he's a thief, does it? Well, what've you got to say about this business now, Old Frozen-Face? Hey?"

The marquis recovered his self-possession by an effort. It was a toss-up as to whether he or Fanfaron was the more astounded by the unexpected turn in the affair.

"There seems to be a mystery here," he remarked cautiously; "but it is sufficiently evident that somebody stole the bracelet."

"Naw, it ain't, neither," retorted the movie expert in the harsh bass he employed in argument. "It ain't evident by a long shot, old dear. See? But there is a mystery here, sure enough. I admit that. And I aim to clear it up. Get me?"

"I hope so. If I can be of any assistance—pardon me, but may I inquire what your interest is in all this, sir? I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance. You have the advantage of me."

"You can gamble I have, kiddo. I'm a detekative."

Despite the impenetrable mask which an adventurous life had made of his face, De Bombom looked flustered.

"Indeed? I—you—this is very fortunate."

"Maybe so and maybe not," replied Mactavish. "There's one or two little matters I'd like to take up with you, Mr. Bonbon. Say, listen! How much did you say this bracelet set you back?"

"Thirty-two thousand francs."

The Mactavish reached in his pocket and extracted a roll of hundred-franc notes that would have given a busy day to a bull pup.

"I'll bet you a thousand dollars," he remarked easily, "or two thousand, if you got that much, that them di'monds is phony and the bracelet can be duplicated for a tenth of that amount."

The marquis' sallow face turned a yellowish green, but before he could say a word his wife screamed and clutched wildly at the trinket.

"What did he say? What's that? Oh, it can't be! So this is a sham, too, Alexandre!" And she became so hysterical they had to get her out of the lobby and upstairs. Her husband followed Marie and the *femme de chambre*, who supported the marquise on either side. The manager did not try to stop him.

"We will straighten this business out later, monsieur le marquis," he said with significance.

"At your service, sir."

Left alone, the three stared at one another, and at last Monsieur Robitaille burst into a loud laugh.

"It was cleverly done, Mr. Mactavish," he cried. "Let us go into my room and hear all about it."

"Mac," quavered Fanfaron at his elbow, as they passed through the door, "I don't know how you did it; but you and I, we are pals, Mac—*hein?*"

When it came time for him to go off duty Fanfaron invited the movie expert to join him in a bottle of wine and they strolled across to the American Bar.

"Will they fire him out of the hotel?" inquired Mactavish as they found a table.

"Not until we can collect our money. He has paid us nothing for a month."

"I guess he figured on making a stake out of this stunt, hey? He lost ten thousand francs at the Kursaal the other night."

"Yes. And I—Fanfaron—an honest man—I was to be the goat. Ha, the dirty rascal!"

"Well, maybe you can get even yet, see? Drink up. Hair on you, old-timer!"

Just as they set down their glasses the door of the bar swung open with a slam, and amid a tumult of laughter and horseplay a party of men trooped in. In the forefront was a coal-black negro of medium size, who wore a cloth cap low over his bullet head so that all one could see of his face was a pair of gleaming, suspicious eyes, a flat nose and thick lips. All the others of the party were white, and at least three of them looked prosperous. Making a great clatter they put two tables together and drew up chairs. Waiters scurried to serve them; everybody in the place craned to see or stood up for a better view.

"Ah-h-h!" breathed Monsieur Fanfaron, goggle-eyed with excitement. "It is Battling Boni, the champion."

"And here's where I beat it right now, see? Come on, before the rough stuff starts."

"But why, Mac? I want to see him. So that's the champion, is it? Huh! I don't think he's such-a-much!"

"Say, listen! This bird'll ask everybody to drink with him in a minute, see?"

"Well, what of it? I will be honored."

"Maybe so. But I won't. He just does it to start a row. Pulled this stunt in a Paris bar one night where a lot of Americans hang out, and the ding-a-ling wagon had to make three trips."

"You don't say so, Mac!"

"That's what he did. If a guy didn't accept quick enough, this bird swung on him. He was goin' to prove he was just as good as anybody, see? Well, he don't prove it on me. Any time he pulls that stuff I grab the nearest carafe. Get me? Let's go!"

"No, I will stay," replied the concierge stubbornly. "I am not an American, Mac, and if the Battler invites me to drink I will drink."

"Suit yourself," said Mactavish, "I'm on my way."

He had to pass Boni's table on his way to the door. The black champion glanced at him and snarled something, but as Mac knew scarcely any French he escaped the import and gained the street without being molested.

"Well?" he inquired next morning.

"I had a drink with him. Yes, I, Marc-Aurèle Fanfaron, clinked glasses with the champion of Europe."

"Fine! Any rough stuff?"

"No-o-o," answered the concierge slowly. "Monsieur Boni got into an ill humor with some gentlemen who came in, but they withdrew before trouble came of it."

"I'll bet he did. Plastered, as usual, wasn't he?"

"Well, he'd been drinking; yes, he'd been drinking. Not zigzag, you understand, but ——"

"Sure, I know what a doughboy means when he tells the cap he just had a couple drinks. Say, listen, kiddo—lay off this bird. He's a bad actor. Take it from me, I know. I run into him half a dozen times in Paris."

"*Pouf!* I am not afraid of him. Who has he ever whipped, I should like to know? Did he ever conquer an assassin? *Hein?* No! And let me tell you further, Mac, I had a chance to size him up, this champion, and he is not half my size! What do you think of that?"

"All right, buddy," said the movie expert; "but don't ever come bellyachin' to me that I didn't warn you."

Always well filled, the Imperial-Splendide was usually thronged to capacity at the tea hour, for it was a favorite dancing place with the younger set, and the elderly charmers and dandies whom they crowded off the floor liked to sit on the side lines as they drank and nibbled. Fanfaron had nothing to do with this business—that was the concern of the head waiter and his assistants—but he liked to give them the once-over as they came in. Also, the management expected him to be there and to assume a sphinxlike air, for it had become the fashion for women to point him out to their guests with "Look, there he is! No, not that one—the man behind the counter. Yes, that's Fanfaron. My dear, they say the women simply go mad about him; I don't know why. The Princess Sophie—at her age too! Isn't it sickening?—and the Grand Duchess Olga—oh, yes, it even got into the papers. They were full of it."

And poor Marc-Aurèle was supposed to look mysterious under all this and cast on them the Don Juan eye. That's a hell of a job for a forty-eight waist.

Well, he was doing the best he could when a sudden fluttering among some flappers near the entrance attracted his attention. They hurriedly withdrew from the vicinity of the door, but stopped a few paces away to gape. Monsieur Fanfaron gaped too. He was stunned, appalled, for there in the doorway stood Battling Boni with the Marquis de Bombom and two other men.

The concierge glanced wildly around for an avenue of escape, but without so much as a look in his direction the marquis piloted the black champion across the lobby toward the bar, leaving behind them a bevy of craning necks and a twittering like that of a dovecot after the passage of a hawk.

"Now, Fanfaron," bleated the manager, arriving on the run.

"M'sieu?"

"Why did you permit it?"

"What, m'sieu?"

"He cannot come in here, booby! Don't you know that? Everywhere he goes he makes trouble. It will ruin us. Ah, that *sale* marquis! This is his revenge!"

"But what can we do?"

"Do? Ask him to leave, of course. If he refuses, throw him out."

"*Parbleu!*" exclaimed Fanfaron. "Who is going to do it, Monsieur Robitaille?"

"You! Who else? You are the concierge."

"No, it is not my place," declared Fanfaron firmly. "It is the door man's—it is Gustave's."

"Well, arrange it between you to suit yourselves. But you have got to get him

out. Is the Imperial-Splendide a rendezvous for drunken brawlers? We will lose our clientele, Fanfaron. This is terrible!"

"Why not call the gendarmes?"

"You are a fool, Fanfaron! He has a perfect right to be here so long as he behaves himself."

"Then why not let him stay? Sometimes he is very amiable, this Monsieur Boni," faltered the concierge. "Yes; I had a drink with him."

"Because," hissed Robitaille, "it will ruin our business. Do you think our class of trade will tolerate rubbing elbows with prize fighters? You must get him out."

"Very well," Fanfaron promised, but his tone sounded thin and unnatural.

The manager retreated to his room and waited patiently there for results, but the concierge did not budge. Meanwhile the excitement in the lobby and lounge and tea room grew intense, with the bolder spirits crowding to the door of the bar for a peep at the Battler, and the more conservative registering horror and indignation. A rabble of small boys and the riffraff of the town hung about the entrance and flattened their noses against every convenient window. The situation was growing horrible.

"Well, Fanfaron!" bellowed the manager, leaping from his lair.

"M'sieu?"

"Why don't you do something?"

"Everything seems very peaceful," remarked Fanfaron, licking his dry lips.

"Bah! You are a coward! You make the box? You subdue an assassin? I do not believe a word of it!"

"It is not my place," persisted the concierge stubbornly.

"Then I shall try to find somebody with less narrow ideas of his duty, Monsieur Fanfaron," retorted Robitaille.

Monsieur Fanfaron rose from his chair with a sigh that was half moan. He was very pale, but anybody could see that he had made up his mind.

"Very well, m'sieu. I will do it. But do not blame me if there is much unpleasantness."

Gales of laughter came from the bar, and voices raised many tones higher than the Imperial-Splendide ever heard from its guests. When Fanfaron reached the door Battling Boni was in the act of draining a bottle of wine through the neck. This was designed to prove what a hard-boiled guy he was—cave-man stuff, a jungle touch, and all that.

"I'm going out there to that tea room," he announced, "and invite some of those girls to have a drink."

A gust of applause; he lurched to his feet. The bartender looked apprehensive, but made no move.

"They won't let me in places like this, won't they?" cried the black fighter, his eyes glaring. "I'll show them! The best of them will drink with me if I say so. And one of these days every ——"

He turned, to find Fanfaron confronting him.

"Pardon, m'sieu," said the concierge in a sugary voice, "but may I speak with you outside?"

"You can speak with me here. I'm Battling Boni, the tiger from Africa. Understand? Champion of Europe and real champion of the world! Well, what've you got to say? Here, have a drink."

"I thank you, m'sieu. But there is a gentleman outside who wishes to see you."

A puzzled, half-apprehensive look came over the Battler's face and his gaze grew intent, hostile. He straightened up, put down the bottle. With a sinking feeling at the pit of his stomach, Fanfaron saw him stop swaying and his movements become stealthy, catlike. A hush fell on the room.

"You're a liar!" snarled the fighter. "You want to get me out of here. Isn't that it? I can't come in here because I'm a black man!"

"No, m'sieu, no!" Fanfaron was almost crying with anxiety. "It is not that, I assure you. We have gentlemen of color here—a colonel in the army and a senator from Senegal are guests at this moment."

"Then what're you trying to get rid of me for?"

"The management have made certain rules, you understand. I personally deplore them, m'sieu, but I regret to say that gentlemen of your profession ——"

He got no further. The Battler put an end to his stammering with a terrific right swing for the jaw. Luckily for the concierge, Boni tripped over somebody's foot as he stepped forward; also, Fanfaron was going backward as fast as he could when the blow landed. He felt no pain, but found himself on his back, with the world swirling around him.

Wholly unaware that he had been hit, he got slowly to his feet, and the black champion leaped at him again. But in the few short seconds of respite Fanfaron had come to his senses. Gone was any thought of the spectacular shift and uppercut which Mactavish had taught him for film purposes; gone were any hazy notions of prize-ring etiquette which he may have entertained since he embraced the sport of making the box. He only knew that an antagonist was about to attack and he must defend himself. Primitive instincts rushed to his aid. The Battler might be a tiger from the jungle, but he had nothing on Fanfaron.

With a grunt, he lashed out with his trusty right—his foot, not his fist. The effort threw him sideways so that Boni missed his pile-driving swing. Fanfaron caught him full on the left shin, and the champion of Europe crumpled to the floor with a howl of agony. As he lay writhing there the sentiment of the bar underwent one of those lightning changes common to fight audiences. All rose as one man and piled on top of the Battler—all, that is, except the Marquis de Bombom. That mirror of fashion seized his hat and stick and vanished.

A couple of gendarmes, summoned by the manager, arrived out of breath and placed Boni under arrest. He offered no resistance. Sitting in a chair, he nursed his mashed shin and wept like a child.

"And now," said Fanfaron an hour later, still dazed, but flushed with victory, "I am champion of Europe, *hein*, Mac?"

"Sure you are."

"This Dempsey they talk so much about—is he really good, Mac?"

"Well, yes, Jack's a pretty good boy," admitted the movie expert. "But, hell, he couldn't take a wallop like you handed the Battler!"

"Ha! I thought not!" exclaimed Fanfaron. "Anybody's good until he meets somebody better."

But would you believe it? At the Club Helvetia they would not admit his claim! An element there had always been jealous of him, particularly that rascal, Bonnat, of the Eden Palace.

"Champion of Europe!" he sneered. "Wow! That is prodigious!"

"And why not? I beat him, did I not?"

"Of course. But you didn't fight fair. You kicked him."

Monsieur Fanfaron was astounded, as well he might be.

"But if I hadn't kicked him," he cried indignantly, "I would have lost the fight."

It must be admitted that Marc-Aurèle strutted his stuff considerably after this episode. Who wouldn't, with everybody pointing him out and whispering that there went the conqueror of Battling Boni? His brother concierges might try to sneer, but other men gazed respectfully at Fanfaron, and the small boys of the place followed him in swarms.

"What do these letters stand for, Fanfaron?" inquired his friend Stauffacher, picking up one of his new business cards. "N. H. Fanfaron—your name is Marc-Aurèle."

"They are American names, Stauffacher," explained the concierge. "They stand for Nock Hout."

A day later, "Well," he asked Mactavish, "what do they say of me now, Mac? I guess such-a-much is just what I am, *hein?*"

"You're the candy kid! But say, listen, old dear! Of course you come out of this fine, but ain't even with the marquis yet, remember."

"How—not even with him? What is it you are saying, Mac? Did I not beat his champion and defeat his purpose?"

"Sure! But that don't hurt Bonbon any; you only bust the nigger."

The concierge regarded him in amazement.

"That is true," he admitted at last. "It is perfectly true. I whipped the champion, but it didn't take any skin off monsieur le marquis, you mean?"

"Not a bit."

"Well," said Fanfaron with sudden briskness, "you leave that to me, Mac. I'm not through with him yet."

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

THERE is a tailor in New York who is the dead spit of Bonar Law. He has the same sort of face, the same sort of figure, the same air of sad resignation to the pomps and vanities of this wicked world; the same mustache, the same high color on the cheek bones, the same round, semipopping eyes, which are about 33.3 per cent startled and the rest mildly blue; the same flat voice—a human replica so exact that you might think the tailor a work of art instead of an artful worker.

It is probable the tailor doesn't know it. Else he would charge fifteen dollars more for a suit of clothes. It would piece out the new tariff as a talking point for increased levies on his customers, for, indubitably, it is something for a tailor to look like a prime minister. On the intriguing other hand, it is something for a prime minister to look like a tailor. Nature is inscrutable, and there is no place the dame inscrutes to better effect than when fashioning our political pastors and masters.

Nature didn't hide much, however, when she turned out Bonar Law. She had little to conceal.

"Here," we can imagine Nature saying as she put the finishing touches on him, "is a perfect specimen of the first-class, second-rate statesman. Here is a consummate sample of the safe-and-sane brand of leader. Here is an impeccable pattern of a five-star, number-two man. Observe his career."

Hence, heeding this admonition, we have observed it. Bonar Law never has and never will set any rivers on fire. His part in the political history of his country will be recognition as the Satisfactory Solution. He is the Human Disentanglement. He is the lad to whom the party turns when a compromise is to be effected. He is the Natural-born Compromise. The invariable tag tied to him when he is under discussion is that he is sound. One knows where he stands. One may not know what he is standing on, but there he stands.

He is eminently English—as English as Brussels sprouts, and in the same way, too, because Brussels sprouts are not English at all in their origin, although all the English have adopted the sprouts as the national symbol of sustenance and eat them several times a day. Brussels sprouts came from Belgium. Bonar Law came from New Brunswick; and the English have adopted him, also, and made him the British symbol of the proper port in a storm. Safe, you know, and sound and steady. Never goes off his rocker. Righto! Record me in the affirmative, coupled with the amendment that he is, also, sad.

A melancholy man. To see him play golf is about the same as watching the last depressing rites over a favorite child. To hear him make a speech is to realize how lugubrious the English language can become. To watch him attempt to crack a joke is to observe the depths of dolor to which a jocosity can be dragged. To try to construct an anecdote about him is to endeavor to fashion a lightsome haggada about a London fog. He is the anecdoteless statesman—almost. There are two.

"Every politician should make sure of being known by a number of good anecdotes," says Gawcott-Fawsley in his instructive work on The Sure Way to Political Success. And for years the commentators of England have conned the public and private utterances of Bonar Law for a handful for him. In vain—in depressing vain. This is the stock: After Law's defeat for Parliament in Glasgow in 1906, another candidate, who was also defeated, came upon Law drinking milk.

"Who would believe it?" exclaimed the discoverer of this amazing spectacle. "Drinking milk upon a night like this!" Well might he inquire who would believe it. The wonder of it was that Bonar Law wasn't drinking lime juice. That is his favorite beverage. It suits his temperament.

Also, it enables him to seem sound. He is a teetotaler, and being a teetotaler doesn't get you anywhere with the ruling upper or political classes in England. Nowhere, in fact. Wherefore, when Law dispenses whisky and water, he, himself, takes lime juice, which has about the same color and preserves his principles without unduly flaunting them.

There was that historic occasion, in 1910, when Lord Beaverbrook—not yet a knight, to say nothing of his present peerage—went to luncheon with Law for the first time, as a fellow New Brunswickian, for Beaverbrook is, like the aforesaid Brussels sprouts, an imported delicacy. Let his lordship tell it:

"The food was not very good, and I noticed with a little annoyance that I was given one glass of whisky and water, whereas my host helped himself twice from what appeared to be special whisky out of his own bottle. This keeping of a special tap in one's own house is a thing I have a prejudice against. It was a week after before I discovered that he is a teetotaler and that this bottle of special whisky was a bottle of lime juice. I had remorse for my lack of" his lordship says "charity," but doubtless means "comprehension"—"but also a mild contempt for lime juice and water for lunch."

Observing person, his lordship. Usually, as I am informed, the lime juice gets by better than that.

Well, combing the past and the present for anecdotes, here is the other and sole remaining one: One evening Bonar Law went to the opera to a performance of La Fille de Madame Angot. He was asked how he liked it.

"Not so bad," he replied, "if it were not for the music."

That, brethren, is the lot. Evidently there are exceptions to the rule laid down by Gawcott-Fawsley.

As we were saying, Bonar Law was born in New Brunswick, in Canada, and went into the iron business with his uncles, in Glasgow, whither his parents had moved in 1870. He learned this business thoroughly, and in 1888 became a partner in the largest iron firm in Glasgow. Presently, having a fortune, he quit business and essayed politics as a tariff reformer, which doesn't mean in Great Britain what it means here. A British tariff reformer is a protectionist, and over here he is not. But they are both reformers, which helps some.

Law had his ups and downs. He was elected to the House of Commons in 1900, but defeated in 1906. He got a seat at a by-election, tried to get in from Manchester in 1910 and was beaten, and got by from Bootle, Lancashire, the next year. Balfour made him Parliamentary Secretary of the Board of Trade, which is about as humbly as any politician can begin a ministerial career.

From the first Law flung figures at them. He inundated the dazed Commoners with statistics. He exuded computations at every pore and got away with it. Naturally, as he had been a business man, and was a tariff expert, figures were to be expected, in reason; but Law was a fountain of them, a geyser of them, a Niagara. And on this point there is some evidence that, despite his remissness in providing anecdotes about

(Continued on Page 40)

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(Continued from Page 38)

himself, he is not unaware of the work of Gawcott-Fawsley, for that authority stresses the advice that in debate or in public speech figures should be used in an authoritative manner.

"It is not necessary," says Gawcott-Fawsley, "although not undesirable, that the figures used should be authoritative, but only that they should be used in an authoritative manner. Present the figures you have prepared easily and with confidence. It is impossible to check figures in debate, and not one in a hundred will know whether or not they are right. Nor will one in a thousand go to the trouble of checking you up."

Law hurled his figures out, and if any one questioned him, said, in a mildly astonished manner, "If my honorable friend looks these up in the morning he will find that I am correct."

If perchance the honorable friend did look up the figures and found that they were incorrect, by that time Bonar Law was bombing the House with new figures—he had an inexhaustible supply—and the debate of the day before was dead. This, as Gawcott-Fawsley remarks, is an excellent manner by which to attain a reputation as a fiscal and economic authority. And, it may further be remarked, Mr. Bonar Law has no patent on the process.

Presently Mr. Balfour, growing tired of having to condemn and denounce the acts of the majority in terms of the universe, and weary of bringing a metaphysical mind to bear on practical politics, determined to retire as leader of the Opposition This was in 1911 Wherefore, one section of the Unionists declared for J. Austen Chamberlain for leader and the other faction demanded Walter H. Long. The struggle developed into an impasse. The problem seemed insoluble. However, right there, sitting sadly and dejectedly in the Unionist benches, was the Solution—the natural-born solution of all and similar vexations, the same being Bonar Law. So they solved the problem with him -sound -steady -sane -statistical. Sure!

He sadly led the Unionists, and the Unionists, at the time, were a sad lot to lead. Bonar Law, not being able to fling figures about so expertly, because there were matters that came up that really did not require statistical substantiation, took it out in criticism of the most dismal sort. He called the majority out of their names dolefully but continuously, and inasmuch as there was neither sprightliness nor wit about it, greatly added to his reputation for soundness and solidity. In England, even as here, no public man may be aught but solemn, and Bonar Law pronounced his oppositions as if they were dirges. He was sound.

Thus he progressed until the 1915 Coalition Cabinet, when he became Secretary for the Colonies. However, his reputation for figures stood him in good stead here, and he was made Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1917. Later he was Lord Privy Seal and Leader of the House, and he never cracked a smile. And in 1921 he resigned all his offices, "under medical advice," as it was stated, only the name of his physician was not correctly given. His physician was Lord Beaverbrook, fellow New Brunswickian, who long before had made the infallible diagnosis of Law's congenital disposition; had fixed on him as the Solution, which he was. This busy person, Beaverbrook, saw to it that eventually the Lloyd George ministry was heaved out the Unionist window, and, as has been pointed out, Bonar Law was not in the wreckage. He was sitting just outside, waiting to be the Solution. And he was. The great question with the Unionists and the Conservatives who were serving under Lloyd George, and in coalition with him, was not so much whether they should chuck Lloyd George out as whom they should chuck in.

There was nothing to it.

"Seek no further," said Beaverbrook. "Here is the man. Here is the answer to your problem, the compromise for your differences, the natural-born solution—a sound man."

So Bonar Law again achieved his destiny. He landed where his normal capacities fitted him to land. He reaped the benefits of his preordination. And he signified his soundness, as well as the soundness of the great British people, by winning his election by three hundred and forty-six members and a majority of seventy-seven votes without advancing an idea, formulating a policy, stating a principle or putting forth an issue. He was simply and solely sound. A good lay.

An odd leader—an odd and a dejected. He seems always apologizing for his having been ordained by fate as a Solution; he seems always timid lest he should show a spark of animation or speak with even the appearance of levity; he seems always to be protesting that they may turn him out whenever they choose; which is not so dusty, as, with that attitude, they will undoubtedly keep him. He is courteous to his associates. Lloyd George said of him: "He is honest almost to the point of simplicity." He speaks readily and is useful in debate.

And he is sound. As Gawcott-Fawsley says: "It is invaluable to the politician to obtain, and preserve, a reputation for sober, steady, conventional thinking. Many promising careers in politics have been wrecked by the suspicion entering the minds of the public that they were harboring original ideas or were given to original thought. Better a reputation for soundness than one for brilliance, progress or initiative. And never be tempted to tell the people, when addressing them, anything that they do not know. Tell them what they know and you will prosper at their hands."

Bonar Law once said that, aside from controversial and historical books on protection and free trade, he never read any books save a few detective stories. But he can't get away with that. He has a copy of Gawcott-Fawsley. That, as we say in England, is a cert. —S. G. B.

THE POETS' CORNER

Vision

WHEN I am dead, I know—I know
The birds will sing, the winds will blow,
The stars will shine, the moon arise,
The sun drift, flaming, through the skies;
Flowers will bloom, and children sing,
And oceans laugh, and everything
Go on forever—timeless—glad.
I know—I know—and am not sad.

But will you, too, on that strange day
When I must follow, far away,
The law of a dim Destiny—
Oh, will you, too, laugh without me?
And sing? And, heedless, live as though
I had not been? I know I know.

—Mary Dixon Thayer.

The Lover

THE silly clock is wrong. From six to ten
I saw you, dearest—and the stupid's reckoned
That four hours! Why, it's nonsense when
My heart computes it just the barest second!

The calendar has somehow gone astray.
You went the ninth, today's the tenth; and here
It adds the total up as just a day!
Absurd! My heart has counted it a year!

—Charlotte Mish.

Important Business

OH, BUT it's dull in the city!
Let us be off and away;
Deep in the woods of Katandin
Everyone's busy today:

Step-on-the-Water, the Beaver,
Trundles his tail through the loaf;
Jump-out-and-Frighten, the Partridge,
Drums with his wings on a log

Little Moon-Nibbler, the Woodmouse,
Hides in the shade of a leaf;
Tail-in-Air Mikko, the Squirrel,
Curses the Jay for a thief.

Here is Wucagi, the Heron;
Gwickwe, the Robin, is here,
Chirping to Wapoos, the Rabbit,
Singing to Adook, the Deer.

In lumbers Mowcen, the Bear cub;
See how they scamper and run!
Oh, but it's dull in the city!
Up in the woods there is fun!

—Arthur Guiterman.

My Brown Jar

SHAPEN from brown and homely earth,
What potter's magic gave you birth
That you might sit upon my shelf,
Perched like some squat and friendly elf,
With many a flower's scented soul
Imprisoned in your little bowl?

When spring rides down the windy world
And little leaves lie half unfurled;
When green and fair each gracious plinth
Flowers a purple hyacinth,
And plum buds woo the roistering bee,
I gather blooms for potpourri.

There's clover when the dews are deep,
And crimson summer roses sleep
With August lilies, where entwine
Pale buds of starlike jessamine;
And clove pinks spicy-sweet as myrrh,
And crinkled leaves of lavender.

Hushed in your little bowl and pressed
Against your brown cool sides they rest,
To dream, these flowers of yesterday,
Of wind and sun and leaves at play;
So breathing balm and all content
The fragrance of their souls is spent.

And when my candle lights the pane
Against the gray autumnal rain,
When old and wan along the wall
Their dying sisters droop and fall
Brown little jar, you hold for me
These flower souls in potpourri!

Mary Lanier Magruder.

Every Time I See a Ship

WHEN I think of all the great ships
That have gone down at sea
To lie along the bottom sands
Till time shall cease to be,
With captains in their cabins
And slaves that sleep in rows,
And dainty, skeleton ladies
In ruffs and furbelows—

Oh, then I wish the ocean
Was a thing that had not been
Because of all the lives and ships
That have been lost therein.

When I think of all the goodly lads
That have been drowned at sea
Or have perished, cluttered on a raft
'Mid its immensity,
Or, cast upon a black-washed rock,
Ringed round with creeping foam,
Have crouched in clouds of crying gulls
Until their souls went home—
Oh, then I wish the ocean
Was a thing God had not made
To set about ten thousand shores
Its infinite ambuscade!

Yet every time I see a ship
Go dwindling far to sea,
In spite of all its deaths I'm glad
For its waters rolling free,
Where men may learn that courage
Is more than precious stones,
That the soul is more, forever,
Than its house of flesh and bones:
For the glory of the Greatened Man
That its wars and waves have built,
I am glad God poured the ocean
Like a thing the sky has spilt!

—Harry Kemp.

Remembrance

I SAW you in the crowd today
Who had not seen your face before,
Yet close our mingled glances lay
One moment. So a long-closed door,
Swinging, might unexpected bare
Things loved and long forgotten there.

It seemed that I remembered you
In some far country years away,
Beyond—the sea burned misty blue
And sheep were on the hills astray—
A vision of that time and place
I saw with eyes that knew your face.

That knew your face and loved it so
That centuries of perished Junes
Might lie between and still I know
Faint memories of those nights and noons
That once we shared. Did my eyes, too,
I wonder, bring that dream to you.

—Edna Valentine Trapnell.

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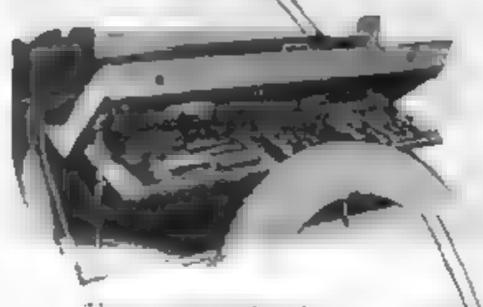

The rear compartment is large enough for a bag and several parcels. In the hinged cover is a tray of tools

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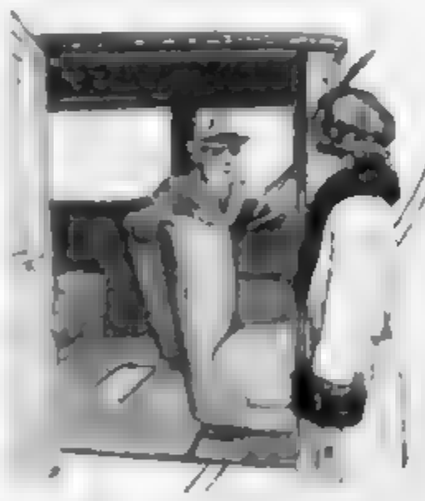

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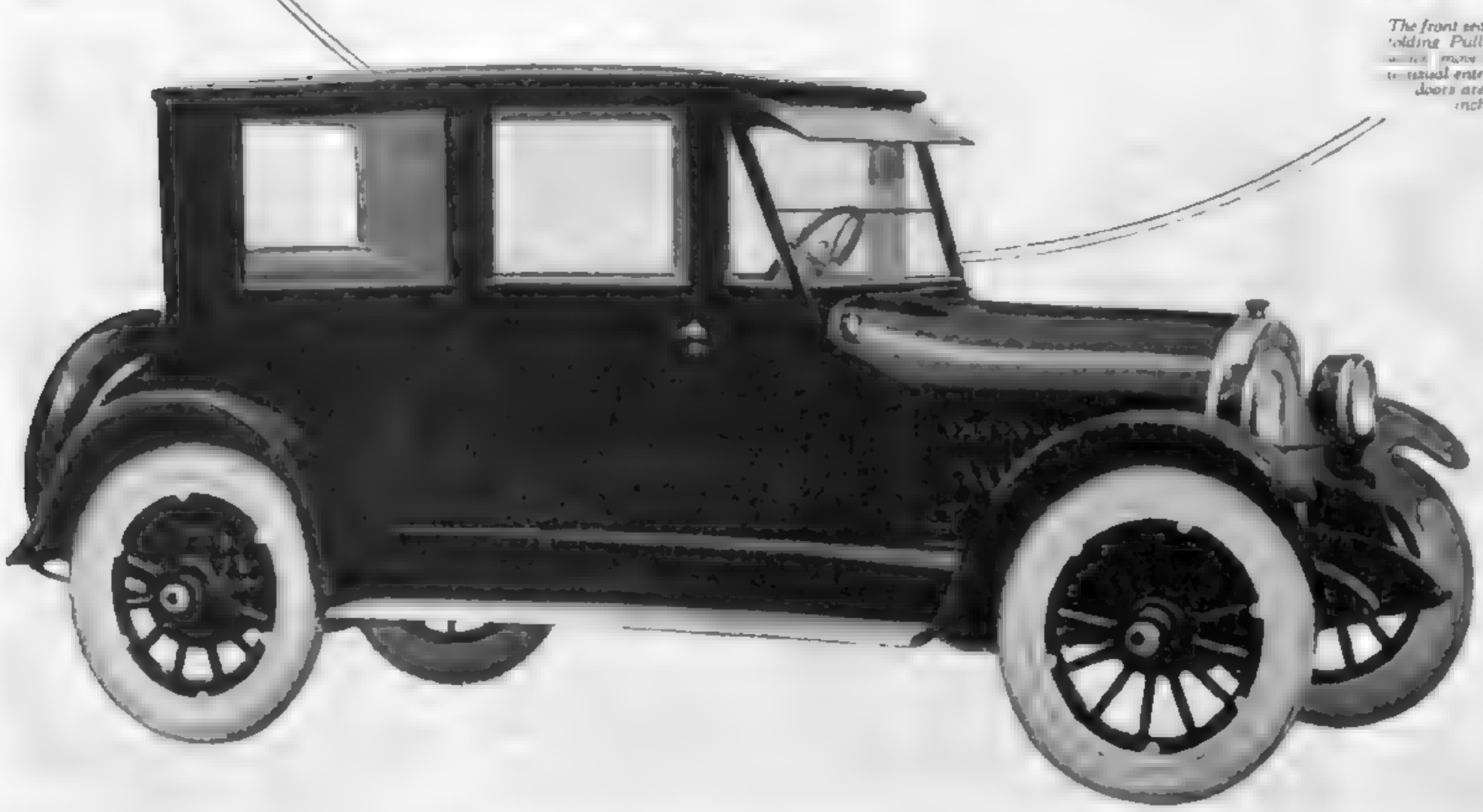

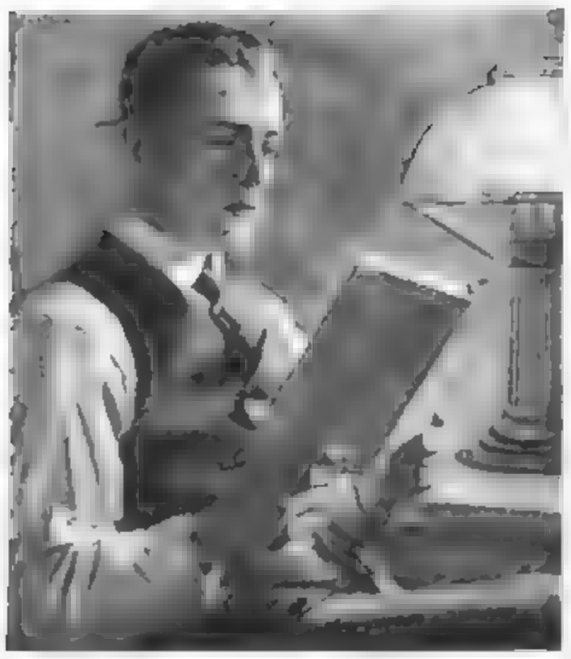

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STOCK-MARKET MANIPULATION

(Continued from Page 4)

right, but I'm too old to go to work for ten cents a day and I don't want to spend my last days in an insane asylum. I prefer even England to that!' Then came the boom and the consolidation craze, and Governor Flower, John W. Gates, the Reid-Leeds crowd, and later Keene in U. S. Steel. All these men did a lot of manipulation in their specialties, to start the new stocks in their market careers. And today as then, every time a new stock is brought out manipulation is needed to launch it.

"But manipulation is almost as old as the markets," I continued. "You talk about washed sales and corners. They are in the dictionary. But look up the old words, in use before there was any stock market."

We did. The first word we looked up was "forestallers." Webster had: "Forestall: To intercept or stop the passage of on the road or highway, as goods on the way to market; to buy up (merchandise or property) secretly, with the intention of enhancing the price. . . . Law, to anticipate or prevent the normal trading in (a fair, market, etc.) by buying or contracting for merchandise or provision on its way to market, with the intention of selling it again at a higher price, or by dissuading persons from bringing their goods there, or persuading them to enhance the price when there. The laws making forestalling, regrating and engrossing crimes were abolished in 1844 in Great Britain."

The reformed bank president suggested that we look in Murray's New English Dictionary, and he read aloud. We learned that forestalling was an indictable offense in England as far back as 1353 under Edward III. Usury is a forestalling of money. To forestall the burgh was to make a profit out of the inhabitants by the practice of buying or selling goods beforehand or dissuading persons from selling. A forestaller is one who buys up goods before they reach the public market with a view to enhance the price. In the year 1292 the phrase was used: *et aussi de forstallours*. In 1527 there was pernicious activity from forestallers of wines. In 1626 Bacon, in Maxims and Uses of Common Law, wrote: "They are to punish forestallers, regrators and engrossers." In 1712, Hearne Collect: "Goods forfeited by the forestallers of the market."

Age-Old Practices

To "regrate" was to buy up commodities, especially victuals, in order to sell again at a profit in the same or neighboring market. As far back as 1467 bakers were forbidden to regrate corn. An "engrosser" is one who buys in large quantities, especially with the view of being able to secure a monopoly.

It is perfectly clear that as soon as men began to buy and sell for money they began to cheat. When the law got after them they began to half cheat—that is, to manipulate the markets. Still the dictionary definition of manipulation did not satisfy. The next time I went downtown I asked a few personal friends for their opinion.

The first man I saw was Thomas F. Woodlock, a former member of the London Stock Exchange, later editor of the Wall Street Journal, and still later a member of the New York Stock Exchange. He has written and lectured on economic subjects. I told him what the dictionary said and asked him to comment on it. He said:

"I do not know when the word 'manipulator' was first applied to a stock-market operator. I think that in James R. Keene's day it was in common use, but was also loosely used. As I understand it, manipulation of the stock market means the making of transactions which need not necessarily be wash transactions, nor even necessarily matched orders—with the object of inducing people generally either to buy stock which the manipulator wishes to sell or sell stock which the manipulator wishes to buy. I assume that it is the object of manipulative transactions to give the market an appearance of either strength or weakness, thus inducing the ordinary speculator to buy or sell as the case may be. Obviously a plunger or operator or trader is not at all the same thing as a manipulator. Cornering stock is not necessarily manipulation. Circulating false reports is plain lying and is not a necessary part of the manipulative process any more than are wash transactions or matched orders.

"Personally, I don't know anything about stock manipulation, either today or twenty-five years ago. I never saw the process in operation and can only conjecture what the methods were. My impression is that there is a good deal less of it than is commonly supposed and that what the papers call manipulation today is, in reality, often plain speculation or plunging."

Clarence W. Barron, manager of Dow, Jones & Co. and of the Boston News Bureau, author of many books, a man who is familiar with the inside happenings of our exchanges, answered my questions as follows:

"To my mind manipulation has never meant anything more than moving quotations up and down, up to attract buyers and down to force sellers into the market, with all the side lotions and hot and cold applications that can be thought of or allowed under the laws of the Government, society and the Stock Exchange."

Higher Ethical Standards

"The manipulator as a rule does not circulate false reports; but he emphasizes rumors and reports, true or false. Sometimes the manipulator makes quotations and sometimes he induces other people to make the buying or the selling on his advice in hope of reward or fear of loss.

"I should not apply the word 'manipulation' to stock cornering. A banker having securities to sell—say, the bonds of a corporation—may buy the stock and advance the price to attract attention and strengthen the company's credit. If he does this with the intention of selling out the moment he parts with the security it is to my mind manipulation.

"It is much more difficult to manipulate stocks now than twenty-five years ago. The dissemination of truthful information can be had so quickly through the tickers and bulletins of the news bureaus that the circulation of false reports is today foolishness."

Theodore H. Price, for years the most picturesque figure in the cotton market, one-time senior partner of a New York Stock Exchange brokerage house, today editor of Commerce and Finance, said:

"The first half of the definition is my idea of what the word 'manipulation' means. I should not extend it to include corners or the circulation of fictitious reports. I have never associated it with leadership. J. P. Morgan was a leader, but he was not a manipulator. Jim Keene was a manipulator, but he could hardly have been called a leader.

"The manipulators' opportunity is very much circumscribed today by the regulations of the New York Stock Exchange and the higher ethical standards that public opinion both within and without the Stock Exchange has compelled that institution to establish.

A Bull Sea Lion Showing Fight. Taken Off the Coast of Oregon Near Astoria

"Washed trades or fictitious activity designed to advertise a security and give the impression of a nonexistent public interest seems to me to comprise about all that is usually meant by the word 'manipulation.' It is for this reason that I dissent from the second half of the Webster definition."

Collin Armstrong, for years financial editor of The Sun and the intimate friend of some of the biggest operators that ever bought or sold stocks on the New York Stock Exchange, told me that if I could find anyone who recalled when the words "manipulation" and "manipulator" as applied to stock-market transactions first came into common use I would do much better than he could.

"I went down to the Street in '76 and it is my impression that these terms were in use in those days to describe rigging the market. An old friend once told me that the terms were first used about the time that Fisk and Gould did up the Erie Railroad. However, no one has more than a general recollection of the introduction of these terms into Wall Street vocabulary. It is safe to say they have been used for fifty years or more, if not from time immemorial.

"I think there has always been a distinction between the manipulator of the Keene or S. V. White type, and a plunger, operator or trader. These last are individual designations or descriptions, whereas manipulation may be by a pool, syndicate or someone acting for such an aggregation, as our old friend Keene used to do.

"Cornering of a stock is, in my opinion, manipulation in a way; though, of course, the object there is to acquire all the floating supply with a view of making those who are short of it settle on the sellers' terms. I do not believe there is anything like the manipulation of prices that there used to be in the old days. At the same time, practically no large operation is conducted on the Stock Exchange of which the ultimate object is to buy or sell a large quantity of stock, without more or less manipulation. It is about the only effective way to mislead the rank and file of board-room traders and other speculators."

Begging the Question

William P. Hamilton, editor of the Wall Street Journal and author of the Stock Market Barometer, expressed himself in this wise:

"'Manipulation,' for what it means, is far older than any Wall Street use of the word. If you have access to the old volumes of Punch, those of the '40's of last century, when it was founded, you will find continual jests about Hudson, the railway king, with the use of 'manipulation' and other words like 'stagging'—subscription for the sake of realizing the premium on the price created by manipulation—all through that period of speculative railway enterprise in Great Britain.

"There is a manipulation which is entirely honest, as, for instance, the creation of a market and the legitimate advertising of the existence of the security itself. Whatever may be said against Keene, the people who bought Steel common at 50 and the preferred at par when he made a market for them secured bargains, if they had only known it and held on. It depends whether you call a large capitalization 'water' or 'intelligently anticipated growth.' Both 'water' and 'manipulation' are question-begging epithets.

"The plunger or operator is not a manipulator in any sense affecting the public through values. Little manipulation really can be done without virtual control of the floating supply of stock, or a large portion of it. Cornering is exactly this, carried to excess. It is a process which frequently smashes both the bear and the bull, as in the case of the people who were caught short of Stutz Motors, and Allan Ryan himself. The circulation of false reports may be associated with fraudulent manipulation, but is no essential part of it. The protection against it is true news publicity. Our public is now so well protected in the matter of news that manipulation on the scale practiced by James R. Keene in the case of Amalgamated Copper, to say nothing of United States Steel, would be impossible today.

"Plungers, operators and traders do not manipulate stocks, even when they are

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GINGER ALE

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able to manipulate stock prices to some extent in the daily fluctuation. Manipulation of a stock for distribution can only be accomplished in a broad and general bull movement of the market. It cannot be done in a major bear market, and any attempt of the kind has always failed. The public can rest assured today that publicity protects it from manipulation on any considerable scale, and it would be still further protected if we had a national system corresponding to the company registration at Somerset House in London, which enables the stock exchange there to deal in stocks before they are listed, 'when, as and if issued,' or 'for special settlement,' as the English put it. The British investor is protected because he can see all the essential facts by paying a shilling at Somerset House. He goes in with his eyes open. After that the British common law says *Caveat emptor*—let the buyer beware!"

Manipulators of Other Days

Frank A. Vanderlip told me, when I asked him: "The first part of Webster's definition seems to me pretty accurate—that is, 'to work stock up and down in price by transactions other than bona fide or in the ordinary course of business.' I should not consider cornering a market as indicative of manipulation, but it might be a concomitant to the work of a manipulator. As I understand stock manipulation, it would mean that the manipulator would make a certain amount of activity in the trading without any connection with the actual orders to buy or sell emanating from holders of the stock, or, indeed, from persons wishing to take a short position in the stock. I was not intimately familiar with Stock Exchange practices twenty-five years ago, and indeed am not now, and so I can hardly make a comparison of the relative amount of manipulation in times past and at present. I suspect there is not much difference, although, as the market is now so much broader and larger, there may actually be more of it, although perhaps relatively less.

"So far as my memory goes back, the term 'stock manipulation' has meant always about the same as it does now. I do not think it has ever had a much different connotation than it would be found to have today."

Sidney W. Curtis, for years an active stock broker and an intimate of everybody who was anybody in Wall Street, gave me his views:

"My impression is that the term 'stock manipulator' came into use about thirty years ago. Formerly it was all operator. Railroad officials who played the market were simply called by name and it was taken for granted as a perfectly natural and permissible thing that they might stack the cards by cutting rates when they had put out a good-sized line of shorts. What were they there for? I remember the wail of distress that went up when the Interstate Commerce Act was passed. It was an infringement on the personal rights of all market-playing railroad presidents. They certainly did some manipulating. Then there were the big pools and bobtailed pools in which men milked the public and at times each other. It is very difficult to tell how much of the operations of the men in the '60's and early '70's was what we call manipulation today. A great deal of it, I should say, in the case of men like Jim Fisk, Daniel Drew, Commodore Vanderbilt, Jay Gould, Henry Keep and others. Of course, in later years men who were themselves successful stock operators, like Henry H. Rogers and Henry O. Havemeyer, did not feel themselves competent to undertake the expert work themselves and employed James R. Keene to manipulate Amalgamated Copper and Sugar, just as Mr. Morgan made use of Keene's abilities when it became necessary to start the U. S. Steel shares in their market career.

"Cornering a stock is not manipulation in its present sense. Everybody tried his hand at that in the old days, and all methods were used to make the corner an immediate money-maker. As a rule the engineers of corners lost sight of the fact that the stock so cornered would have no friends and no market for years afterwards. Washington E. Connor, Jay Gould's old lieutenant, took a different view of a corner, and when Missouri Pacific was in his hands there were no fireworks; only a quiet settlement which never showed on the tape and left the stock with a good and natural market. There was considerable difference between such a corner and the late one in Stutz.

"Stock manipulation today is quite different from old times. People are like sheep and have to be shown the value of things. Even the United States Government buys its own bonds in the open market. When an issue of stocks or bonds is brought out it is the regular thing to put in a certain number of buying orders. Otherwise there might be such a gap between the sales that the original buyers would become panic-stricken. A certain amount of manipulation, so called, is undoubtedly legitimate."

On my way uptown that afternoon I made up my mind that though manipulation may not be so prevalent as some of the professionals imagine, neither is it absent nor has it ever been absent from the Street. It also seemed clear to me that though the big swings are not caused or even started by manipulation, nor the secondary movements, manipulation has played an important part of the markets, past and present. The history of manipulation on the New York Stock Exchange would not be the entire history of that institution, but it would be certainly the most interesting part, and in some ways the most illuminating. The history of stock manipulation could be written without going into details about those financial, industrial and commercial conditions which a dry-as-dust historian loves to dwell on. Economic facts are all very well, but human facts are also historically valuable. The speculator came ages before the investor. You get down to fundamentals in manipulation, while the economic aspects of the stock market and the functions of stock exchanges are matters calling for a more advanced civilization. If I had to be the historian of the stock market I'd rather write about the manipulation than about the unmanipulated movements. It would be the difference between the memoirs of a period and the history compiled from official archives.

But manipulators have never been loquacious. For example, I can only surmise what Keene did. To be sure, I base my guesses on conversations he had with me or stories told me by his brokers or his private secretary, but he was not a communicative man, and moreover he did not keep books that would tell the whole story with veracity, however accurate they may have been as accounts. As for the Jay Gould of the '70's, he was before my time, and also was not given to audible autobiography.

There was but one man from whom I could learn how manipulation was carried on in these days of strict enforcement of Stock Exchange regulations. There were, I knew, several first-class milkers—men who successfully manipulate individual stocks which they individually control—but the only first-class all-round manipulator I knew was Lawrence Livingston.

Lawrence Livingston's Views

I called on him that night. I told him about our discussion at the club and the opinions or, rather, definitions of my friends.

He heard me with patience. I could see that the word itself did not interest him. When he thought of manipulation he confined himself to the consideration of the ways and means—to manipulation itself—and not to the historical aspects of the word. When I finished he said:

"I don't know when or by whom the word 'manipulation' was first used in connection with what really are no more than common merchandising processes applied to the sale in bulk of securities on the Stock Exchange. Rigging the market to facilitate cheap purchases of a stock which it is desired to accumulate is also manipulation. But it is different. It may not be necessary to stoop to illegal practices, but it would be difficult to avoid doing what some would think illegitimate. How are you going to buy a big block of a stock in a bull market without putting up the price on yourself? That would be the problem. How can it be solved? It depends upon so many things that you can't give a general solution unless you say: Possibly by means of very adroit manipulation. For instance? Well, it would depend upon conditions. You can't give any closer answer than that.

"I am profoundly interested in all phases of my business, and of course I learn from the experience of others as well as from my own. But it is very difficult to learn how to manipulate stocks today from the yarns that are told of an afternoon in the brokers' offices after the close. Most of the tricks, devices and expedients of bygone days are obsolete and futile, or illegal and impracticable. Stock Exchange rules and conditions have changed, and the story—even the accurately detailed story—of what Daniel Drew or Jacob Little or Jay Gould could do fifty or seventy-five years ago is scarcely worth listening to. The manipulator today has no more need to consider what they did and how they did it than a cadet at West Point need study archery as practiced by the ancients in order to increase his working knowledge of ballistics.

"On the other hand there is profit in studying the human factors—the ease with which human beings believe what it pleases them to believe; and how they allow themselves—indeed, urge themselves—to be influenced by their cupidity or by the dollar cost of the average man's carelessness. Fear and hope remain the same; therefore the study of the psychology of speculators is as valuable as it ever was. Weapons change, but strategy remains strategy, on the New York Stock Exchange as on the battlefield. I think the clearest summing up of the whole thing was expressed by Thomas F. Woodlock when he declared: 'The principles of successful stock speculation are based on the supposition that people will continue in the future to make the mistakes that they have made in the past.'

"Of course I have often talked with old-timers who had good memories, but their stories about former leaders of the market were about speculation rather than about manipulation proper. The methods of the old manipulators sound unbelievably crude, but then, so do the election-day doings of gangsters and repeaters just a few presidential elections back."

Attacks From the Pulpit

"In booms, which is when the public is in the market in the greatest numbers, there is never any need of subtlety, so there is no sense of wasting time discussing either manipulation or speculation during such times; it would be like trying to find the difference in raindrops that are falling synchronously on the same roof across the street. The sucker has always tried to get something for nothing, and the appeal in all booms is always frankly to the gambling instinct aroused by cupidity and spurred by a pervasive prosperity. People who look for easy money invariably pay for the privilege of proving conclusively that it cannot be found on this sordid earth. At first, when I listened to the accounts of old-time deals and devices I used to think that people were more gullible in the 1860's and '70's than in the 1900's. But I was sure to read in the newspapers that very day or the next something about the latest Ponzi or the bust-up of some bucketing broker and about the millions of sucker money gone to join the silent majority of vanished savings.

"No matter how many learned economists describe for the layman's benefit the legitimate functions of exchanges and the part they have played in the rapid development of a young country like ours, the attitude of the public, the press and the pulpit toward Wall Street has not changed in the slightest. Every time I pick up some old book and read about the bulls and the bears and the battles down there I am struck by the fact that the point of view remains the very same. I have seen a collection of scrapbooks with clippings that date back to 1837. The same thing. Only the other day I expressed my opinion of a clergyman who has a penchant for publicity. His latest sermon was a sensational denunciation of Wall Street's wide-open gambling hell.

"An old gentleman, a retired member of the New York Stock Exchange, smiled and said: 'Oh, his talk is a glowing encomium compared with what we used to get regularly from the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, who had a wonderful phrase-making gift and huge audiences to experiment on.'

"But Wall Street and the essentials of the Wall Street game have not changed. Some of the old rigging devices have been abandoned and in their place new methods of manipulation have developed. When I first came to New York there was a great fuss made about wash sales and matched orders, for all that such practices were forbidden by the Stock Exchange. At times

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the washing was too crude to deceive anyone. The brokers had no hesitation in saying that the laundry was active whenever anybody tried to wash up some stock or other, and, as I told you before, more than once they had what were frankly referred to as bucket-shop drives, when a stock was offered down two or three points in a jiffy just to establish the decline on the tape and wipe out the myriad shoe-string traders who were long of the stock in the bucket shops. As for matched orders, they were always used with some misgivings by reason of the difficulty of coördinating and synchronizing operations by brokers, all such business being against Stock Exchange rules. A few years ago a famous operator canceled the selling but not the buying part of his matched orders, and the result was that an innocent broker ran up the price twenty-five points or so in a few minutes, only to see it break with equal celerity as soon as his buying ceased. The original intention was to create an appearance of activity. Bad business, playing with such unreliable weapons. You see, you can't take your best brokers into your confidence—not if you want them to remain members of the New York Stock Exchange. Then also, the taxes have made all practices involving fictitious transactions much more expensive than they used to be in the old times."

Putting On the Screws

"Your dictionary definition of manipulation includes corners. I don't agree with that. A corner might be the result of manipulation or it might be the result of competitive buying, as, for instance, the Northern Pacific corner on May 9, 1901, which certainly was not manipulation. The other day the newspapers printed a lot of hints that an investigation would be started by the Stock Exchange because a certain stock went up rather sensationally. Later it had an equally sensational break. The first was so obviously not a natural market movement that the Street with one accord yelled 'Corner!' Well, it was nothing of the kind. The Stutz corner was expensive to everybody concerned, both in money and in prestige. And it was not a deliberately engineered corner at that.

"As a matter of fact very few of the great corners were profitable to the engineers of them. You could write a wonderfully interesting article on the famous corners of history, which would show more clearly than anything else what changes have come over the Wall Street community. Both Commodore Vanderbilt's Harlem corners paid big, but the old chap deserved the millions he made out of a lot of short sports, crooked legislators and aldermen who tried to double-cross him. On the other hand, Jay Gould lost in his Northwestern corner. Deacon S. V. White made a million in his Lackawanna corner, but Jim Keene dropped a million in the Hannibal and St. Joe deal. The financial success of a corner, of course, depends upon the marketing of the accumulated holdings at higher than cost, and the short interest has to be of some magnitude for that to happen easily.

"I used to wonder why corners were so popular among the big operators of a half century ago. They were men of ability and experience, wide-awake and not prone to childlike trust in the philanthropy of their fellow traders. Yet they used to get stung with an astonishing frequency. A wise old broker told me that all the big operators of the '60's and '70's had one ambition, and that was to work a corner. In many cases this was the offspring of vanity; in others, of the desire for revenge. At all events, to be pointed out as the man who had successfully cornered this or the other stock was in reality recognition of brains, boldness and boodle. It gave the cornerer the right to be haughty. He accepted the plaudits of his fellows as fully earned. It was more than the prospective money profit that prompted the engineers of corners to do their damnedest. It was the vanity complex asserting itself among cold-blooded operators.

"Dog certainly ate dog in those days with relish and ease. I think I told you before that I have managed to escape being squeezed more than once, not because of the possession of a mysterious ticker sense but because I can generally tell the moment the character of the buying in the stock makes it imprudent for me to be short of it. This I do by common-sense tests, which must have been tried in the old times also. Old Daniel Drew used to squeeze the boys with some frequency and make them pay high prices for the Erie 'sheers' they had sold short to him. He was himself squeezed by Commodore Vanderbilt in Erie, and when old Drew begged for mercy the commodore grimly quoted the Great Bear's own deathless distich:

He that sells what isn't hisn
Must buy it back or go to prisn.

"Wall Street remembers very little of an operator who for more than a generation was one of its Titans. His chief claim to immortality seems to be the phrase 'watering stock.'

"Addison G. Jerome was the acknowledged king of the Public Board in the spring of 1863. His market tips, they tell me, were considered as good as cash in bank. From all accounts he was a great trader and made millions. He was liberal to the point of extravagance and had a great following in the Street—until Henry Keep, known as William the Silent, squeezed him out of all his millions in the Old Southern corner. Keep, by the way, was the brother-in-law of Gov. Roswell P. Flower.

"In most of the old corners the manipulation consisted chiefly of not letting the other man know that you were cornering the stock which he was variously invited to sell short. It therefore was aimed chiefly at fellow professionals, for the general public does not take kindly to the short side of the account. The reasons that prompted these wise professionals to put out short lines in such stocks were pretty much the same as prompt them to do the same thing today. Apart from the selling by faith-breaking politicians in the Harlem corner of the commodore, I gather from the stories I have read that the professional traders sold the stock because it was too high. And the reason they thought it was too high was that it never before had sold so high; and that made it too high to buy; and if it was too high to buy it was just right to sell. That sounds pretty modern, doesn't it? They were thinking of the price, and the commodore was thinking of the value! And so, for years afterwards, old-timers tell me that people used to say 'He went short of Harlem!' whenever they wished to describe abject poverty.

"The trouble with all the literature about the old manipulation is that the really important details are not given. We cannot analyze the old technic. A manipulator today might modernize some of the devices and methods, though most of them grew out of conditions that have long since ceased to exist."

Hard-Up Railroads

"Many years ago I happened to be speaking to one of Jay Gould's old brokers. He assured me earnestly that Mr. Gould not only was a most unusual man—it was of him that old Daniel Drew shiveringly remarked, 'His touch is death!'—but that he was head and shoulders above all other manipulators past and present. He must have been a financial wizard indeed to have done what he did; there can be no question of that. Even at this distance I can see that he had an amazing knack for adapting himself to new conditions, and that is valuable in a trader. He varied his methods of attack and defense without a pang because he was more concerned with the manipulation of properties than with stock speculation. He manipulated for investment rather than for a market turn. He early saw that the big money was in owning the railroads instead of rigging their securities on the floor of the Stock Exchange. He utilized the stock market of course. But I suspect it was because that was the quickest and easiest way to quick and easy money, and he needed many millions, just as old Collis P. Huntington was always hard up because he always needed twenty or thirty millions more than the bankers were willing to lend him. Vision without money means heartaches; with money it means achievement; and that means power; and that means money; and that means achievement; and so on, over and over and over.

"I cannot analyze Jay Gould's earliest campaigns because those of his brokers and friends who survive will not or cannot give me the indispensable details. He probably was secretive by nature, and he found it both easy and expedient to work circuitously. At the same time few high financiers have been more frank than he, when it suited his purpose. He was the master mind of his day in Wall Street, and yet his market history was by no means an unbroken series of successes. When he was pitted against a man or men—that is, whenever it was a case of his mind against theirs—he might reasonably be expected to win. But in his purely speculative campaigns after Jim Fisk's death, I am assured he as often as not failed to make money.

"I happened to meet one of his old brokers the other day and he told me this:

"'Mr. Gould was not loquacious. I never knew him to talk for the sake of talking, though I am free to admit that I only saw him during business hours. He was more easily accessible to callers than I would have felt like being if my life had been threatened as often as his was. He used to explain his willingness to listen to strangers by saying: "No man knows everything; but every man knows something." Whenever I made my reports to him verbally he would listen, standing by the ticker. He wouldn't say anything but would just grunt. None of us who did his business on the floor could ever guess what he had up his sleeve—not from his orders. He usually indicated exactly how he wished his orders in a given stock executed. Suppose he said, "Pick up all you can!" That meant, of course, discreet accumulation. But that sometimes preceded a decline in the stock on his selling through some other brokers. When he said "Buy!" he meant us to buy aggressively. In selling he usually said "Peddle" when he wished to sell a stock carefully. When he used "Sell!" he meant us to sell aggressively. Of course he had some mighty clever brokers and he knew to a dot their capacity for understanding and for executing, men like Charles J. Osborn or Washington E. Connor.'"

An Episode of the Street

"Of course manipulation was not confined to the great figures of those days. There were scores of minor manipulators. I remember a story an old broker told me about the manners and morals of the early '60's. He said:

"'The earliest recollection I have of Wall Street is of my first visit to the financial district. My father had some business to attend to there, and for some reason or other took me with him. We came down Broadway and I remember turning off at Wall Street. We walked down Wall and just as we came to Broad or, rather, Nassau Street, to the corner where the Bankers' Trust Company's building now stands, I saw a crowd following two men. The first was walking eastward, trying to look unconcerned. He was followed by the other, a red-faced man who was wildly waving his hat with one hand and shaking the other fist in the air. He was yelling to beat the band: "Shylock! Shylock! What's the price of money? Shylock! Shylock!" I could see heads sticking out of windows. They didn't have skyscrapers in those days, but I was sure the second and third story rubbernecks would tumble out. My father asked what was the matter, and somebody answered something I didn't hear. I was too busy keeping a death clutch on my father's hand so that the jostling wouldn't separate us. The crowd was growing, as street crowds do, and I wasn't comfortable. Wild-eyed men came running down from Nassau Street and up from Broad as well as east and west on Wall Street. After we finally got out of the jam my father explained to me that the man who was shouting "Shylock!" was So-and-So. I have forgotten the name, but he was the biggest operator in clique stocks in the city and was understood to have made—and lost—more money than any other man in Wall Street with the exception of Jacob Little. I remember Jacob Little's name because I thought it was a funny name for a man to have. The other man, the Shylock, was a notorious locker-up of money. His name has also gone from me. But I remember he was tall and thin and pale. In those days the cliques used to lock up money by borrowing it or, rather, by reducing the amount available to Stock Exchange borrowers. They would borrow it and get a certified check. They wouldn't actually take the money out and use it. Of course that was rigging. It was a form of manipulation, I think.'

"I agree with the old chap. It was a phase of manipulation that we don't have nowadays."

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of three articles by Mr. Lefèvre. The second will appear in an early issue

DODGE BROTHERS
BUSINESS SEDAN

Dodge Brothers, with equal aptness, could have named it the Family Sedan.

In the first place, it is big and roomy—a five-passenger car that will really seat five adults in comfort. There is no space wasted on superfluous adornments. Every inch of body and chassis is put to actual use.

There are no delicate cloth furnishings to be soiled by the children. The seats are upholstered in durable and attractive blue Spanish leather.

There is no sensitive varnish to be easily scratched or finger-spotted.

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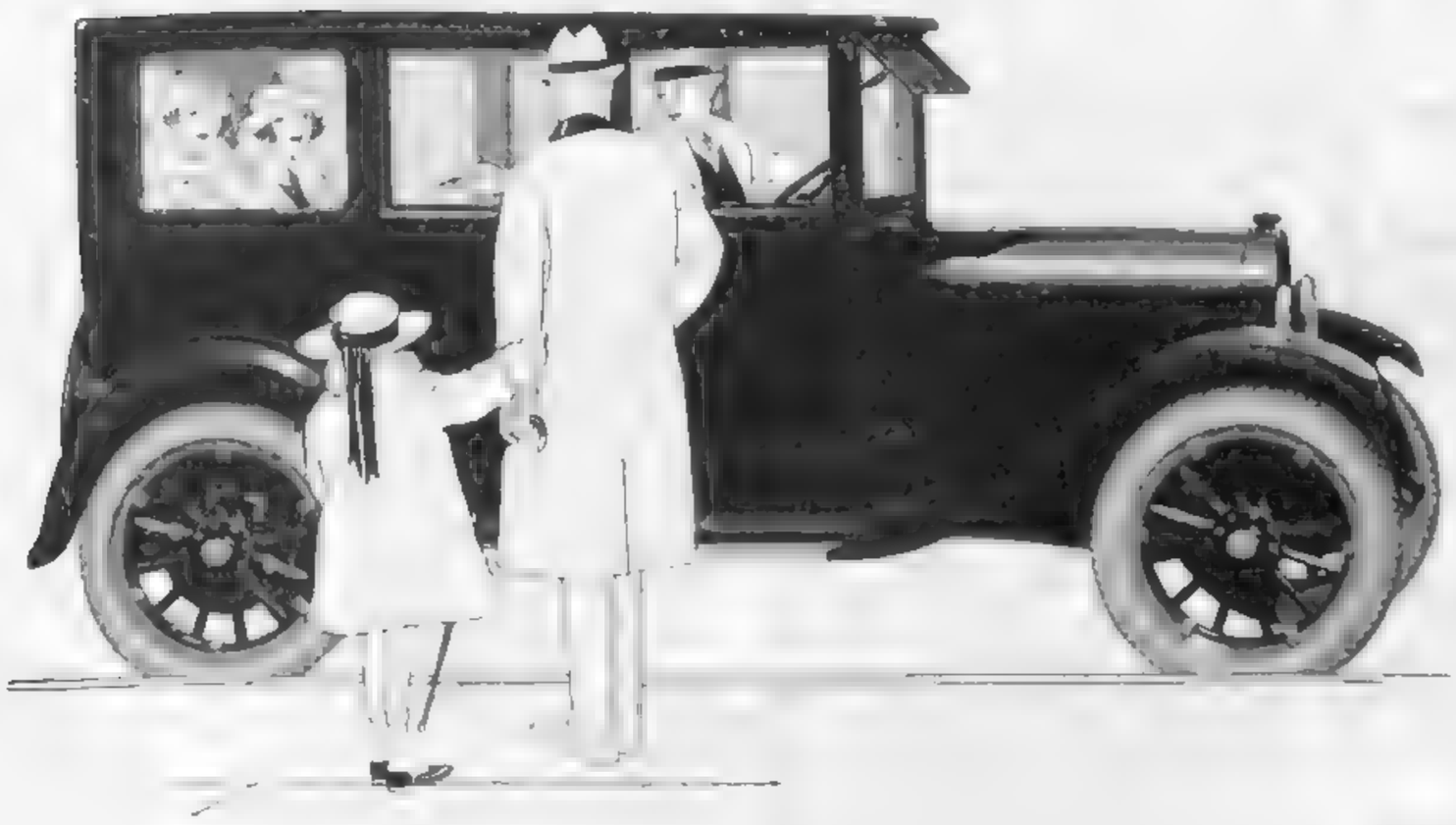
The rear seat furnishings come out—instantly converting the rear section into a spacious carrying compartment—handy for carrying trunks, boxes and household luggage of all sorts.

Children can romp and play to their hearts' content in this car, and when cleaning time comes, you can turn the hose on it—inside and out.

The price is $1195 f. o. b. Detroit



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Buy big ones—the larger sizes are better matured and sweeter. They are rich in contents of vitamines and other food elements.

Tree-ripened *Sealdsweet* grapefruit not only are healthful in themselves and invigorating but aid digestion of other foods.

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Sealdsweet Orange Apple Sauce Sherbet
(See recipe in free book.)

MONEY, MONEY, MONEY!

(Continued from Page 7)

This old colored woman is the mother-in-law of Katterson Lee, the barber. She has a little cabin on the lot next to Katterson's house. She says she's a hundred and eleven years old—though, at that, I think she's lying, because she looks a good hundred and twenty—and she's withered and smokes a pipe and if you got something wrong with you all you have to do is take her a live chicken and she kills it and looks at its lights or liver or something and then throws a Bible down so it falls open and she has you look at the top verse to find out what your trouble is and then she tells you what to take.

Naturally she don't get the cream of the trade in Red Gap. Even Katterson Lee wouldn't patronize her. But she gets enough patients to always have a chicken stewing in the pot. And it was surprising about Milo Briggs till you remembered how cheap she was. Orietta said this superstition left him pretty hopeless. And she's made up her mind never to set foot in that bat's cave again, and she'll never marry Milo till he's run ditches through his swamp and drained it.

She said the thought of money was now making her sick. She was going to find what her bank balance was and put half of it into a marquise ring she'd been gloating over. Then she was going to raise the help's pay and rich up the waffles with more eggs and more cream and see if she couldn't finish the year with a deficit. She said she'd show the Briggs family just what she cared for money. Then she wiped her eyes and powdered her nose and belted up her new silk sweater and fixed her expensive confection all jaunty and marched forth like she was daring the world to bankrupt her.

The next day she had a heart-to-heart quarrel with Milo. She told him she lived in a world of plenty and he, with all his gold, lived in a continual famine. She went on to say things about money that must of sounded blasphemous to Milo. I guess he didn't understand it well. He asks if it's his money that makes her not want to marry him, and she says no; it's his money makes him feel poor now, but he'd manage some way to keep on feeling poor even if he didn't have a cent. Then she showed him the new ring and a new sports suit and a couple pairs of dancing slippers with jeweled buckles, which was also helping to part 'em forever. She says it's because she's rich and can't bring herself to marry a poor man that she's turning him down.

Milo was worse and worse puzzled. He just stood there in his swamp, with these dyspepsia snakes barking at him; then he goes home and tells his mother as much as he can understand about it. His mother says he's lucky, because the girl has begun to wax wanton, what with wasting eggs and cream on a mere cake and having a sedan car and jewelry, to say nothing of wearing things that would make her seem like an abandoned woman if she was ever run over and took to a hospital.

Milo is back telling Orietta this the next day, and Orietta laughs and they quarrel some more. Milo insists it's the fault of his money and Orietta insists she wouldn't marry him if he didn't have a cent in the world. And they quarrel every day about it. I saw then they was really in love with each other; you can tell that much when a couple would rather quarrel than not see each other at all. And I knew one of 'em would have to give in. I was pretty sure it wouldn't be Orietta, but how could it be Milo?

Of course, the dyspepsia was getting him worse and worse. Two days he stayed home in bed and Orietta missed her daily quarrel. But she had the front of her place painted when it didn't need painting and spent more money on a new electric sign. As defiant as ever, she was. And she didn't see him the third day, either, owing to secret happenings. They was this: The third day Milo struggled up from his bed of misery, went out and caught a chicken and hobbled down to see old Jenny Blue again. He found her smoking her pipe by the fireplace in her little cabin and stirring the chicken in the stewpot, and he told his troubles. He hadn't been able to sleep for two nights because the minute he'd begin to doze he'd fall into a horrible dream that he was his grandfather throwing money away and come out of it in a cold sweat, and couldn't Jenny give him some relief.

So the old girl killed his chicken and read its insides and then got her greasy old Bible and threw it open on the floor and told Milo to read the first verse it opened at, and he read it; and old Jenny says it's the true voice of his grandfather, and the grandfather's ghost is haunting him by riding his neck and prodding him in the stomach with a red-hot pitchfork. She says the ghost is small but heavy, being made of gold, because she can see the yellow of it; and she tells him he'll never be free of pain till he does what the ghost wants him to do, which he can know from the verse he's read.

And Milo believed. He groaned and read the verse over and over. Jenny tells him she's looking right at the ghost and it grins in a horrible manner every time it gores him with the red-hot pitchfork. Katterson Lee saw Milo when he left and reported that he looked like a caterpillar that's been poked with a stick, all cramped up in the middle.

When Milo got home he scared his mother by his strange actions. He shut himself up in his room and refused supper, and the old lady could hear him begging someone to get off his neck. But he was sane enough a little later when a rancher come along with six hundred dollars that he owed on a mortgage. Milo give him a receipt for it all proper. The rancher had been saving for three years to pay this loan, and it was all in silver, dollars and halves, and Milo seemed to have some easy moments counting it. When he'd found it was right he put it back in the flour sack the rancher had brought it in and took it up to his room and his mother didn't see him again. His light was still burning when she went to bed. Twice in the night she was woke up by hearing him come downstairs and go outdoors; but each time she heard him come back, so she concluded he was uneasy by reason of all this loose money in the house.

But when she woke at five next morning Milo was gone and the money was gone. Still she thought he'd set out early to get the money in the bank as soon as possible. Then, being downtown herself later, she finds out Milo ain't been to the bank and ain't been to his office. This scares her. She tells the cashier her son started out with the money and something must have happened. The cashier believes it, because no Briggs money was ever kept out of the bank longer than need be. So a searching party is formed to look for Milo's body; nothing short of murder would have kept him from the bank when he had six hundred dollars to deposit.

First they went back and searched the Briggs house, with no result, except his mother saw he'd gone without his hat. Then they searched the yard and found two silver dollars under Milo's window. But they couldn't find any signs of a struggle, so they widened out. It was thought the robbers must of took him off into the hills and was torturing him to get more money. We hadn't had so much excitement in town since the canning factory burned down. Mrs. Briggs was near to a collapse, and wasn't helped any when the Recorder sent for Milo's picture to be printed in the piece about his murder and robbery.

And by this time Miss Orietta Sayles herself wasn't far from collapse. She goes over her quarrels with Milo, remembering the hard things she's said to him, and sees it was like saying 'em to a child that had been bad because it didn't know any better. Poor Milo couldn't of helped his infirmity any more than if it had been a clubfoot or something, and now mebbe he'd gone and she'd never have a chance to make it up to him. About three o'clock in the afternoon she can't stand it any longer, so she starts out to do some searching on her own. She gets into her sedan and drives up the Curly Creek Cañon road, looking very careful on each side, holding her breath, expecting to find the body most any place.

About six miles out she sees on the next bridge a figure that looks familiar. She goes on slow. It looks more and more like Milo, only he's bareheaded and waving a white cloth. When she gets finally up to him he begins to dance like a wild man. She says she nearly fainted. She stops; he's still dancing and waving his cloth, which she now sees is an empty flour sack; then he begins to yell kind of like he was glad about something. She thought his pains must of drove him crazy. But when he seen it was Orietta he kind of freezes and looks foolish, like he'd been caught at something. He stares at her a minute, then he swung the sack around his head and threw it into the river. Then he brushed his hands after it like he was glad to be rid of it, and comes over and climbs into the car and says to please drive him back to town, because he's had a long walk and is tired. He talks these words entirely rational and quiet, so Orietta turns the car around without saying anything, hoping to get him back before he's violent again. Only he keeps on talking rational and quiet, saying he's had a fine walk; he stopped at the Himebaugh place at noon and et a good dinner.

"Et a good dinner!" Orietta is flabbergasted. He says it quiet, but the words are crazy from this dyspeptic. She can't think of anything to say at first, but finally she sort of mews out, "How—how's the dyspepsia?"

"Dyspepsia! Whose dyspepsia? Where do you get that talk? You should have seen me light into Jesse Himebaugh's salt pork and fried apples and boiled beans this noon! And I'm getting hungry again," he says, "so step on it, can't you?"

Salt pork, fried apples, beans! She knew any one of these foods would of been torture to Milo, and all three at once would certainly kill him. So he's sure crazy; and still he looks so cheerful and lively, like he's had some kind of new life poured into him, that she gets scareder than ever and begins to tremble till she has to stop the car. Milo says has she got a chill. She trembles worse, being all wrought up over his murder and robbery and then finding that he ain't been; so she breaks out and tells him the excitement about his being lost, and she gets excited herself and pretty soon she's crying.

At this Milo acts in a sane and correct manner, and they pull a first-class love scene there in the road. He got her soothed and said he was all right and so was everything else, and wouldn't she now hurry back to town, because he was not only hungry but had some business to do. She said she knew then she'd have to marry the boy, crazy or no crazy, and do the best she could by him. She'd been the one to give in, after all.

Milo kept on being sane as she drove back, talking natural and Briggs-like about crops and weather conditions and farm properties. And Orietta listened, but she was really looking forward to the Briggs home and Mrs. Briggs and the pinched meals and the smells and the bats. She was making up her mind she'd have some fine rows with the old lady, because she wasn't going to marry Milo and then watch him starve to death.

Then, just as they're getting into Red Gap, he says, "Drive out on the North Side." She did so, and he says, "Turn down Maple Avenue." She did that, and he says "Stop here."

She stopped and seen she was in front of the finest place out there, the Chester Jordan house that had been for sale ever since Chet moved to Seattle; a big house with porches and balconies and pillars and bay windows and cupolas and flower beds and a couple of cast-iron wild animals out in front. It looked grand and costly.

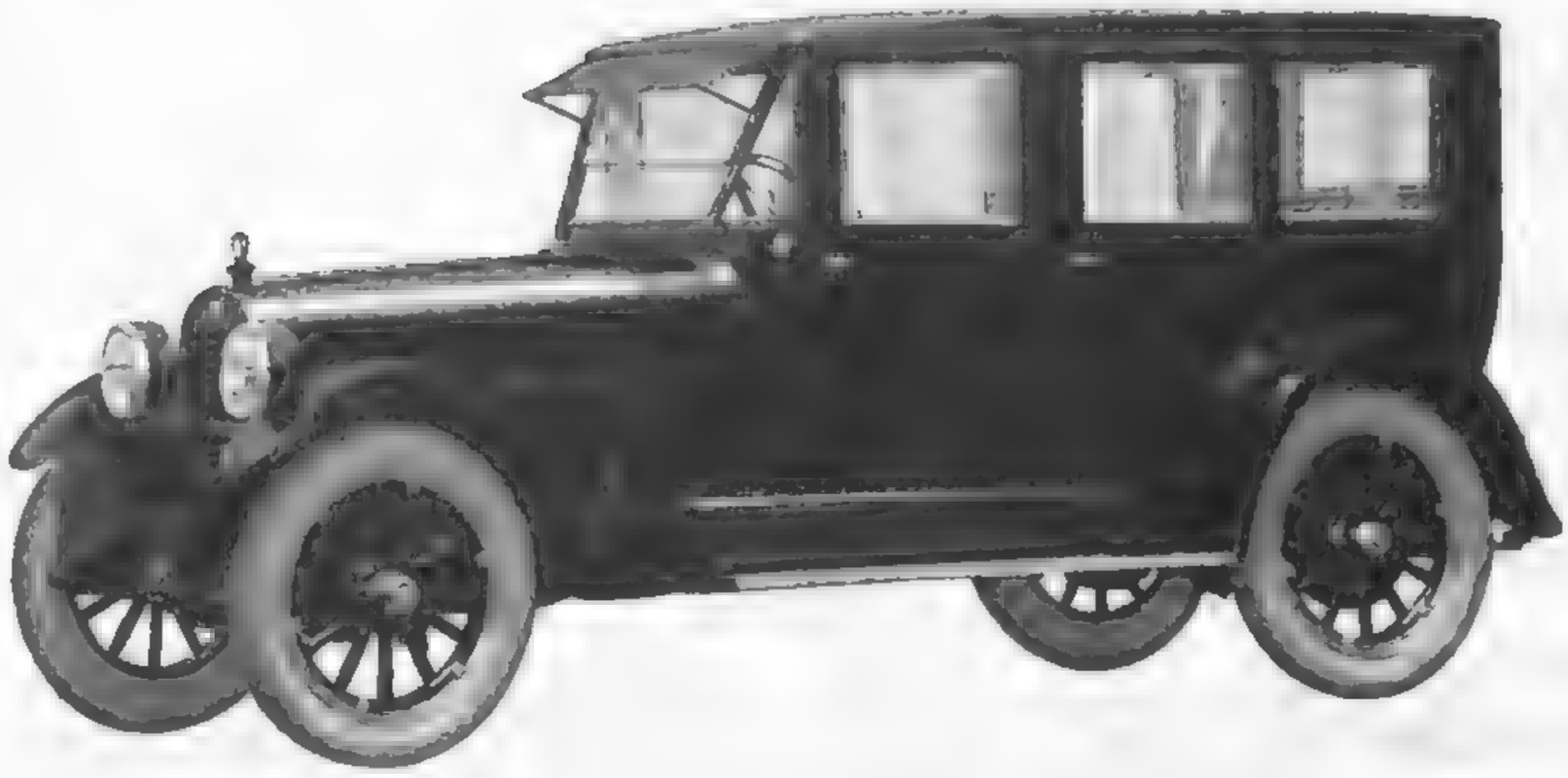
Milo waves his hand carelessly and says, "Hurry and get the painters and decorators and electricians and everyone to overhauling that shanty, and move in about thirty thousand dollars' worth of the best furniture money can buy so it will be ready to use when we come back from our bridal tour."

Then Orietta seen he was really crazy after all. But she humored him, and said, "All right—all right!"

Then he tells her to hurry and catch Lon Price at his office before he leaves, Lon being the agent for the Jordan place. She does so, and goes into Lon's office with him, not knowing what minute the lunatic would go violent again and dance or yell or something. Of course, a lot of people crowded after 'em to find if Milo has been robbed and murdered or anything. He laughs calmly and says it's a wonder a man wouldn't be able to take a long walk in the country for his health without causing a tumult in this one-horse town.

Then when the crowd has drained out he asks Lon how much for the Jordan house. Lon says fifty thousand flat for the house and eight lots.

(Continued on Page 50)



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If you can think better with your feet on your desk, for goodness' sake do your thinking that way.

The main idea is to get your frame in comfort and you will be in a more comfortable frame of mind for tackling your work. That brings us to the point of our story.

Our business is the making of office chairs. And now we've made an office *easy* chair—the Sikco. If you think that you and your office force can do better work with really comfortable chairs our only job will be convincing you that the Sikco really is the office *easy* chair. And there is somebody who can convince you of that much better than we can. He is the nearest Sikes dealer. Because he can let you *sit* in a Sikco.

Only then will you really see those little differences that make all the difference between comfort and discomfort, such as—the exclusive design of back, seat and arms shaped to conform to the natural curves of the body—the comfortable roundness of every edge and corner. You may have Sikcos in either genuine quartered oak or real Northern birch in mahogany finish. No drawing room chair has a higher quality of finish. But Sikco is *not* an expensive chair.

If you would like to know the name of the nearest Sikes dealer, drop us a line.

Sikes

SIKES COMPANY
CHAIRMAKERS FOR 60 YEARS PHILADELPHIA

Sikes office chairs are also made in every conventional pattern and design. In Buffalo, a Sikes factory is devoted exclusively to quality chairs for the home.

(Continued from Page 48)

Milo sets down, grabs a pad of Lon's checks and says, "Give me a receipt for this thousand to bind the sale."

Not a word about what the real lowest figure was, or how much this price will be shaded for cash down! Orietta thought even Lon Price would see the boy was crazy, and she said he did look amazed, but not alarmed.

Before Milo got up from the desk he wrote another check that he folded and took with him.

Outside he hands it to Orietta and says, "Take this before I forget it; it's ten thousand for you, to get some new dresses and sports suits and knickknacks, and so forth." She starts to say she don't really need it, getting more and more scared every minute, but Milo says, "Take it quick! You want me to be in hell again?"

That scares her again; sounds like he's going to dance and yell; so she says "Oh, all right, all right!" and hustles the check out of sight.

Then he says "Now we eat," and she again said "All right!"

He took her to the United States Grill, ordered dinner like a hungry ditch digger and actually et like one when it come. She nearly collapsed when she saw him eat like a human being, not having believed for one minute what he said about the Himebaugh food. And yet, right then, watching him wolf this food, she said she got a glad big suspicion that it might be, after all, he was perfectly sane.

He was going good in this way when the door crashed open and Mrs. Briggs rushed in on 'em. She'd heard her boy was found and had come quick. And she nearly keeled over when she saw Milo eating this destructive and high-priced food, the cost of which would of run the Briggs table for one week, with a couple of cold lunches left over. But Orietta said that in spite of this shock her first words was, "Is the money safe?"

"It's safe," says Milo, and looked sort of curious at her and grinned.

"Thank God!" says his mother. "But what do you mean by eating all that terrible rich stuff? Don't you realize you are only laying up torments for yourself?" And Milo grinned again and ordered another cut of lemon pie.

They took him home in Orietta's car. His mother was now thinking, like Orietta, that he'd gone off at the top. But they got him to bed and he fell asleep in one minute and slept solid for sixteen hours and woke up hungry; and owing to the Briggs kitchen being stocked as usual, he again went to the United States Grill and paid out a lot of money to endanger his health. After debauching himself with food he closed the deal for the Jordan place, give Orietta another check for ten thousand, telling her to start the people building a four-car garage in place of the old barn, and took the 4:02 for Spokane. From there he sent down decorators with orders to do what Orietta told 'em, and come back three days later with two new trunks full of new clothes for himself. He also brought about a pint of diamonds for Orietta, a new limousine that looked like a fashionable apartment house, and was followed by a cook that drew big wages and nearly killed Mrs. Briggs by the way he carried on in the old kitchen.

The old lady, of course, went quick to the Briggs lawyer to have him get the boy judged crazy. Plenty of others thought he was. But he was squandering his own money and the lawyer said he could do nothing to save him. He said being merely un-Briggs-like didn't legally constitute insanity, however suspicious it might seem. And all this time neither was Orietta sure about him in the head. He was eating free, putting on flesh, straightening back his shoulders and never had a twinge of his old trouble. It was grand on the face of it, but too good to be true. She watched him like a hawk, but couldn't catch him in anything raw, unless you counted the free writing of checks that way. She got to losing flesh herself on account of this worry. She knew something was back of this change; something connected with that six hundred missing dollars—for these had never showed up. His mother had pestered him about the money and the lawyer had asked questions, but they never could hold Milo down to it. He'd put 'em off. And he was talking so fond and merry about their marriage that at last Orietta got desperate. She went to him and told him flat she could never feel easy in her mind, marrying a possible lunatic, and until he come through with his guilty secret it was no wedding bells for him. So he took a good laugh and come through.

What had he done with the money? Throwed it away! Yes, sir; just like that. Setting up with the silver and his nervous indigestion that night he got wild; afraid to go to bed because of dreaming he was his grandfather throwing away money; afraid to stay awake because of the grandfather's gold ghost riding his neck with the hot pitchfork and saying this Bible verse over and over to him. I reckon he got delirious. He could feel the burning tines of the pitchfork when the bad ghost would order him to throw money away. Finally he sets down and writes a check to bearer for one hundred dollars and carefully signs it. Then, after waiting a minute for the ink to dry, he tears it up and throws the pieces out the window. He said something inside him knew this was foolish, but something else said it might do good. But it didn't. The ghost was right there. Then he tried the same remedy with a check for a thousand dollars. But when he'd torn this up and threw the pieces away it seemed like the pains got fiercer. The pitchfork got hotter and jabbed harder. That ghost wasn't going to be cheated with torn-up checks; it seemed to know as much as a bank cashier.

And Milo got wilder. The pains from the pitchfork and the pains from losing his girl was eating his vitals. At last he groaned and reached into the bag and got a handful of silver and threw that out the window. He said in one second he felt easier. He felt so much easier that in a few minutes he goes downstairs and paws around on the ground with lighted matches till he gets the money gathered up again. He goes back to his room and in one minute more the hot iron is prodding again—prodding deeper. This time he took two handfuls of silver and tossed 'em out. The iron eased up again like it was a miracle or something. He draws some long breaths almost without any pain; it was great. But he can't set there long. His life habits and teaching was what jabbed him now. He went down and found the money, and when he'd put it safe back in the sack, here comes the ghost with the iron new heated.

He said he see now that he must throw some money where he couldn't get it back. He couldn't buy the ghost off with anything less. So he grabbed the sack and rushed out up the road till he come to the first bridge, and he stood in the middle of that and got out a handful of the coins. It was a long time before he could make himself let go of the stuff. He knew it would be downright crazy to do so, yet he knew he had to. He said it was like trying to hit yourself in the eye with your own fist. You can't make your hand hurt yourself. But he kept trying, with the hot old fork still jabbing him, and at last he made his hand come open; the money fell into the water, and that instant the iron didn't goad so deep. He reached in for another handful and it went some easier, though not without a struggle, and the pains eased some more. Then he set down the sack of money and got both hands full and flung the stuff out, and the ghost let up a little more. But Milo knew it was still on his neck with the iron hot and ready. He said it was waiting there because it had seen a thought come into his mind. This thought was that if he threw the money all in one place he could get back the most of it. He said the ghost not only saw this thought but threatened him about it.

So he walked on about half a mile to the next bridge. He found it easier to make his hands behave this time and got rid of a lot of the money. But the ghost still rode him, and by now Milo knew it wasn't to be fooled with. So he went on to the third bridge over this crooked creek and threw a lot above the bridge and a lot below it, scattering the stuff out so it would be hard to find. And when that was done he said he couldn't feel a single pain. He waited and waited; nothing happened. He thought now he sure was cured, and started back home. But he didn't go a hundred yards till here come trouble again, the iron seeming to go clean through him. Orietta asks, surprised, why was that?

"Well, you see," says Milo, "I still have most of the money left."

He beat it back to the bridge, groaning out loud, and threw over some more handfuls. Then the pains eased some, but enough stayed to let him know his friend wouldn't stand any more trifling.

That settled it good and plenty. Milo trudged straight on up Curly Creek Cañon. He knew he mustn't leave much in one place or the other devil would make him want to salvage it. But there was plenty of bridges in this cañon, and pretty soon he can't feel the iron any more at all. But he took no chances. He'd learned better. Between town and where Orietta met him there's seven bridges; Milo played 'em all and played 'em strong.

Come morning, the money was gone, the ghost was gone, the pain was gone. Out there alone in that cañon in the night, away from the Briggs house and Mrs. Briggs, the bats, the string beans and the interest that poor folks sweated to pay on their loans, he said he got a right slant on things. He knew if he could keep like he was now he'd have Orietta back. To get her and keep her he was ready to toss the whole Briggs estate into deep water. That was about all he ever did say. Still, it was enough.

And there you are. Don't ask me what really happened inside Milo. But I know it's true. Mebbe some of these new mind doctors could explain it.

And oh, yes; now they're on their bridal tour to Honolulu; this letter from Orietta was what started me, because it tells how Milo was threatened with a relapse. Where's my specs? Here, listen to this:

"Yesterday we were on the wonderful island of Hawaii to see a boiling volcano, and outside the town where we landed our driver stopped the car before a lovely waterfall. He was a native, and told us very nicely the legend of this fall. Once on a time there was a bad dragon in the stream that worked much harm to the people. They prayed to a certain goddess—I forget her name, and anyway it's hard to spell. She heard their prayers, drove the dragon into a cave and made the water fall directly in front of it. You can see the edges of the cave each side of the fall; but the bad dragon can't get out, and the goddess is highly thought of for performing this service.

"When the driver finished, Milo fidgeted a while and then he said sharply, 'But you have enough water power in that fall to furnish electricity for your whole town back there. Why do you let it go to waste?' The poor driver was abashed. He could only mumble something and look guilty. Two other tourists were in the car with us, ladies, and one said to her friend, 'Isn't the American business man too wonderful!' But, my dear, her tone! You knew she meant it a queer way.

"Of course, I thought Milo funny, too; we were there to be happy and this waterfall was surely a part of our happiness. But it seemed to worry Milo. Several times later he said how wasteful these people were of their natural resources. But when we got alone I pulled him up sharp, because I thought he needed it. I said, 'If you could throw actual money away to feel fit, surely these nice people can throw a little water power away to have much beauty.'

"And suddenly, as I put this to him, the poor boy got frightened; he'd been worrying about waste and perhaps the gold ghost was coming back to punish him. He hardly dared eat a thing that night. He felt no pain, but was afraid he would. As soon as we got back to the ship he had a steward go to the library and fetch him a Bible. He sat in our stateroom and read this about ten minutes, then went straight and had a twenty-dollar bill changed into silver. After that he walked the deck very nervously for a while, then stood by the rail looking into the water. While this went on I was finding the Bible verse he must have been reading. It says, 'Your gold and silver is cankered, and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire.' And when Milo came in he didn't have the silver. But he was fit and happy once more. I was wakened next morning by his whistling as he went about shaving himself. He whistled and hummed till breakfast, and after that he tipped all the help five dollars each; I am sure he would have offered something to the captain, only that officer was up on the bridge."

Ma Pettengill refolded the written sheets, placed them on the arm of her chair and rolled a final cigarette.

"Looks like Milo, in spite of his millions, might come to feel as rich as most poor folks do—and his mother living out her days in poverty because she can't believe she's rich." There was a leisurely, luxurious draft upon the diminishing cigarette. "Nothing," concluded the lady, "does as much to old human nature as money does."

Motor Car-Owners Now Buying Spark Plugs by the Set

No. 3—
for
Dodge Brothers
Motor Car

Since the coming of this new Champion, a year ago, spark plug buying has been undergoing a change.

Formerly, spark plugs were bought as actually required, one or two at a time. Shrewd car-owners began at last to see that new plugs and old plugs in the same motor made a difference in individual cylinder power.

Furthermore, repair men found that many major engine troubles were directly due to faulty ignition—spark plugs which continued to fire, but failed to ignite the gas efficiently.

Now, there is a growing tendency to buy an entire set of plugs at least once a season. That keeps the engine at a higher pitch of performance and economy all the time. It saves much in oil and gas consumption.

The wisdom of this is easy to see. No one, except a scientist in a laboratory, can appreciate the severity of the service a spark plug must perform.

Probably no plug ever will be made that is entirely immune from deterioration in such service; but Champion has gone a longer distance in that direction.

What Champion has done is really revolutionary. It has discarded the old clay-porcelain core, and in its place produced a far better, far stronger core.

It was not easy to find this better, stronger core. Champion scientists labored for years before they finally perfected it.

Now it has been proved better, with 30,000,000 of the new Champion plugs in actual service.

It has shown that it has no equal in insulating properties. That its resistance to heat and strain and oil-soaking is almost marvelous.

This new Champion is the plug that is keeping 60 per cent of America's motor cars running today.

You have only to say the word to your dealer, to enjoy its advantages.

You will know it by its Double-Ribbed Core. Put a set in your motor and note the difference in pick-up and power, in smoother running and economy. It is insurance against costly repair bills.

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You will know the new Champions by the Double-Ribbed core. Buy them by the set. From any dealer anywhere. A type and size for engines of every make and model

CHAMPION
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The Ford standard equipment for 10 years. Recognized by dealers and owners as the most economical, most efficient spark plug for Ford cars, trucks and tractors. Sold everywhere.

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You never will have to sit or jump on the lid of a LANE Cedar Chest to close and lock it. Superior workmanship; interjoined panels and corners; sturdy, shape-holding hinges; Yale locks—these are a few of the substantial, time-resisting features underlying the glowing artistry of a fragrant LANE Cedar Chest.

LANE Cedar Chests may be bought as low as from $12 to $15 upward. Made in many plain and decorative styles and sizes, with or without trays. *For sure protection, as well as beauty, see that the name, LANE, is burned inside the lid of the chest you buy.* If your furniture dealer or department store cannot supply you with a genuine LANE, write us for name of dealer who can.

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Altavista, Virginia
Formerly The Standard Red Cedar Chest Co., Inc.

Artistic as a jewel-box; sturdier than a trunk; accessible as a dressing-table drawer.

THE SILENT PARTNER

(Continued from Page 32)

what I could," said Lisa between her teeth savagely, "and I'll say that every cent of it I've earned!"

Coburn was peering at her, his jaw fallen. He had not forgotten though that he had been the victim of her guile, her shrewdness, and again his wrath burned out at her.

"You were pretty smart, weren't you?" he mocked. "I wouldn't have given you credit for it!"

"No," replied Lisa; "there are a lot of others that haven't too!" She threw out her hands in a little gesture again of resentment and acid distaste. "The expensive Lisa! The extravagant Mrs. Coburn!" she repeated contemptuously.

He seemed conscious even in his stressed anger and excitement of what all the deceit and make-believe must have cost a woman like her; and stirring restlessly, he turned away. It was only for a moment though; and the flood of his own desperate emotion overcoming him he swung round to her again.

"That's all right too!" he said sharply. "Only I haven't time to hear all that. I want to know about that money. Is it all in that bank, or have you got it planted somewhere else? Come now, every minute's valuable to me."

She looked at him steadfastly.

"I've told you," she said deliberately, "you can't have it, George."

The level coolness of the speech seemed to rouse him like a blow.

"Are you crazy?" muttered Coburn. "I tell you I can save myself yet. Doesn't that mean anything to you?"

It meant little apparently. She resolutely shook her head, and with another half-articulate appeal to her he threw out both his hands. His air was as if he pleaded with a stubborn, recalcitrant child.

"Be reasonable, Lisa. You've got some sense, haven't you? You don't want to lose all you've got, all you've had, do you? Give me that money and I can get back what I've dropped, every cent of it. The tide's turned, the market's going back again. All I need is that money you've got to put us on our feet again."

"You can't have it," she repeated stonily.

The jolt shook him again.

"I will have it! It's my money and I mean to get it!"

"It's not your money, George."

"You got it from me, didn't you?"

"Yes, but even if I did—even if I am your wife—that doesn't mean it isn't mine. I worked for it, even if I did save it by a trick; and it was mine anyway. Just because I didn't use it the way you said it should be used doesn't make any difference. You threw it to me as a gift, the way men throw money to their wives, their women—some men, anyway; but never mind that. I'm your wife, and the money was earned as much by me as by you. It was mine, whether I got it from you or not."

The old story. It was new, perhaps, to Coburn; but at the moment he was in no calm mood to digest its philosophy.

"Then you refuse?"

"Yes."

With an effort Coburn mastered himself.

"I warn you," he said quietly, so quietly that even she caught the determination in his voice. "I've told you the consequences," he repeated.

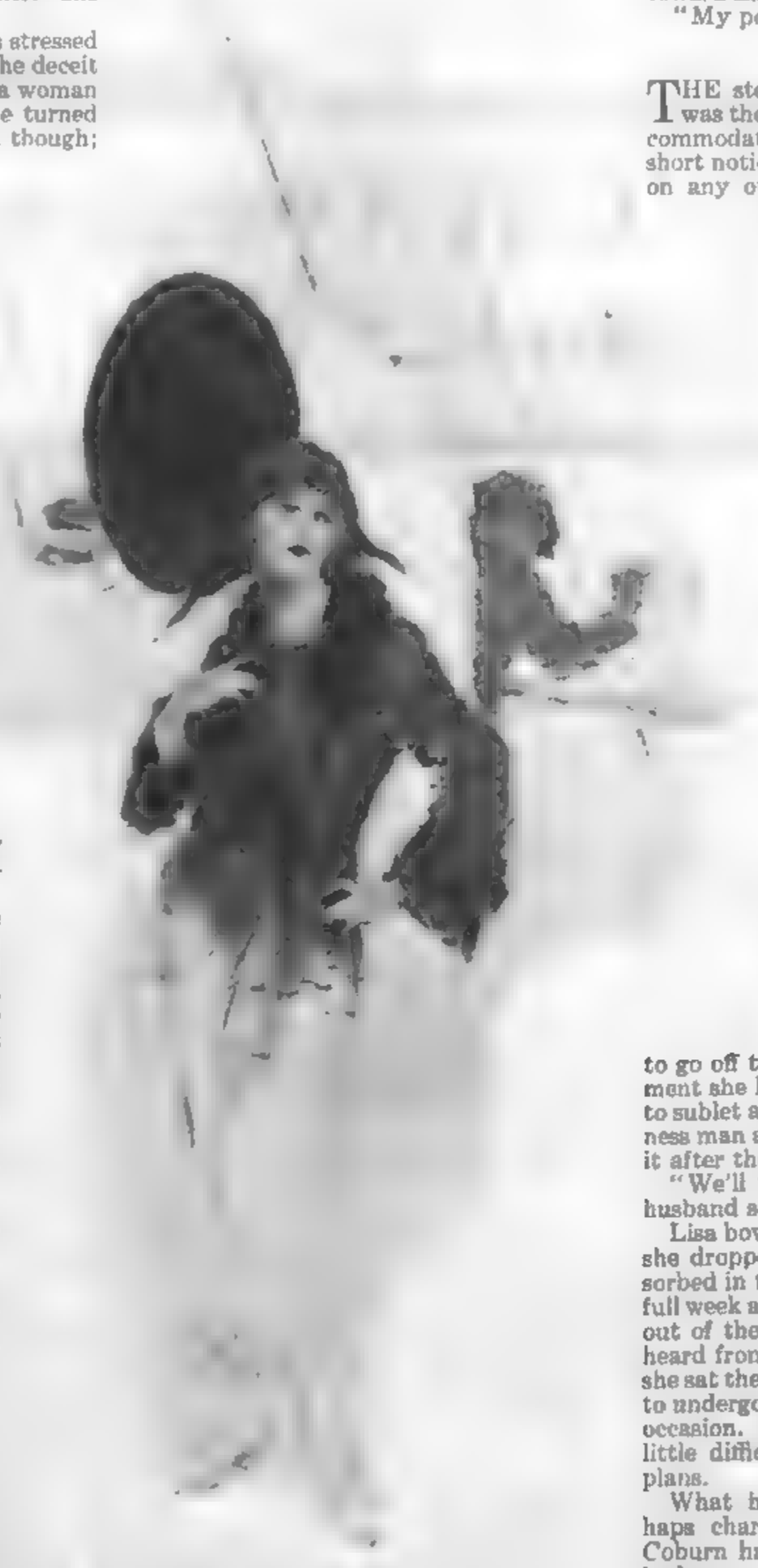
The consequences? She had almost forgotten his threat. Shaken a little, she remembered; but she still was incredulous.

"It's no use, George," she said doggedly; "I've told you once."

"Very well," said Coburn.

That was all he said. His shoulders set, he walked to the door and opened it. In the same settled quietude he stepped into the hall and closed the door behind him. Afterwards she heard him tread steadily toward his own room, open the door there and as quietly and impassively shut it behind him. That was all there was to it; no heat, no show of boyish, theatric temper, the sulkiness of defeat. The slam of a door—that or the sound of a chair flung out of his way—would have relieved her. There was nothing of this though; and it was this unwonted stillness and solemnness that at length got upon her nerves.

The minutes passed and she listened tensely. Then the door of his room opened and she heard him come out. A quick gleam lit her eyes. He was coming back, she figured; and a sudden softness drifted into her face, a woman's look of pity and regret. The steps went on though.



In Brief Monosyllables She Directed the Stewards to Take Her Things Below

He did not return to her door. A moment after she heard the door to the apartment close.

Lisa steeled herself. She had made her decision. She had done right, she knew that; she would have been a fool to have given in. She kept on repeating it to herself. "I was right! I was right!" For a minute or more she restrained herself. It was her money, wasn't it? She would be a fool, wouldn't she, to throw herself into beggary? Why should she give him the money just to have him throw it to the birds like all the rest? Then something broke—crashed rather—in the recesses of her mind, and with a cry Lisa darted to her bedroom door and flung it open.

"George!" she called; then she shrilled it: "George!"

A figure emerged out of the dimness of the hall. It was the maid, and Lisa stifled the cry again upon her lips. She demanded of the girl, "Where's Mr. Coburn?"

"Mr. Coburn's just gone out, ma'am," replied the girl, and Lisa was brushing swiftly past her when the maid spoke again.

"Mrs. Nesbit's calling. Shall I show her in?"

It was not necessary. Waiving any formality, Mrs. Nesbit appeared in person. Sympathy and a conscious womanly pity were stamped upon her face, and as she went toward Lisa she held out her arms to her.

"My poor dear girl!" she said.

XII

THE steamer was sailing Saturday. It was the first boat on which adequate accommodations could be obtained at such short notice; and as nothing was to be had on any other steamer for a fortnight or more, the party made hurried preparations to take it. Liverpool was the Delphia's destination; and after arriving there Mrs. Nesbit planned for the party to go up to London for a few days or so. Afterwards they would take the Folkestone-Boulogne packet and go on to Paris. A month later they would motor down to Nice. To the plans Lisa offered no objection. She was content to leave all the arrangements in Nelly Nesbit's hands.

"It's my first trip, Nelly, you know. It doesn't matter where we go or what I do. I'm satisfied."

"You're looking better, dearest," responded Nelly approvingly; "by the time you reach Paris you'll look and feel like a girl."

"Really?" murmured Lisa.

Mrs. Nesbit was sure of it.

"Now don't get too tired packing," she advised; "you're nearly finished, aren't you?"

Virtually so. For three days now the movers had been in the house, and all the household belongings were ready to go off to the storage place. The apartment she had managed by a stroke of luck to sublet already. The new tenants, a business man and his wife from Ohio, had taken it after the first inspection.

"We'll take possession as soon as your husband sends us the lease," said the man.

Lisa bowed silently. After they had gone she dropped on a chair and sat there absorbed in thought. Today it was Friday, a full week after the night Coburn had walked out of the house; and since then she had heard from him only once. That was why she sat there thinking. She was in no mood to undergo again what had befallen on that occasion. After it Nelly Nesbit had found little difficulty in persuading Lisa to her plans.

What had happened though was perhaps characteristic. The morning after Coburn had walked out and left her Lisa had rung up the brokerage office.

"I'd like to speak with Mr. Coburn," she said to the operator. "I'm Mrs. Coburn."

"Just a moment," replied the girl, and Lisa waited. She hardly knew what she meant to say; she still had to realize Coburn had made good his word and left her. Then she heard the operator speak, her voice queer. "Mr. Coburn's busy," she reported; "he says to leave your message."

Lisa felt the color leave her face. She hung up the receiver without replying. An affront like that, if even from him, was unforgetable; but with the problem of the lease to settle she hardly knew what to do. Coburn was bankrupt, and if the apartment was unoccupied she knew she would have to pay the rent. It was four hundred dollars a month and the lease had nearly two years more to run—only a few hundred short of ten thousand dollars. Nerving herself, she rang up the brokerage office again.

"Is that Rooker, Burke & Co's?" she asked. "Please tell Mr. Coburn that the

(Continued on Page 54)

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What Type of Asbestos Roofing?

This chart will help you decide

Kind of Building	Type of Asbestos Roofing	Brand or Trade Name
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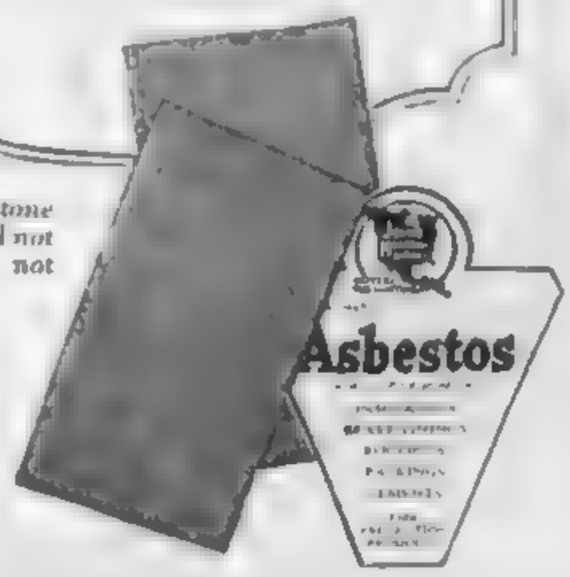
Dwellings $5,000–$7,000	Slate surfaced asbestos ready roofing or shingles or rigid asbestos shingles	Flexstone—red, green or blue-black Sel-rock—green, red, brown or gray
Dwellings $7,000–$25,000	Rigid asbestos shingles	Standard or Colonial Shingles—red, brown, green or blended
Dwellings $15,000 upwards	Rigid asbestos shingles	Colorbestos—four tones in two weights of Asbestos slate surfaced shingles
Factories, sloping part of roof, addition of the sawtooth roof*	Asbestos ready roofing or Asbestos built up roofing	Johns-Manville Asbestos Ready or Asbestos Built up Roofing
Flat roofs on all buildings*	Asbestos built up roofings	Johns-Manville Asbestos Built up Roofing
Skeleton frame buildings Concrete construction*	Corrugated asbestos roofing with fire-resistive treatment	Asbestos Protected Metal
Skeleton frame or brick buildings Concrete construction*	Corrugated Asbestos roofing with fire-resistive treatment	Johns-Manville Asbestos Corrugated Asbestos Roofing and Siding

*Note—Industrial buildings call for expert advice. A roofing expert is available at all Johns-Manville Branches.



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(Continued from Page 52)

agents are sending down the lease of his apartment. It's been sublet, and they wish him to sign the lease."

There was a moment's silence. The telephone clicked and Lisa heard a new voice on the wire:

"Hello! This is Mr. Rooker. Is that you, Mrs. Coburn? Your husband isn't here; we'd like to find him ourselves. He hasn't been here since Saturday."

Gone? After she'd hung up the receiver she sat staring at it blankly. What should she do? It was less, curiously, of the lease and all it involved that Lisa thought. . . . Gone? What had become of him? Then the consciousness of what she had passed through because of him—that and the last affront she'd suffered—swept over Lisa; and hardening, she brushed him from her mind.

The matter of the lease she settled as effectively. With new tenants already provided, the agents would, of course, willingly take it off her hands. A minute or so later she had telephoned them.

"Why, certainly, Mrs. Coburn," they assented.

All that was left for her now was to pack her hand bags. The servants she had already paid off and dismissed, but the bags she herself could pack readily.

But gone ——

"Well, I must be off," announced Mrs. Nesbit. Every day she had been there, a conscious solace and help; she now inclosed Lisa voluminously in her ample embrace and kissed her cheek spontaneously. "You are sure, dearest, you won't dine with Nesbit and me?"

Lisa shook her head. She would find herself something from the ice box, then get early to bed.

Mrs. Nesbit impressed her with final directions. The steamer sailed at ten and at nine the Nesbits would send a car for her. That would get Lisa aboard by half past nine or thereabouts, and Mrs. Nesbit chatted gayly. So nice Lisa was going! So wonderful to have her along! As Lisa opened the door for her and rang the elevator bell Mrs. Nesbit's eyes twinkled archly.

"Now don't be late aboard," she warned. "I've a little surprise for you."

"A surprise?"

"A great big surprise, dearest!" She was chirping. "You wait till you go aboard, darling," when a little murmur escaped Lisa, a half-uttered exclamation, and she stared across Mrs. Nesbit's shoulder.

"Why, Owens!" she ejaculated.

The elevator door had opened and the elderly, decrepit servitor stood looking out at her.

She had not seen him for a week; and as she saw him now, his face more than ever furrowed and gray, the remembrance that the servant, too, shared in what had happened broke on her with an added pang.

"I've been away, ma'am," said the man; "I took sick a week ago."

Lisa answered him hurriedly:

"As soon as you've taken this lady down, Owens, come back up here. I wish to see you at once."

Mrs. Nesbit waved to her as the door was closing.

"Nine o'clock, dearest! See you at the steamer!"

Once she was in her room, Lisa went directly to the writing desk. Her check book lay upon it, and she seemed to know exactly what she must do. Dipping a pen into the ink, she wrote hastily, then blotted what she had written. She was still sitting there, the pen in her hand and her eyes distant, when the doorbell rang.

Owens stood outside.

"Come in," said Lisa briefly. As he stepped into the hall she closed the door. "I'm sorry you were ill," she said. "I hope you didn't worry much—worry over your money, I mean. That's the amount, isn't it?"

The man took the check she handed him; then he turned it over in his hand.

"If you please, ma'am," he said hesitantly, "I don't understand."

"Yes, you do," she said bluntly; "it's a check for the money you gave my husband. It was nine hundred dollars, wasn't it your savings?"

"But I got it back, ma'am. He brung it to me th' day after I was sick."

"You say he brought it back?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Where?"

"At me home, ma'am—in bed I was."

So she had wrongly accused him. She gave no sign though.

"Did he say—say -ask anything about me?"

The man fumbled uncomfortably with the check he still held.

"He did, ma'am—beggin' y'r pardon, he asked a lot. You'll not take offense, I hope, but he was askin' me if you was all right and to let him know."

She digested that a moment.

"Where is he now, Owens?"

"I disremember the c'rect address, ma'am. I have it wrote down, and I'll bring it to you if you like."

Lisa's eyes were lit strangely.

"When are you off, Owens?" she asked abruptly.

"Seven o'clock, ma'am," the man answered, and Lisa laid a hand impulsively on his arm.

"As soon as you've finished come up here again. Order a cab, too, please; I have some things, a trunk, to go on it. . . . You understand now—come up here just as soon as you can!"

"Yes, ma'am, I understand all right."

She took the check he handed back to her and closed the door as he went out. A new fire animated her. The door of what once had been Coburn's room was opened and his belongings she had left in it to the last. As investigation had shown her, Coburn on departing had taken with him only a hand bag of limited dimensions; and her hands flying now, Lisa began to pull open bureau drawers and toss their contents on the table and the dismantled bed. Once as some well-remembered trifle caught her eye, some belonging of his eloquently remindful of himself, she gagged an instant. The banality of what she was doing—that and its inconsistency—she did not seem to realize.

Working feverishly, she had a trunk and a pair of hand bags filled when Owens rang the bell again.

"Here are Mr. Coburn's things," she said in a voice as commonplace as she could make it; "take them to him in the cab."

To the man she gave a bank note. Then she sat down to wait. At eight o'clock she was still waiting. At nine she still sat gazing toward the door. Ten o'clock struck then; and after another dragging, illimitable lapse she heard the chime on her mantel sound eleven. As midnight came Lisa rose and went down the hall to the door itself. She opened it and rang the bell for the elevator. When it came up to her floor, and a man, not Owens, looked out, Lisa gave him an order.

"Leave word to have me called at seven sharp," she directed. "I'm taking the steamer in the morning."

XIII

IT WAS half past nine when the first whistle sounded, warning off the ship those who were going ashore.

"Oh, my sakes alive, already?" ejaculated Gertie Harker, after which she added excitedly, "I wish to goodness I was going too!" As no one stood ready to second the wish, she uttered another exclamation: "If Lisa doesn't come soon she's going to get left, Nelly."

In the chair adjoining his wife's Nesbit was stodgily chewing the cigar gripped between his jaws. Mrs. Harker's remark appeared to incite in him a momentary concern and he leaned toward his wife.

"Say," he said guardedly, "you don't think she's going to give you the throwdown, do you? How do you know she hasn't gone back to that fellow, her husband?"

Mrs. Nesbit gave him a weary, pitying smile.

"Don't be an ass, Nesbit."

"Yes, I know he's broke," Nesbit answered; "but don't women nowadays ever care for a man just because they've married him?" As Mrs. Nesbit deigned no answer, Nesbit gave a mumble. "You women today seem to have about as much insides as a stove, Nelly."

"There's Lisa now," Mrs. Nesbit retorted.

Lisa, with a pair of stewards in her train, came hurrying along the deck. Her face was expressionless, but as she saw the Nesbits, Mrs. Harker as well, she wrung her face into a flitting smile.

"I'm sorry," she apologized; 'the car got caught in a traffic jam. I thought I'd have to abandon my things and run for it." Over her shoulder she bestowed a barely perceptible nod to Mrs. Harker. "How-de-do, Gertie?"

Mrs. Harker was doing very well. All of a gush, she thrust on Lisa a huge box of bonbons and an equally notable sheaf of roses, American Beauties.

"Think of me when you see them," begged Gertie, adding with a characteristic paraphrase, "I'd eat my hat with joy if only I was going in your place!"

During the days just past Lisa had hardly given a thought either to Gertie or other acquaintances of that sort in her circle. Now for the first time it struck her all at once that Gertie, too, must have shared somewhat in the crash that had engulfed herself—engulfed Coburn, at any rate. Gertie, though, showed no sign of current damage. Harker, of course, had been Coburn's partner; and he, too, Lisa thought, must have been hit. If he had been, she reflected that he had kept the news from his wife. It would be like the man. It would be like Gertie, with her canary-bird brains, not to suspect. After accepting the gifts Gertie thrust upon her Lisa turned to the others. Her air, the tone of her voice as well, was metallic. In brief monosyllables she directed the stewards to take her things below.

"I'll be back presently," she said, and was moving off, meaning to follow the stewards to her cabin, when Nelly Nesbit laid an arresting hand upon her arm.

"Wait just a moment, dearest," advised Mrs. Nesbit archly. Her eyes twinkling, she beamed up at Lisa. "You remember, I had a little surprise in store for you."

Lisa turned back irresolutely. A surprise? She had forgotten Mrs. Nesbit's remark of the night before. She felt that she'd had surprises enough.

"Guess who's aboard, Lisa! Guess who's going abroad with us!" Her husband at that instant gave her a savage nudge, a nudge of caution; but Mrs. Nesbit affected to ignore it. "Can't you guess, dearest?"

Lisa had no guess. She could not even dream—that is, unless —— But that was too incredible. She stared.

"See whose card is on the steamer chair next to yours, darling," Mrs. Nesbit advised; and wondering, Lisa bent to read it. Printed on the card was the name "Philip Coombes." The blood rushed up into her face, clung there an instant in a crimson tide, then as rapidly it ebbed away. Straightening stiffly, Lisa hurried off after the stewards.

Coombes aboard? Coombes going with them? The significance of that, after all the happenings involving them, she could not fail to grasp; and in her cabin, once she was alone, she stood before the mirror gazing fixedly at herself in the glass. What her sensations were she could not herself have told. She knew, though, that without so much as lifting a hand she still could have Coombes laying at her feet all that he possessed. . . . Oh, well, why be troubled? There would be time enough to reflect. She had, after all, only one life to live; and still young, she must reflect clearly how she should spend it. Just than a gurgle, a gay, eager laugh broke in on Lisa's mute mental processes.

Gertie Harker stood at the door. Gertie evidently had trailed her.

"Good-by, Lisa; *bon voyage*, dearest! I've got to flit; the whistle's blown again; and you know what rats Jim would give if I got carried off. Not that he'd die of the shock—losing me, I mean; but—well, you know!"

She grasped Lisa by the arms and planted the snapshot of a parting on each of Lisa's cheeks. Then she gave Lisa a sudden, confidential squeeze. "Oh, my darling, I'm so glad! Congratulations!"

"What are you talking about?" asked Lisa.

"Phil Coombes, of course—all the millions he has! Think of little Lisa capturing him!" Then halfway out the door she exploded afresh into the scattering shrapnel of her small talk: "I just heard last night, my dear, or I'd have congratulated you before. Jim's known it all along though. He says that's why Coombes put him out of business—you know, your husband, Lisa."

"Put him out of business?" Lisa's voice was like a rock. "You say he did that to—to George?"

"He and Mr. Nesbit—you knew, didn't you?"

She had known nothing. A flash of light—a crash, rather—pierced through into her understanding and it was only with an effort that she choked back the cry that struggled to her lips.

(Continued on Page 56)

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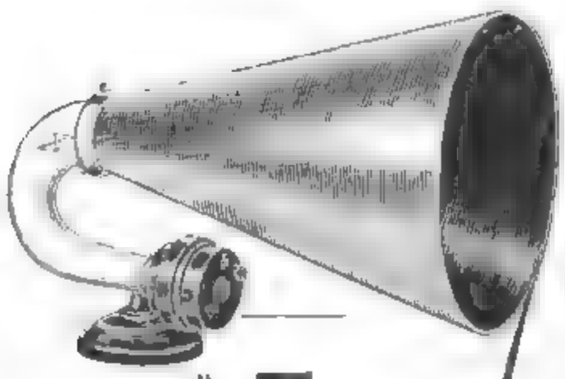

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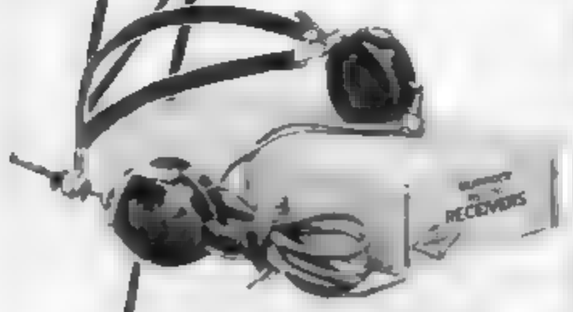

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STANDARD APPARATUS SINCE 1904

(Continued from Page 54)

"Why? Why, what have I said?" exclaimed Gertie Harker.

Lisa did not reply. The whistle again had blown; and waiting only to snatch up her hand bag, she sped down the narrow passage that led to the companionway and the upper deck.

She crossed the ship to the shore side next the wharf, and as she got to the rail the land crew already were at work about the gangways. A stream of shore-going visitors crowded them, and through the press the last belated passengers elbowed their way aboard. Lisa heard her name called.

"Lisa! I say, Lisa!" Out of the corner of her eye she visioned a plump, middle-aged figure enveloped in a fur coat, his round, commonplace features looking out from under the peak and brim of a smart homespun traveling cap. "Lisa! Mrs. Coburn!"

She did not stop. She did not even falter. Half a minute afterwards she was on the wharf and darting down the stairs to the gates. Her bags and other belongings she had left behind her. She knew, too, that it was far more than that she'd left there on the steamer. Blocks beyond, five minutes later she heard the last hoarse whistle of the Delphia as it backed out into the stream; and her face and eyes alight, she leaned from the window of the taxicab.

"Drive faster, please!" she begged.

XIV

THE rooming house was in Forty-eighth Street—a dingy, down-at-the-heels establishment typical of the quarter; and it was typical, too, that the new roomer, the tenant of the fourth-floor front, should have sought quarters in that one particular section of the city. Across the way a flat house as drab and seedy as the lodgings reared its front, and during the eight days he had occupied the room the tenant seemed to derive a somber interest in staring across the street at it. The small activities of the life going on there held and absorbed him—the housework, the daily social doings; these and with them all the many petty shifts for existence seen through the opened windows. He pored upon them by the hour, sitting there with his hands limp and idle in his lap; and all the time he thought. Over and over in his mind Coburn mulled the history of what had befallen him, a procession of dreary facts.

He was no dolt, whatever else may have been said of him. With his hot-headed, swift impulsiveness and his boyish propensity to swagger, he had been a fool at times, no doubt; yet Coburn still had wit. A convincing type of the stock-market dabbler, a sanguine visionary living only in today, he still had something not possessed by the usual dabbler—the suckers, as Wall Street aptly terms the tribe. He could hark back step by step and read in detail just what had happened to him and just how it had happened.

That was how he differed from the usual sucker. The usual type goes on biting, learning little if anything from its past disasters, its flounderings. If it did, the pickings would be lean in the Street—that is, Wall Street's pickings. "The sucker always comes back" is an adage of the Street as apt and consistent as the other—"The sucker always bites." It would be a long time, though, before Coburn would bite again. He might go back, of course, as the dabblers, the suckers, always do; but it was unlikely he ever would bite again in the same way he had bitten.

That was what scarified him now. It was what, too, had driven him here to this cheap, dowdy lodging, the place where he hid his head from those who knew him. The knowledge of how he had been tricked and cozened and befuddled by men he'd trusted flayed him till he was raw. It was all clear now. His paper profits, by one turn and another, he had inflated into a figure large enough to tempt others to take these winnings from him. That was Wall Street's way, of course; and Harker, Nesbit and Benton had done it. How it had been done he could see now. He recalled the steps Harker had taken to worm himself into his confidence. Heretofore Coburn had always played a lone hand in the market. It was a fetish of his to play it alone, one of the many of those fetishes that make the dabbler what he is. Another of Coburn's fetishes was tips. A wise guy, as he thought himself, he professed a mocking scorn for tips and tipsters. Inside information, straight news from headquarters, was something different though. Harker had it too. What's more, he'd proved it by handing to Coburn first one tip, then a second, both of which the tape showed subsequently were straight goods. The third tip, on a venture, Coburn had played, and with it he had won. The clean-up, too, he'd made was big enough to tempt him. Then Harker slid him the tip on Three Cities Steel. They all do it, the dabblers; all fall at last for a tip. The Street always gets them in the end. Nesbit and his crowd of Insiders already were operating a pool in Three Cities, and Coburn was induced to come in on another.

It was very simple. While Coburn was pouring out his money, his paper profits, in the effort to margin his trades Nesbit and the others merely coppered theirs. That is, the stock sold by one pool—Coburn's—their other pool bought in.

The way they'd trimmed him though was not the only revelation. Last night it had been reserved for him to learn something else. It was the man from the apartment, Owens, who had innocently divulged it. With the trunk and the bags, Owens had arrived at the rooming house; and when Coburn realized, he awoke, feverishly alive.

"You saw her? She's all right? What's happening to her?" he demanded eagerly.

He had scrambled to his feet as he spoke, and instinctively his eyes wandered to the table where he'd thrown his hat. Owens for a moment fiddled uncomfortably.

"Y'r wife, sir, she's rented the flat, I hear. In the morning, sir, she's taking the steamer—going abroad, she tells me."

"Abroad?"

"Yes, sir; she and a friend—a Mrs. Nesbit's the name, I think."

That, too, was a crusher.

"Mrs. Nesbit?"

"Yes, sir, that's the name."

There was an evening newspaper in the room that he had not looked at, and after Owens had gone he searched through it till he found the list of steamship passengers sailing the next morning. Owens, now, was accurate. There was Mrs. Nesbit's name, and after it the other, Mrs. George Coburn. Then, farther along, Coburn chanced upon another name. It was like a blow in the face to the man who read it. The newspaper crackled in his hands. The name was Philip Coombes.

Little wonder that no word from the rooming house had gone back to the uptown apartment. All that night he had digested what he'd read. One hour after another through the night's heavy-footed procession of hours he had lain with his eyes fixed upon the ceiling. He uttered no sound, however. He merely thought—thought. . . . That was last night though. This was morning, and for three hours now he had sat back from the window, his eyes fixed on the flat across the street in the same way that through the night he had lain and stared at the ceiling. A new couple had just moved into the apartment on the fourth floor, level with his room. They were a young pair, honeymooners manifestly; and the mouth of the man watching them curled sardonically as they flitted to and fro, animatedly setting the place in order. The flat was the same flat he once had occupied. He, too, had been a honeymooner then; and at the thought the line of his mouth twisted till it bared the edges of his teeth.

"God!" he said.

Looking-Glass Falls, Pisgah National Forest, North Carolina

There was nothing impious in the half-uttered name. It was merely the echoed reflection of a man robbed of a last illusion. Sardonic and saturnine, Coburn went on watching.

It was the sound of the door opening that roused him. He had not heard the taxicab when it charged up to the curb below. He rose to his feet cumbrously before he looked around, supposing it was the servant entering to do up his room. Then the door was closed quietly, and he looked.

It took Coburn a long moment to comprehend. She was looking at him half frightened, questioning. With his tousled hair and his limp, sagging shoulders, he was an incongruous, unheroic figure. He never had looked more helpless and dependent; but as she put out both hands toward him he stiffened, his mouth working.

"What are you doing here?" Coburn demanded harshly.

"I've come to get you, George," answered Lisa.

"What for?" he uttered thickly. "I thought you'd gone abroad."

"I've come to take you home," answered Lisa; and then, the light leaping up into her eyes and her feeling overwhelming any other thought that may have held her, she sped across the room toward him.

"George! Look at me, won't you? Oh, don't you understand? I couldn't let you go—I found I couldn't! I don't care anything about the money; I don't care about anything but you! You can have every cent of it if you like. I'll give it to you now; but come back to me—come back!" begged Lisa.

Something wrenched the man so that his big bulky frame shook to the feet with it. He strove to speak and couldn't, and she reached up swiftly and drew down to hers Coburn's tousled head.

"There, there!" she whispered feverishly, patting his shoulder and running her slender fingers through his hair. The tears that five years she had stubbornly withheld were welling in her eyes now. "There, tell it to me," she whispered.

Another wrench shook him.

"I thought you'd gone," he said.

The landlady, toiling up the stairs, paused for a moment at the landing. "Fine proceedings!" was the term that hovered on her lips. This was a respectable house, she told herself; and though that woman, the caller, had said she was the lodger's wife, she was going to see about that. Women in furs and fine, money-costing clothes like this one had on wasn't likely to have husbands in rooms to rent, she guessed. There was something fishy about it!

She was halfway along the hall, her face determined, when a sudden sound from within halted her. Listening for a moment, she tiptoed cautiously to the door. Then the landlady leaned down, and with a dexterity acquired no doubt by years of constant practice she applied her eye to the keyhole of the door. What she saw must have been convincing. The lodger stood by the bureau, his eyes following like a dog's the figure that was energetically flitting about the room. Withdrawing her eye from the keyhole, the landlady straightened up.

"Packing his trunk, eh? H'm, she's his wife, all right!"

"Look!" said Lisa.

She ceased stuffing things into a bag for a moment and pointed to the flat across the way. Over there the newly married had just appeared at the window, the man hanging raptly over the girl while she bestowed a geranium in a tin can on the window sill.

"It's our old flat, George," said Lisa. "They're just like we were, do you remember?"

He nodded.

"I kind of wish we were back there," he said wistfully.

"You do not!" Lisa retorted promptly. "We've got money enough, you and I, to start in better than that."

She clung to his arm a moment, holding it tight to her as she looked up at him; and Coburn smiled a little.

"I don't care what it is," he answered, "so long as it's on the level." He shook himself massively as if he relieved his shoulders of a burden. "I want to work—work," he said.

"You will," she answered.

(THE END)

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A WOMAN WITH A PAST

(Continued from Page 13)

At this everyone laughed heartily, as if she had said something extremely clever; and Deborah, knowing that it wasn't clever, assumed that this was a measure of their friendliness and felt grateful to them.

"But you did sleep?" said the count, as if this were a point he wanted to have settled once and for all.

It crossed her mind that perhaps they were making fun of her for the horrible time she had had at the party. They should never know how long she had sat at her window worrying about it.

She answered rather proudly, "Certainly I slept—very well."

The count gave a slight exclamation, shrugged his shoulders and turned away. She saw that for some reason her answer had not pleased him.

The Prince of Berengaria, who, even in his bathing suit, wore a monocle, and had been studying her through it, now dropped it with a quick motion of his brows, and said with a most insinuating softness of tone, "I am having a leetle peek-neek on the beach this evening. Will you do me the honor to come?"

It would have been Deborah's impulse to accept at once and definitely, but something about his manner—she did not know just what—made her pause.

"I must consult Mrs. Goreham," she returned rather primly.

The prince turned to Count Sandro. "She must consult Mrs. Goreham," he repeated.

He spoke with absolute gravity, but as the little count at once burst into a peal of laughter Deborah saw that the prince's gravity was the kind that merely points a good joke.

She did not understand it, and annoyed with them all she turned away, dropped her cloak and walked into the water. To her surprise they all followed her, and others joined them. It was as if she were the magnet for the entire beach. They swam about her, asking her to various parties. The little counts were having tea for what they called the gang-a on the beach that afternoon; wouldn't she please come? Mary Brockton was giving a dinner to be followed by dancing, before the peek-neek—which Deborah learned with surprise was not to take place until midnight at least—would she come? And the next day she must have tea in the Piazza—that was the thing to do in Venice—Miss Goreham must do that. She could not have got rid of them if she had wanted to, but soon she didn't want to. She thought she had not understood them at first; she saw now they were most eager to be kind and friendly; they evidently liked her and wanted her to be one of them. After all, if it had not been for last evening she would have thought such a wish normal enough.

By the time she had finished her swim and had sat a little while in the warm sunshine and had swum just once more, she felt pleased with herself and her new friends and the world in general.

After luncheon she knocked again at the Gorehams' door. Her cousin was sleeping and Flora was resting and could not be disturbed. All was going well. She busied herself with unpacking and arranging her dresses for the round of parties she saw ahead of her.

A pretty girl of nineteen does not, unless she has something morbid in her nature, inquire too closely why it is that her fellows like her. Deborah wasted little time on this aspect of her situation. All she regretted was that Brainard should have gone away before she came into her own. She knew he would have been at all these parties; she had noticed how civil the Italians were to him. She thought that if she had been meeting him three and four times a day she could have succeeded in making him look at her when he spoke, and think of her when he looked.

She was eager to know more about him; and that evening at dinner when Count Sandro, who sat at her right, mentioned his name she took it up with interest.

What was the matter with his left arm?

Didn't she know? That was how he got his Victoria Cross.

"Oh!" cried Deborah, overwhelmed at this thought. "I didn't know he was a V. C."

"No?" answered the little count, surprised. "But that is the main reason why all the lovely ladies fall in love with him."

There was a distinct intimation here that Deborah was in love with him, too; and she replied quickly, "Why, I've only seen the man once—last night."

"That's the worst of it," said the count.

"I mean," said Deborah, feeling that still their minds had not met on the point, "that his aunt just introduced me ——"

"Ah, the wisest of us makes mistakes."

"I can't see why it was a mistake," the girl returned.

The count laughed at this. "You mayn't," he answered, "and yet she may. And apropos—how is the other gentleman—your poor cousin?"

"He's ill; I haven't seen him."

"Oh, you heartless girl!"

This was most unjust. Deborah protested. "I tried to see him, but Flora won't let me."

"Ah, well, she is within her rights."

And as the man on her left spoke to her she heard the little count turn to his neighbor and repeat her last remarks with much enjoyment. What the man on her left was saying was interesting too. He was an older man—a painter who had been a good deal in America. He observed that it was really too bad that Brainard had been forced to leave so suddenly. This time Deborah contented herself with a bare assent.

Her companion pursued the topic.

"When is he coming back?"

"I really don't know," answered Deborah coldly.

He leaned back in his chair and studied with interest.

"Oh, you American girls," he exclaimed, "you're wonderful! Such poise, such aplomb!"

What was it all about? Deborah wondered. Had Flora been making herself conspicuous with Brainard? Were they all trying to get information about it from her? Venice, she knew, had always been a hotbed for international gossip.

It seemed a little strange to her, and yet she was enjoying herself so much that she soon forgot all about it. Never at any party anywhere had she been so much of a belle as she was at the little dance before the picnic. Every man in the room who did not already know her had himself introduced to her, and danced with her again and again. Tommy's royal Spaniard and Mary Brockton were neglected in comparison. What a contrast to the night before!

And it was the same thing at the picnic on the sands. Many efforts were made to draw her away into moonlight strolls along the beach, but she resisted. The little count became distinctly annoyed.

"Mademoiselle does not like the moon as well tonight as she did last night," he said.

"I hardly saw it last night," answered Deborah stiffly. She did not like his manner.

"Too busee?" asked the count teasingly.

Three other people asked her when Brainard was coming back.

She knew that her mother would not approve of the fact that staying like this in a great hotel she scarcely saw her chaperon at all. Yet it was nobody's fault; Flora was busy taking care of her husband. Three or four times a day Deborah stopped at the door of the Gorehams' suite to ask after Cousin Bradley's health. The morning after the picnic on her way to swim she stopped, but as usual saw only the maid. Mr. Goreham was better.

How different was her reception on the beach this second morning. It seemed now as if everyone was waiting only for her. The prince, thin as a rail in his black bathing suit and always his single eyeglass; the two little counts in pajamas of Turkish toweling, one dark red and one dark blue; and half a dozen other men of various nations with whom she had danced the night before were standing in a semicircle; and as she appeared in the distance they cheered and waved their hands and beckoned.

Between her and them old Lady Armistead was moving slowly toward the hotel; she wore a large black beach hat, and she was followed by Parker, a severe English maid, carrying a shawl, two books, a copy of the Times and a parasol.

It was the first time Deborah had seen the old lady since the dance two evenings before—the terrible evening of her first arrival. She was a different girl this morning, full of life and spirits and self-confidence. She did not wait for the old lady to recognize her; she stepped forward, showing her regular white teeth in a beaming smile, and held out a frank American hand.

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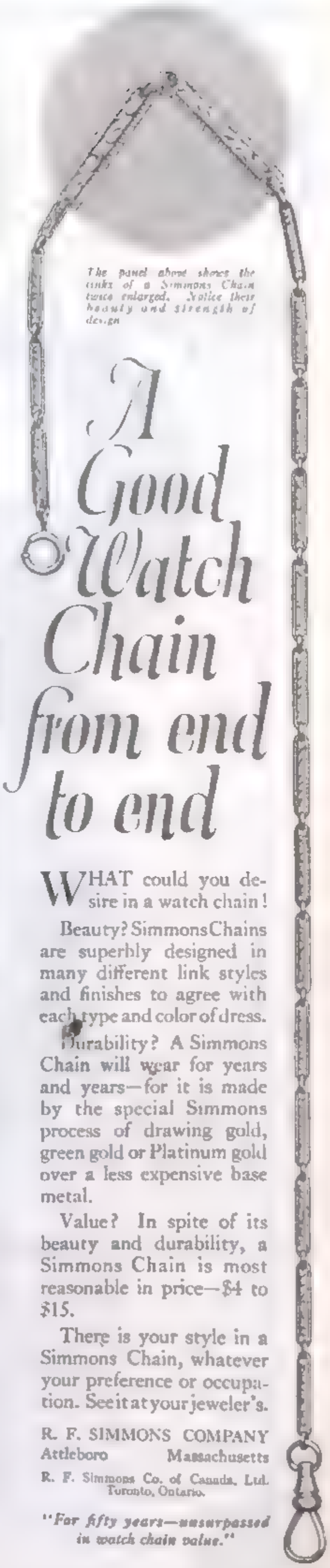

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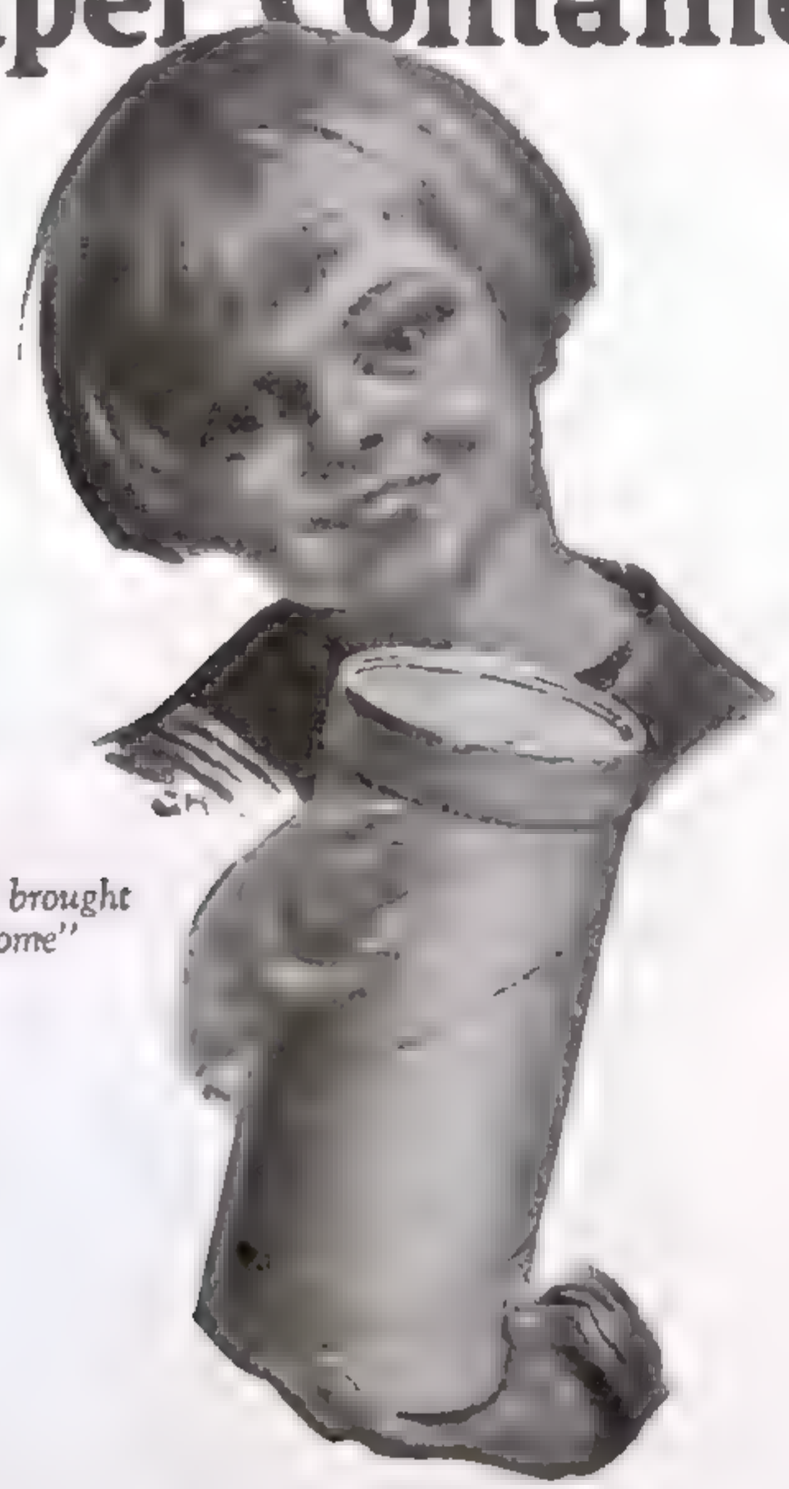

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"Oh, Lady Armistead," she said, "isn't it a wonderful morning?"

Lady Armistead did not look at Deborah, or stop, or smile. She simply answered "Oh, quite," and stepping round the girl, went on her way.

Deborah was so much surprised that she stood where she was and stared; and then as the prince drew near her she exclaimed: "Why! I think she meant to be rude to me!"

The prince shook a long manicured finger at her. "She does not approve of dueling."

"I haven't fought a duel."

The prince received this as a witticism. "Ah," he said, "it's worse to cause others to sin than to sin yourself, you know."

"I?" cried Deb, and the monosyllable fell from her lips like the bleating of a lost lamb.

"I believe that's the version this morning," returned the prince casually. "How blue the sea is! Shall we go in now, or sit on the beach for a little?"

But to his surprise, as he turned back from the contemplation of the Adriatic he saw that his companion had left his side. With the pink cloak billowing out behind her she was tearing up the long steps of the hotel after Lady Armistead.

The old lady, who suffered, as most of her family did, from gout, moved slowly, and Deb caught her halfway up—the most conspicuous spot in the whole Lido.

"Lady Armistead," she asked fiercely, "what have you heard about me?"

The old lady straightened herself with some difficulty, looked at Deborah without the slightest change of expression while you might have counted three, and then she said, "It would take rather too long to tell," and began to go on.

Deborah's was not a tumultuous nature; she was not often angry, but never in all her life before had she received a personal insult. Everything she had inherited from her country and her family, as well as her own individual self-respect, made her feel that this was something one didn't put up with. She laid her hand on the old lady's arm—pitifully small and soft under her firm grasp—and said, "But you must tell me!"

"Must?" said Lady Armistead, raising the place where her eyebrows should have been. She, also, was an indomitable spirit, and of much wider experience. "Must?" she said again, in the tone of one who now remembers she has heard a word like that before somewhere. Then she added as if observing that the earth went round the sun, "I rest before luncheon," and continued up the steps and into the hotel, followed by Parker, who had never even turned her head during the short dialogue.

Deborah stood there, beaten, her heart thumping, her cheeks hot. The incident was public. She was not only angry and shocked but she was a little bit frightened—frightened, as most people are, of something they do not understand.

But having learned so much, it was not difficult to get the whole story. Mary Brockton was her informant. The story, Mary said, had many versions, but roughly it was as follows:

Flora Goreham had not wanted Deborah to come; she had been perfectly open about that—had gone about telling everyone what a bore it was to have an American flapper on her hands. The husband, however, had been awfully keen for her arrival, and had told everyone what a charming pretty girl his cousin was; so much so that even before her coming some of the Italians had suspected a love affair between him and his youthful charge. Well, she had come, and what had happened? Flora had barely spoken to her, and Goreham had hung about all the evening. And then Brainard—Brainard, whom so many women were making a fuss about—had plainly caught her fancy.

Even Donna Ana had noticed the ecstatic expression of her face while she was dancing with him. He had taken her out on the sands—the English were like that, all for direct action if they got going at all—Cousin Bradley had followed, had arrived, some said too soon and some too late; anyhow the two men had fought—that was what was the matter with Goreham—some said knives, some said fists; Flora had rushed out to save one man or the other, and had succeeded in getting the injured Goreham unnoticed into the hotel. Of course some people thought Flora had tried to poison him, but that was absurd. Brainard had made a get-away. The point that everyone agreed on was that the two men were desperately in love with Deborah.

"And of course what people here don't like about it," said Mary in conclusion, "is that you're so cold-blooded about the whole thing—don't seem to care that your cousin may die or even that Brainard has chucked you."

"But, Mary," Deborah gasped, "you know that there isn't one word of it true! You know that, don't you?"

"Well," replied Mary dispassionately, "some of it's true. Flora didn't want you, not a little bit; and she's simply off her head about Brainard; and you all four were outside together, at least out of the ballroom for hours that evening; and Brainard has gone off without a word, and your cousin is ill in a funny sort of way. I suppose all the rest is embroidery."

"Indeed it is," said Deborah, and gave an exact, detailed account of every hour of her time since her arrival, ending, as Mary kept nodding her head in perfect credence, with a request that she should tell everyone what the facts were.

"Or perhaps you have told them already that it's all a lie?"

"Not I," answered Mary quickly. "I want you to have a good time here. Haven't you noticed the difference in the way everyone treats you since this came out?" And she went on to expound at some length the philosophy of the situation—nothing like a good scandal for mystery and charm—that is, if your past was really unimpeachable. "I myself—and I'm just as much cursed by being a New Englander as you are, Deb—I try to get the result by my clothes and this new lip rouge. But you have all the luck. What do you suppose a girl like you—a good, nice and, if you'll forgive me, commonplace American girl—has to offer these people? Just nothing at all. But now, without any effort, without doing anything you oughtn't to do, you have attained fame—you're the most conspicuous and alluring figure here. Oh, yes, your simple, open manner combined with this horrid story is the most provocative, amusing thing to them all. Every man on the beach is mad to find out what you're really like."

"I think it's perfectly disgusting!" said Deborah. It was disgusting when she thought of the other men, but when she thought of Brainard—oddly enough she noted that the idea of her name being associated with his was not so revolting as it should have been. "Besides," she added after a second, "suppose the people at home heard about it?"

Mary laughed. "People at home aren't as different perhaps as you think they are. But don't worry; if they heard of it they wouldn't believe it. They know you, and they know Flora."

"It wasn't twelve o'clock when I went upstairs to bed," repeated Deborah.

"No use in saying that—if you can't prove it."

"I shall prove it—somehow or other."

"You'll make a great mistake if you do."

But Deborah couldn't agree to this. More than the scandal the remembrance of Lady Armistead's insolence poisoned her whole being. She must settle the score with the old lady.

Still in her dry bathing dress—her interview with Mary had taken place in Flora's tent on the beach—still with her pink cloak wrapped about her, she went to the desk and inquired the number of Lady Armistead's sitting room, and went straight there, unannounced.

She did not know how she was going to get in, short of strangling Parker, but as a matter of fact the door was not even locked. She opened it and walked in. Lady Armistead was not resting, she was writing a letter—in purple ink on cross-hatched paper. She looked up as Deborah entered, and said, "Really!"

The English make fun of us for our universal use of the word "well," but really they overwork "really" in much the same way. They make it express interest and disbelief and belief and surprise and, as Lady Armistead now used it, extreme protest.

"Lady Armistead," said Deborah, her voice shaking a little, but her purpose firm as a rock, "I've just found out why you were so rude to me a few minutes ago."

"Was I rude?" murmured the old lady, as if rudeness had been nearly but not quite the note she had intended to strike.

Deborah did not leave in her any doubt. "Yes, you were," she answered. "You

(Continued on Page 62)

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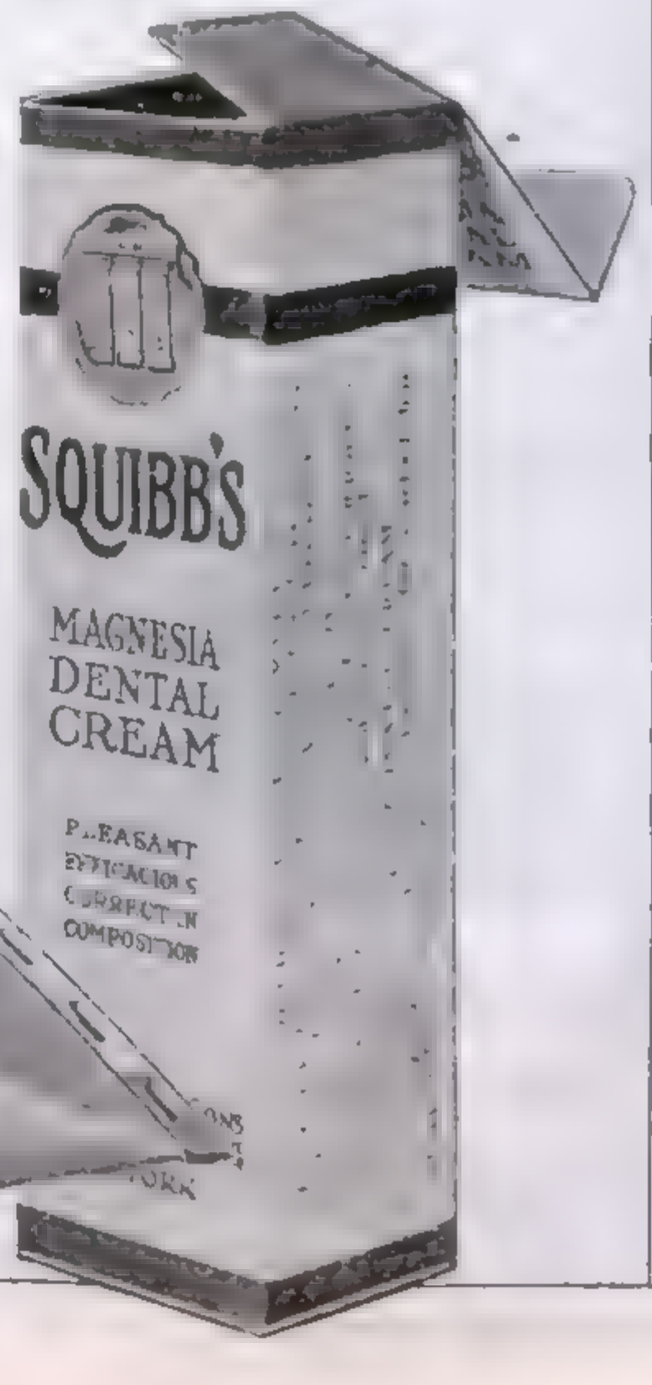

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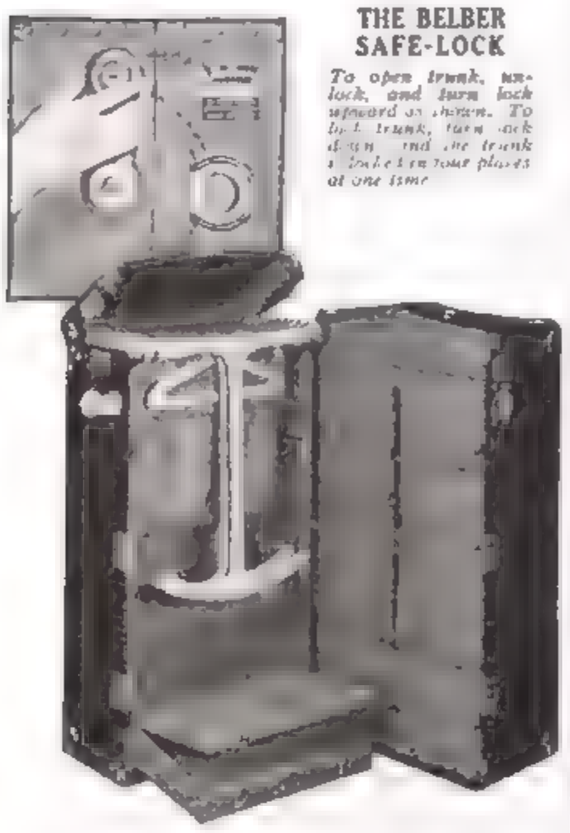
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(Continued from Page 60)

were rude to me because you had heard this awful story about me—but it isn't true."

Lady Armistead dipped her pen in the purple ink. "Perhaps," she said in her lovely low voice—"perhaps you overestimate the interest I take in whether it's true or untrue."

Deborah felt an impulse to snatch the pen out of the small gnarled hand, but she didn't. She approached the desk and said, "But you do take an interest. You must—you bet you must! You think you have a lot of influence—oh, yes, you do; all English people like you think so—and you have. But you've got to use it right. Now this time you were wrong. I did not go on the beach at all. I went straight to bed after I had danced with your nephew. It wasn't midnight when I went up."

The old lady looked at her reflectively. "I don't know how much of this disagreeable story you know," she said, "but I may say that if you can prove what you say it will leave your cousin, Mrs. Goreham, in rather an uncomfortable position."

"I can prove it," said Deborah, though her tone betrayed that at the moment she did not know exactly how, and she added suddenly: "But do I need to, as far as you're concerned? Lady Armistead, don't you really know I'm telling the truth?"

There was a little pause, and then Lady Armistead said very quietly, "Yes, I believe you are."

This reply gave Deborah so much pleasure that she knew that in about two minutes she would be crying, and she wanted to get away before that happened, so she hurried on:

"Thank you. In that case you must do something about it. You must ——"

The old lady interrupted her. "Really, my dear child," she said, "you use the word 'must' too much. I shall do something about it, but you must leave it to me—what it shall be. And now I hope you won't think me insolent—or shall we say British?—if I ask you, next time you come, to knock on the door first."

Deborah felt guilty. "I'm awfully sorry," she answered. "Bursting in like that. But you know," she added, smiling, "it's a good deal of an adventure to tackle you. You're a good deal of a proposition, Lady Armistead. It needed a lot of courage."

Lady Armistead smiled, too, broadly; she had been half smiling for some time. "I think you have a great deal of it," she said. "I like courage." And she nodded and went back to her letter.

Deborah went back to her room comforted. It didn't matter so much what other people thought, if Lady Armistead understood. In her room she found a basket of peaches and grapes from the two little counts, who owned a fruit farm on the island; a huge bunch of Venetian flowers from the prince, and several notes and telephone messages suggesting parties of various kinds. What a fraud she was, she thought; she owed all this civility to the scandal—to the idea that she was a woman with a past. And suddenly some lines of Wilfrid Blunt's popped into her head:

"A woman with a past." What happier omen
Could heart desire for mistress or for friend?
Phœnix of friends, and most divine of women,
Skilled in all arts to venture or defend,
And with love's science at her fingers' end,
No tears to vex, no ignorance to bore,
A fancy ripe, the zest which sorrows lend ——

Ah, there was a picture to stir any nineteen-year-old girl's imagination! And that was the picture she would break up by offering proof if she could get it—that she was nothing but a nice, good, commonplace little American girl. She sat down in a chair by the window.

"I must think," she said to herself. "What proof can I get?" Instead she began thinking about Brainard.

She was interrupted in this pleasing occupation by the entrance of Flora, Flora looking so distracted that Deborah's first thought was that Bradley must be dead.

"Oh, no, no," said Flora; "he's all right. He'll be up tomorrow. See here, Deb, I had nothing to do with your coming here. I know it's no place for young girls. It isn't my fault that you've got yourself into a mess."

"I haven't got myself into a mess, Flora."

"The thing for you to do is to go back to your parents at once—tonight—by that seven-o'clock train."

So that was what she had come for! Of course. To get her away before Cousin Bradley, the soul of honor, was up and able to insist on the truth being told.

"No," said the girl; "that would look like running away."

"They'd all forget about you in half an hour."

"I shan't do it, Flora."

Flora shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, very well," she said. "As an older woman I've advised you what you ought to do. Of course I can't make you do it." And she turned and left the room again.

Deborah's wishes were conflicting. A great deal of her did want to shake the dust of the Lido from her feet and go back to her mother, but some of her wanted to remain, not only to fight but to savor this romantic vision of herself—to enjoy this exotic international admiration.

"It's the only time in all my life I shall ever be a woman with a past," she thought, "and I should like to find out what it's like."

She had tea on the beach that afternoon with the gang-a. It was a lovely day—the sea looked like a turquoise, and boats with leather-colored sails kept drifting past. Some of the party were in bathing clothes, some in flannels, some in muslins. Deborah had on her favorite dress—plain white with a hat the color of the sea.

It was long after seven when they began to saunter, still in a group, toward the hotel. The prince, walking beside her, was making fun of her ivory-handled parasol, which he insisted was just the sort of thing a Puritan would select, and the two little counts, behind her, were commenting to each other on the becoming lines of her dress, when Deborah, looking up, saw that Brainard, standing on the steps of the hotel, was simply waiting for them to reach him.

From the emotion she experienced at seeing him again—more splendid and blank than ever—one terrible idea emerged: He was going to make it clear—to her if to no one else—that he had never taken the least interest in her, that no scandal ever had or ever could group itself about her and him as central figures. She stopped short, and so did everyone else. Only the prince, who prided himself on keeping up with the English language as spoken on both sides of the Atlantic, said: "Why, look who's he-a!"

And then other voices greeted him. "Hello, Brainard. You back? Isn't this unexpected?"

"Rather," he answered, and approaching the group spoke to Deborah quite loudly—loudly at least for one of his nation—that is to say, just so that those standing near her could hear what he said. He said, "My aunt wants most tremendously to speak to you. May I take you to her?"

It never occurred to Deborah to make any verbal reply; she simply moved forward like a manikin in a trance, and went up the long steps beside him. She was trembling, trembling with excitement, and the sense of his nearness, but most of all with shame. What must he think of her for having made no public denial? She saw now so clearly that a girl of any refinement of feeling could not have existed a minute without repudiating such a scandal. She kept glancing up at him, but his handsome tanned profile was like a mask.

He opened the door of his aunt's sitting room—without knocking.

"Here she is, Aunt Pattie," he said; and even in the midst of her distress Deborah was aware of a faint amusement that Lady Armistead should be so inappropriately named.

"Ah, yes, my dear," said the old lady, much in the tone she might have used if she were going on to ask if anyone had seen her knitting bag. "You see, the proof you spoke of has appeared in the most convincing form—my nephew himself. We both think you have behaved so admirably."

"So very decently," corrected Brainard, as if his aunt had hardly put it strong enough. He was standing in the middle of the room with his arms folded and his long legs a little spread, and he looked down at Deborah and smiled.

"But was it quite worth while?" asked Lady Armistead.

"Rather not," said her nephew.

Deborah did not understand what they meant, and Lady Armistead explained: "Forgive my saying I don't think your cousin is quite worth sacrificing yourself for like this."

Deborah saw it then—they thought she was being noble—that was why they were so kind and flattering. She must tell them the truth—that it wasn't for Flora's sake she had been silent, but just to gratify her own disgusting greed for admiration. She drew a loud, trembling breath.

"I haven't been decent or noble or whatever you call it," she said, and then she sat down on the sofa and began to cry.

Almost instantly Lady Armistead was sitting on one side holding her left hand, and Brainard was sitting on the other holding her right hand, and they were exchanging sentences about how much she had been through and whether it wouldn't be better for Brainard to fetch the sal volatile—a mysterious substance which Deborah had read about in English novels and felt rather curious to see—only she hoped he wouldn't let go of her hand in order to go and get it. He didn't.

"I say," said Brainard after a minute, "hadn't she better move her things down to one of your rooms?"

"I want to go straight back to my mother," sobbed Deborah.

"Quite right," said Lady Armistead. "Where is she?"

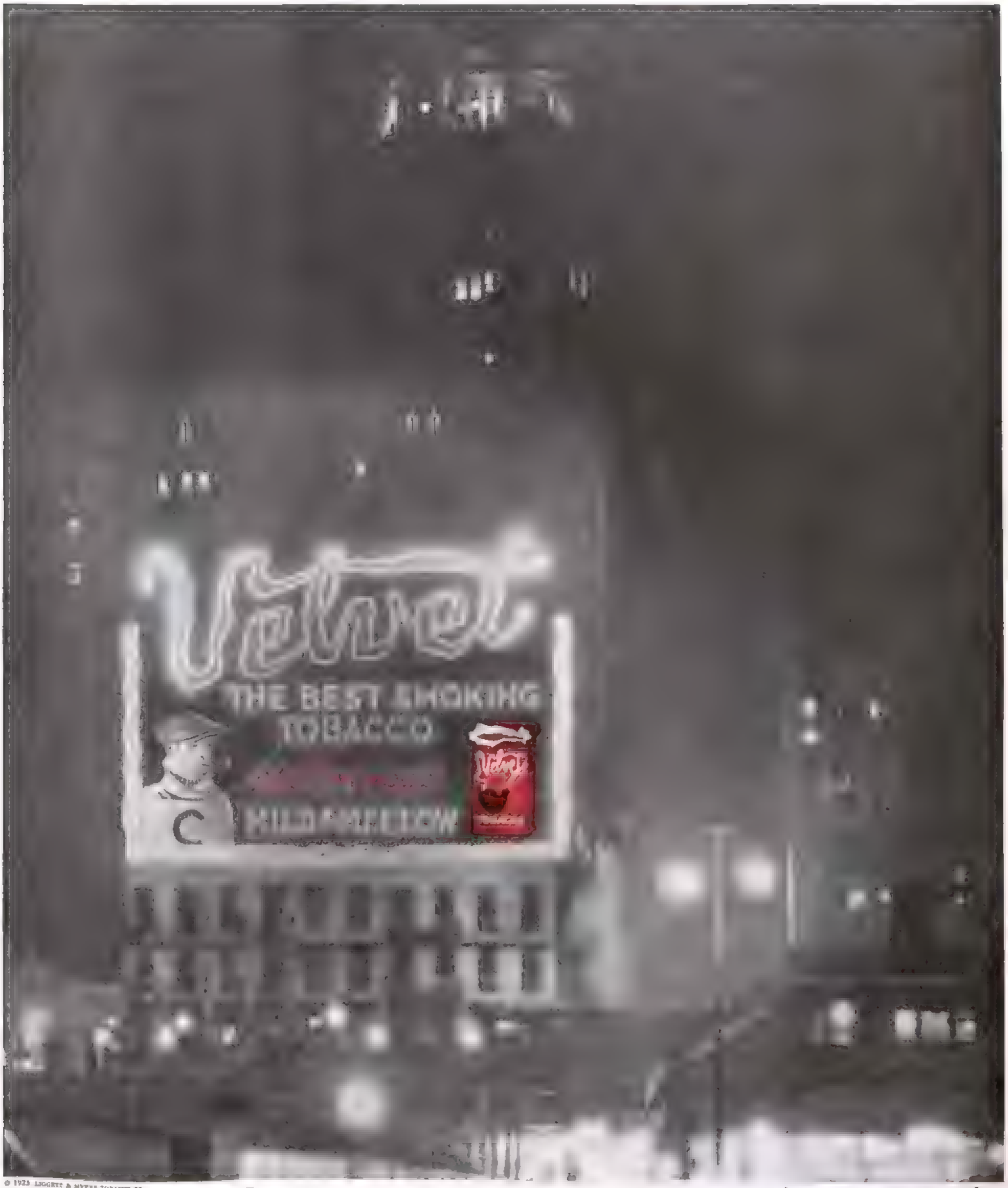
"In Scotland."

"Really!" exclaimed Brainard, and this time the word meant pleasure. "We are going back there almost at once." And he added to his aunt, "We'd better take her with us."

They murmured back and forth above her head about trains and trunks. Deborah was shocked to find that her resolution to tell the truth had melted away; she couldn't find enough of it to piece together. She heard Lady Armistead say, "Then I'd better tell Parker to pack her things for her at once."

Deborah felt her left hand replaced on her lap. Lady Armistead had risen and left the room. Deborah—she never knew exactly why—made an effort to rise too. But it did not succeed. Brainard's left arm was not so useless as it appeared. She found herself crying comfortably on a gray tweed shoulder. To be doing so seemed perfectly natural.

Charging Line of Hawaiians, Riding the Crest of a Comber Off Waikiki Beach, Honolulu, Hawaii



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LEAVE IT TO PSMITH

(Continued from Page 23)

"Well, at present he's master at a school. But he doesn't like it. He wants to get back to the country again. When I met him he was agent on a place in the country belonging to some people named Smith. Mike had been at school and Cambridge with the son. They were very rich then and had a big estate. It was the next place to the Edgelows'. I had gone to stay with Mary Edgelow—I don't know if you remember her at school? I met Mike first at a dance, and then I met him out riding, and then—well, after that we used to meet every day. And we fell in love right from the start, and we went and got married. Oh, Eve, I wish you could have seen our darling little house! It was all over ivy and roses, and we had horse and dogs and ——"

Phyllis' narrative broke off with a gulp. Eve looked at her sympathetically. All her life she herself had been joyously impecunious, but it had never seemed to matter. She was strong and adventurous, and reveled in the perpetual excitement of trying to make both ends meet. But Phyllis was one of those sweet porcelain girls whom the roughness of life bruises instead of stimulates. She needed comfort and pleasant surroundings. Eve looked morosely at the china dog, which leered back at her with an insufferable good-fellowship.

"We had hardly got married," resumed Phyllis, blinking, "when poor Mr. Smith died and the whole place was broken up. He must have been speculating or something, I suppose, because he hardly left any money, and the estate had to be sold. And the people who bought it—they were coal people from Wolverhampton—had a nephew for whom they wanted the agent job, so Mike had to go. So here we are."

Eve put the question which she had been waiting to ask ever since she had entered the house:

"But what about your stepfather? Surely, when we were at school you had a rich stepfather in the background. Has he lost his money too?"

"No."

"Well, why doesn't he help you then?"

"He would, I know, if he was left to himself. But it's Aunt Constance."

"What's Aunt Constance? And who is Aunt Constance?"

"Well, I call her that, but she's really my stepmother—sort of. I suppose she's really my step-stepmother. My stepfather married again two years ago. It was Aunt Constance who was so furious when I married Mike. She wanted me to marry Rollo. She has never forgiven me, and she won't let my stepfather do anything to help us."

"But the man must be a worm!" said Eve indignantly. "Why doesn't he insist? You always used to tell me how fond he was of you."

"He isn't a worm, Eve. He's a dear. It's just that he has let her boss him. She's rather a terror, you know. She can be quite nice, and they're awfully fond of each other; but she is as hard as nails sometimes."

Phyllis broke off. The front door had opened and there were footsteps in the hall.

"Here's Clarkie. I hope she has brought Cynthia with her. She was to pick her up on her way. Don't talk about what I've been telling you in front of her, Eve; there's an angel."

"Why not?"

"She's so motherly about it. It's sweet of her, but ——"

Eve understood

"All right; later on."

The door opened to admit Miss Clarkson.

The adjective which Phyllis had applied to her late schoolmistress was obviously well chosen. Miss Clarkson exuded motherliness. She was large, wholesome and soft, and she swooped on Eve like a hen on its chicken almost before the door had closed.

"Eve! How nice to see you after all this time! My dear, you're looking perfectly lovely and so prosperous. What a beautiful hat!"

"I've been envying it ever since you came, Eve," said Phyllis. "Where did you get it?"

"Madeleine Sœurs, in Regent Street."

Miss Clarkson, having acquired and stirred a cup of tea, started to improve the occasion. Eve had always been a favorite of hers at school. She beamed affectionately upon her.

"Now doesn't this show—what I always used to say to you in the dear old days, Eve—that one must never despair, however black the outlook may seem? I remember you at school, dear, as poor as a church mouse, and with no prospects, none whatever. And yet here you are, rich——"

Eve laughed. She got up and kissed Miss Clarkson. She regretted that she was compelled to strike a jarring note, but it had to be done.

"I'm awfully sorry, Clarkie dear," she said, "but I'm afraid I've misled you. I'm just as broke as I ever was. In fact, when Phyllis told me you were running an employment agency, I made a note to come and see you and ask if you had some attractive billet to dispose of; governess to a thoroughly angelic child would do. Or isn't there some nice cozy author or something who wants his letters answered and his press clippings pasted in an album?"

"Oh, my dear!" Miss Clarkson was deeply concerned. "I did hope—that hat ——"

"The hat's the whole trouble. Of course I had no business even to think of it, but I saw it in the shop window and coveted it for days, and finally fell. And then, you see, I had to live up to it—buy shoes and a dress to match. I tell you, it was a perfect orgy, and I'm thoroughly ashamed of myself now. Too late, as usual."

"Oh, dear! You always were such a wild, impetuous child, even at school. I remember how often I used to speak to you about it."

"Well, when it was all over and I was sane again I found I had only a few pounds left, not nearly enough to see me through till the relief expedition arrived. So I thought it over and decided to invest my little all."

"I hope you chose something safe."

"It ought to have been. The Sporting Express called it Today's Safety Bet. It was Bounding Willie for the 2:30 race at Sandown last Wednesday."

"Oh, dear!"

"That's what I said when poor old Willie came in sixth. But it's no good worrying, is it? What it means is that I simply must find something to do that will carry me through till I get my next quarter's allowance, and that won't be till September. But don't let's talk business here. I'll come round to your office, Clarkie, tomorrow. . . . Where's Cynthia? Didn't you bring her?"

"Yes, I thought you were going to pick Cynthia up on your way, Clarkie," said Phyllis.

If Eve's information as to her financial affairs had caused Miss Clarkson to mourn, the mention of Cynthia plunged her into the very depths of woe.

Her mouth quivered and a tear stole down her cheek. Eve and Phyllis exchanged bewildered glances.

"I say," said Eve, after a moment's pause and a silence broken only by a smothered sob from their late instructress, "we aren't being cheerful, are we?—considering that this is supposed to be a joyous reunion. Is anything wrong with Cynthia?"

So poignant was Miss Clarkson's anguish that Phyllis, in a flutter of alarm, rose and left the room swiftly in search of the only remedy that suggested itself to her—her smelling salts

"Poor dear Cynthia!" moaned Miss Clarkson

"Why, what's the matter with her?" asked Eve.

She was not callous to Miss Clarkson's grief, but she could not help the tiniest of smiles. In a flash she had been transported to her school days, when the other's habit of extracting the utmost tragedy out of the slimmest material had been a source of ever-fresh amusement to her. Not for an instant did she expect to hear any worse news of her old friend than that she was in bed with a cold or had twisted her ankle.

"She's married, you know," said Miss Clarkson

"Well, I see no harm in that, Clarkie. If a few more safety bets go wrong I shall probably have to rush out and marry someone myself; some nice, rich, indulgent man who will spoil me."

"Oh, Eve, my dear," pleaded Miss Clarkson, bleating with alarm, "do please be careful whom you marry! I never hear of one of my girls marrying without feeling that the worst may happen, and that, all unknowing, she may be stepping over a grim precipice."

"You don't tell them that, do you? Because I should think it would rather cast a damper on the wedding festivities. Has Cynthia gone stepping over grim precipices? I was just saying to Phyllis that I envied her, marrying a celebrity like Ralston McTodd."

Miss Clarkson gulped.

"The man must be a fiend!" she said brokenly. "I have just left poor dear Cynthia in floods of tears at the Cadogan Hotel—she has a very nice quiet room on the fourth floor, though the carpet does not harmonize with the wall paper. She was broken-hearted, poor child. I did what I could to console her, but it was useless. She was always so highly strung. I must be getting back to her very soon. I only came on from her because I did not want to disappoint you two dear girls."

"Why?" said Eve with quiet intensity.

She knew from experience that Miss Clarkson, unless firmly checked, would pirouette round and round the point for minutes without ever touching it.

"Why?" echoed Miss Clarkson, blinking as if the word was something solid that had struck her unexpectedly.

"Why was Cynthia in floods of tears?"

"But, I'm telling you, my dear. That man has left her!"

"Left her!"

"They had a quarrel and he walked straight out of the hotel. That was the day before yesterday, and he has not been back since. This afternoon the curtest note came from him to say that he never intended to return. He had secretly and in a most underhand way arranged for his luggage to be removed from the hotel to a district-messenger office, and from there he has taken it no one knows where. He has completely disappeared."

Eve stared. She had not been prepared for news of this momentous order.

"But what did they quarrel about?"

"Cynthia, poor child, was too overwrought to tell me."

Eve clenched her teeth.

"The beast! Poor old Cynthia! Shall I come round with you?"

"No, my dear, better let me look after her alone. I will tell her to write and let you know when she can see you. I must be going, Phyllis dear," she said as her hostess reentered, bearing a small bottle.

"But you've only just come!" said Phyllis, surprised.

"Poor old Cynthia's husband has left her," explained Eve briefly. "And Clarkie's going back to look after her. She's in a pretty bad way, it seems."

"Oh, no!"

"Yes, indeed! And I really must be going at once," said Miss Clarkson.

Eve waited in the drawing-room till the front door banged and Phyllis came back to her. Phyllis was more wistful than ever. She had been looking forward to this tea party, and it had not been the happy occasion she had anticipated. The two girls sat in silence for a moment.

"What brutes some men are!" said Eve at length.

"Mike," said Phyllis dreamily, "is an angel."

Eve welcomed the unspoken invitation to return to a more agreeable topic. She felt very deeply for the stricken Cynthia; but she hated aimless talk, and nothing could have been more aimless than for her and Phyllis to sit there exchanging lamentations concerning a tragedy of which neither knew more than the bare outlines. Phyllis had her tragedy, too, and it was one where Eve saw the possibility of doing something practical and helpful. She was a girl of action and was glad to be able to attack a living issue.

"Yes, let's go on talking about you and Mike," she said. "At present I can't understand the position at all. When Clarkie came in you were just telling me about your stepfather and why he wouldn't help you, and I thought you made out a very poor case for him. Tell me some more. I've forgotten his name, by the way."

"Keeble."

"Oh! Well, I think you ought to write and tell him how hard up you are. He may be under the impression that you are still living in luxury and don't need any help. After all, he can't know unless you tell him; and I should ask him straight out to come to the rescue. It isn't as if it was your

(Continued on Page 67)

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(Continued from Page 64)

Mike's fault that you're broke. He married you on the strength of a very good position which looked like a permanency, and lost it through no fault of his own. I should write to him, Phyl. Pitch it strong."

"I have. I wrote today, Mike's just been offered a wonderful opportunity. A sort of farm place in Lincolnshire. You know—cows and things. Just what he would like and just what he would do awfully well. And we only need three thousand pounds to get it. But I'm afraid nothing will come of it."

"Because of Aunt Constance, you mean?"

"Yes."

"You must make something come of it." Eve's chin went up. She looked like a goddess of determination. "If I were you I'd haunt their doorstep till they had to give you the money to get rid of you. The idea of anybody doing that absurd driving-into-the-snow business in these days! Why shouldn't you marry the man you were in love with? If I were you I'd go and chain myself to their railings and howl like a dog till they rushed out with check books just to get some peace. Do they live in London?"

"They are down in Shropshire at present, at a place called Blandings Castle."

Eve started.

"Blandings Castle? Good gracious!"

"Aunt Constance is Lord Emsworth's sister."

"But this is the most extraordinary thing. I'm going to Blandings myself."

"No!"

"They've engaged me to catalogue the castle library."

"But, Eve, were you only joking when you asked Clarkie to find you something to do? She took you quite seriously."

"No, I wasn't joking. There's a drawback to my going to Blandings. I suppose you know the place pretty well?"

"I've often stayed there. It's beautiful."

"Then you know Lord Emsworth's second son, Freddie Threepwood?"

"Of course."

"Well, he's the drawback. He wants to marry me, and I certainly don't want to marry him. He's quite nice in a way, but he isn't my ideal or anything like it. And what I've been wondering is whether a nice easy job like that, which would tide me over beautifully till September, is attractive enough to make up for the nuisance of having to be always squelching poor Freddie. I ought to have thought of it right at the beginning, of course, when he wrote and told me to apply for the work; but I was so delighted at the idea of regular work that it didn't occur to me. Then I began to wonder. He's such a persevering young man. He proposes early and often. . . . Tell me about Blandings."

"The library's wonderful. There's a cozy little room opening off it, where I suppose you would work."

"Large enough for Freddie to come and propose to me in?"

"Where did you meet Freddie?"

"At a theater party, about two months ago. He was living in London then, but he suddenly disappeared; and I had a heart-broken letter from him, saying that he had been running up debts and things and his father had snatched him away to live at Blandings, which apparently is Freddie's idea of the inferno. The world seems full of hard-hearted relatives."

"Oh, Lord Emsworth isn't really hard-hearted. You will love him. He's so dreamy and absent-minded. He potters about the garden all the time. I don't think you'll like Aunt Constance much. But I suppose you won't see a great deal of her."

"Who shall I see much of—except Freddie, of course?"

"Mr. Baxter, Lord Emsworth's secretary, I expect. I don't like him at all. He's a sort of spectacled cave man."

"He doesn't sound attractive. But you say the place is nice?"

"It's gorgeous. I should go, if I were you, Eve."

"Well, I had intended not to. But now you've told me about Mr. Keeble and Aunt Constance, I've changed my mind. I'll have to look in at Clarkie's office tomorrow and tell her I'm fixed up and shan't need her help. I'm going to take your sad case in hand, darling. I shall go to Blandings and I will dog your stepfather's footsteps. If persuasion doesn't effect anything I shall steal your step-stepmother's jewelry and send it to you by parcel post. I suppose she's got some jewelry?"

Phyllis laughed.

"I wish you would. She's got one necklace that's worth twenty thousand pounds. My stepfather gave it to her when they were married."

"Well, that makes it simple. I'll steal that and send it to you, and you can sell it and take the three thousand pounds and forward her the change. Anyhow, I'll stir things up for you if I see a chance. If Freddie gives me any leisure for anything besides rejecting his loathsome addresses, that is to say. . . . Come and see me to the front door or I'll be losing my way in the miles of stately corridors. . . . I suppose I mayn't smash that china dog before I go? Oh, well, I just thought I'd ask."

Out in the hall the little maid-of-all-work bobbed up and intercepted them.

"I forgot to tell you, mum, a gentleman called. I told him you was out."

"Quite right, Jane."

"Said his name was Smith, 'm."

Phyllis gave a cry of dismay.

"Oh, no! What a shame! I particularly wanted you to meet him, Eve. I wish I'd known."

"Smith?" said Eve. "The name seems familiar. Why were you so anxious for me to meet him?"

"He's Mike's best friend. Mike worships him. He's the son of the Mr. Smith I was telling you about—the one Mike was at school and Cambridge with. He's a perfect darling, Eve, and you would love him. He's just your sort. I do wish we had known. And now you're going to Blandings for goodness knows how long, and you won't be able to see him."

"What a pity!" said Eve, politely uninterested.

"I'm so sorry for him."

"Why?"

"He's in the fish business."

"Ugh!"

"Well, he hates it, poor dear! But he was left stranded like all the rest of us after the crash, and he was put into the business by an uncle who is a sort of fish magnate."

"Well, why does he stay there if he dislikes it so much?" said Eve with indignation. The helpless type of man was her pet aversion. "I hate a man who's got no enterprise."

"I don't think you could call him unenterprising. He never struck me like that. You simply must meet him when you come back to London."

"All right," said Eve indifferently. "Just as you like. I might put business in his way. I'm very fond of fish."

CHAPTER III

WHAT strikes the visitor to London most forcibly, as he enters the heart of that city's fashionable shopping district, is the almost entire absence of ostentation in the shop windows, the studied avoidance of garish display. About the front of the premises of Messrs. Thorpe & Briscoe, for instance, who sell coal in Dover Street, there is as a rule nothing whatever to attract fascinated attention. You might give the place a glance as you passed, but you would certainly not pause and stand staring at it as at the Sistine Chapel or the Taj Mahal.

Yet at 10:30 on the morning after Eve Halliday had taken tea with her friend Phyllis Jackson in West Kensington, Psmith, lounging gracefully in the smoking-room window of the Drones Club, which is immediately opposite the Thorpe & Briscoe establishment, had been gazing at it fixedly for a full five minutes. One would have said that the spectacle enthralled him. He seemed unable to take his eyes off it.

There is always a reason for the most apparently inexplicable happenings. It is the practice of Thorpe—or Briscoe—during the months of summer to run out an awning over the shop; a quiet, genteel awning, of course; nothing to offend the eye; but an awning which offers a quite adequate protection against those sudden showers which are such a delightfully piquant feature of the English summer, one of which had just begun to sprinkle the west end of London with a good deal of heartiness and vigor. And under this awning, peering plaintively out at the rain, Eve Halliday, on her way to the Ada Clarkson Employment Bureau, had taken refuge. It was she who had so enchanted Psmith's interest. It was his considered opinion that she improved the Thorpe & Briscoe frontage by about 95 per cent.

Pleased and gratified as Psmith was to have something nice to look at out of the smoking-room window, he was also somewhat puzzled. This girl seemed to him to radiate an atmosphere of wealth. Starting at farthest south and proceeding northward, she began in a gleam of patent-leather shoes. Fawn stockings, obviously expensive, led up to a black-crêpe frock. And then, just as the eye was beginning to feel that there could be nothing more, it was stunned by a supreme hat of soft, dull satin, with a black bird-of-paradise feather falling down over the left shoulder—even to the masculine eye, which is notoriously to seek in these matters, a whale of a hat. And yet this sumptuously upholstered young woman had been marooned by a shower of rain beneath the awning of Messrs. Thorpe & Briscoe. Why, Psmith asked himself, was this? Even, he argued, if Charles the chauffeur had been given the day off, or was driving her father, the millionaire, to the city to attend to his vast interests, she could surely afford a cab fare. We who are familiar with the state of Eve's finances can understand her inability to take cabs, but Psmith was frankly perplexed.

Being, however, both ready-witted and chivalrous, he perceived that this was no time for idle speculation. His not to reason why; his obvious duty was to take steps to assist Beauty in distress. He left the window of the smoking room and, having made his way with a certain smooth dignity to the club's cloakroom, proceeded to submit a row of umbrellas to a close inspection. He was not easy to satisfy. Two which he went so far as to pull out of the rack he returned with a shake of the head. Quite good umbrellas, but not fit for this special service. At length, however, he found a beauty, and a gentle smile flickered across his solemn face. He put up his monocle and gazed searchingly at this umbrella. It seemed to answer every test. He was well pleased with it.

"Whose," he inquired of the attendant, "is this?"

"Belongs to the Honorable Mr. Walderwick, sir."

"Ah!" said Psmith tolerantly.

He tucked the umbrella under his arm and went out.

Meanwhile Eve Halliday, lightening up the somber austerity of Messrs. Thorpe & Briscoe's shop front, continued to think hard thoughts of the English climate and to inspect the sky in the hope of detecting a spot of blue. She was engaged in this cheerless occupation, when at her side a voice spoke.

"Excuse me."

A hatless young man was standing beside her, holding an umbrella. He was a striking-looking young man, very tall, very thin and very well dressed. In his right eye there was a monocle and through this he looked down at her with a grave friendliness. He said nothing further; but, taking her fingers, clasped them round the handle of the umbrella, which he had obligingly opened, and then with a courteous bow proceeded to dash with long strides across the road, disappearing through the doorway of a gloomy building which, from the number of men who had gone in and out during her vigil, she had set down as a club of some sort.

A good many surprising things had happened to Eve since first she had come to live in London, but nothing quite so surprising as this. For several minutes she stood where she was without moving, staring round-eyed at the building opposite. The episode was, however, apparently ended. The young man did not reappear. He did not even show himself at the window. The club had swallowed him up. And eventually Eve, deciding that this was not the sort of day on which to refuse umbrellas even if they dropped inexplicably from heaven, stepped out from under the awning, laughing helplessly, and started to resume her interrupted journey to Miss Clarkson's.

The offices of the Ada Clarkson International Employment Bureau—Promptitude, Courtesy, Intelligence—are at the top of Shaftsbury Avenue, a little way past the Palace Theater. Eve, closing the umbrella, which had prevented even a spot of rain falling on her hat, climbed the short stair leading to the door and tapped on the window marked Inquiries.

"Can I see Miss Clarkson?"

"What name, please?" responded Inquiries promptly and with intelligent courtesy.

"Miss Halliday."

Brief interlude, involving business with speaking tube.

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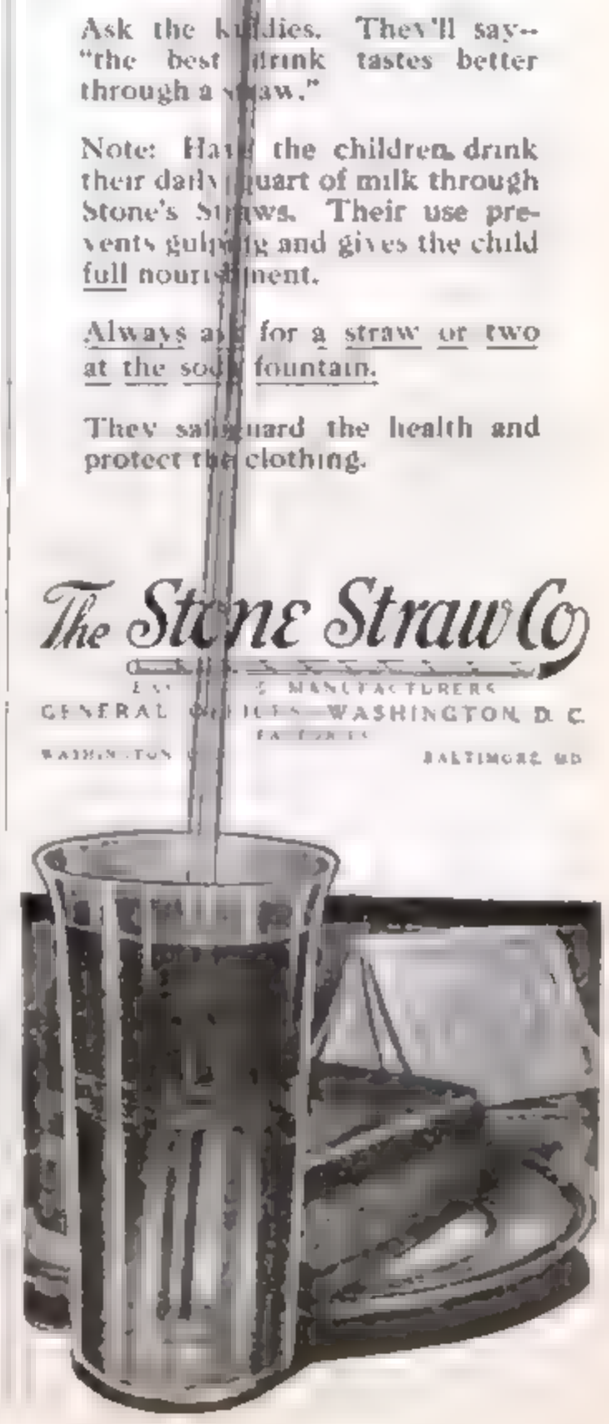

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There is a way to whiter, safer teeth. Millions have adopted it. Dentists everywhere advise it. Men and women, wherever you look, show its good effects.

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Film is also the tooth wrecker, the cause of most tooth troubles. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

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Dental science, after long research, has found two film combatants. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it.

Able authorities proved these ways effective. Then dentists everywhere began to urge their use.

A new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern research. The name is Pepsodent. These two film combatants were embodied in it, for daily application.

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Dental science also found two other things essential. And Pepsodent does both.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

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Thus Pepsodent, with every use, gives manifold power to these great tooth-protecting agents. To careful people the world over it is bringing a new dental era.

That darkens film

Tobacco is one thing that discolors film. That is why teeth of men who smoke generally look dark.

A few days will show you what Pepsodent means to you. Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

Then decide for yourself how much Pepsodent means, not only to you but to yours. Cut out the coupon now.

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The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without the use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over

"Will you go into the private office, please?" said Inquiries a moment later in a voice which now added respect to the other advertised qualities, for she had now had time to observe and digest the hat.

Eve passed in through the general waiting room with its magazine-covered table, and tapped at the door beyond marked Private.

"Eve, dear!" exclaimed Miss Clarkson the moment she had entered. "I don't know how to tell you; but I have been looking through my books and I have nothing, simply nothing. There is not a single place that you could possibly take. What is to be done?"

"That's all right, Clarkie."

"But ——"

"I didn't come to talk business. I came to ask after Cynthia. How is she?"

Miss Clarkson sighed.

"Poor child, she is still in a dreadful state, and no wonder. No news at all from her husband. He has simply deserted her."

"Poor darling! Can't I see her?"

"Not at present. I have persuaded her to go down to Brighton for a day or two. I think the sea air will pick her up. So much better than mooning about in a London hotel. She is leaving on the eleven o'clock train. I gave her your love, and she was most grateful that you should have remembered your old friendship and be sorry for her in her affliction."

"Well, I can write to her. Where is she staying?"

"I don't know her Brighton address, but no doubt the Cadogan Hotel would forward letters. I think she would be glad to hear from you, dear."

Eve looked sadly at the framed testimonials which decorated the wall. She was not often melancholy, but it was such a beast of a day and all her friends seemed to be having such a bad time.

"Oh, Clarkie," she said, "what a lot of trouble there is in the world!"

"Yes, yes!" sighed Miss Clarkson, a specialist on this subject.

"All the horses you back finish sixth and all the girls you like best come croppers. Poor little Phyllis! Weren't you sorry for her?"

"But her husband, surely, is most devoted!"

"Yes, but she's frightfully hard up, and you remember how opulent she used to be at school. Of course, it must sound funny hearing me pitying people for having no money. But somehow other people's hard-upness always seems so much worse than mine. Especially poor old Phyl's, because she really isn't fit to stand it. It made my heart bleed to see her in that awful, poky little drawing-room. I've been used to being absolutely broke all my life. Poor dear father always seemed to be writing an article against time, with creditors scratching earnestly at the door." Eve laughed, but her eyes were misty. "He was a brick, wasn't he? I mean, sending me to a first-class school like Wayland House when he often hadn't enough money to buy tobacco, poor angel! I expect he wasn't always up to time with fees, was he?"

"Well, my dear, of course I was only an assistant mistress at Wayland House and had nothing to do with the financial side, but I did hear sometimes ——"

"Poor darling father! Do you know, one of my earliest recollections—I couldn't have been more than ten—is of a ring at the front-door bell and father diving like a seal under the sofa and poking his head out and imploring me in a hoarse voice to hold the fort. I went to the door and found an indignant man with a blue paper. I prattled so prettily and innocently that he not only went away quite contentedly but actually patted me on the head and gave me a penny. And when the door had shut father crawled out from under the sofa and gave me twopence, making threepence in all—a good morning's work. I bought father a diamond ring with it at a shop down the street, I remember. At least I thought it was a diamond. They may have swindled me, for I was very young."

"You have had a hard life, dear."

"Yes, but hasn't it been a lark! I've loved every minute of it. Besides, you can't call me really one of the submerged tenth. Uncle Thomas left me a hundred and fifty pounds a year, and mercifully I'm not allowed to touch the capital. If only there were no hats or safety bets in the world I should be smugly opulent. But I mustn't keep you any longer, Clarkie dear. I expect the waiting room is full of dukes who want cooks and cooks who want dukes, all fidgeting and wondering how much longer you're going to keep them. Good-by, darling."

And having kissed Miss Clarkson fondly and straightened her hat, which the other's motherly embrace had disarranged, Eve left the room.

CHAPTER IV

MEANWHILE, at the Drones Club, a rather painful scene had been taking place. Psmith, having regained the shelter of the building, had made his way to the washroom, where, after studying his features with interest for a moment in the mirror, he smoothed his hair, which the rain had somewhat disordered. Then he brushed his clothes with extreme care and went to the cloakroom for his hat. The attendant regarded him as he entered with the air of one whose mind is not wholly at rest.

"Mr. Walderwick was in here a moment ago, sir," said the attendant.

"Yes?" said Psmith, mildly interested. "An energetic, bustling soul, Comrade Walderwick. Always somewhere. Now here, now there."

"Asking about his umbrella, he was," pursued the attendant with a touch of coldness.

"Indeed? Asking about his umbrella, eh?"

"Made a great fuss about it, sir, he did."

"And rightly," said Psmith with approval. "The good man loves his umbrella."

"Of course I had to tell him that you had took it, sir."

"Of course. I would not have it otherwise," assented Psmith heartily. "I like this spirit of candor. There must be no reservations, no subterfuges between you and Comrade Walderwick. Let all be open and aboveboard."

"He seemed very put out, sir. He went off to find you."

"I am always glad of a chat with Comrade Walderwick," said Psmith. "Always."

He left the cloakroom and made for the hall, where he desired the porter to procure him a cab. This having drawn up in front of the club, he descended the steps and was about to enter it when there was a hoarse cry in his rear and through the front door there came bounding a pinkly indignant youth, who called loudly:

"Here! Hi, Smith! Dash it!"

Psmith climbed into the cab and gazed benevolently out at the newcomer.

"Ah, Comrade Walderwick!" he said. "What have we on our mind?"

"Where's my umbrella?" demanded the pink one. "The cloakroom waiter says you took my umbrella. I mean, a joke's a joke, but that was a dashed good umbrella."

"It was, indeed," Psmith agreed cordially. "It may be of interest to you to know that I selected it as the only possible one from among a number of competitors. I fear this club is becoming very mixed, Comrade Walderwick. You with your pure mind would hardly believe the rottenness of some of the umbrellas I inspected in the cloakroom."

"Where is it?"

"The cloakroom? You turn to the left as you go in at the main entrance and ——"

"My umbrella, dash it! Where's my umbrella?"

"Ah, there," said Psmith, and there was a touch of manly regret in his voice, "you have me! I gave it to a young lady in the street. Where she is at the present moment I could not say."

The pink youth tottered slightly.

"You gave my umbrella to a girl!"

"A very loose way of describing her. You would not speak of her in that light fashion if you had seen her. Comrade Walderwick, she was wonderful! I am a plain, blunt, rugged man, above the softer emotions as a general thing; but I frankly confess that she stirred a chord in me which is not often stirred. She thrilled my battered old heart, Comrade Walderwick. There is no other word. Thrilled it!"

"But, dash it ——"

Psmith reached out a long arm and laid his hand paternally on the other's shoulder.

"Be brave, Comrade Walderwick!" he said. "Be a man and bite the bullet! I am sorry to have been the means of depriving you of an excellent umbrella, but as a fair-minded man you will realize that I had no alternative. It was raining. She was over there, crouched despairingly beneath the awning of that shop. She wanted to be

(Continued on Page 70)

The MAVERICK

Somehow, when the calves were branded, this one was missed. Perhaps he escaped the round-up; perhaps he was simply overlooked. In the language of the cattle country, he is a maverick. By the custom of the cattle country, he is no man's property and any man's opportunity.

Before long some passing ranchman will "spot" him, brand him, raise him for market and make the profit that should have gone to the original owner.

Not long ago a manufacturer remarked to us that he was "tired of making maverick merchandise."

For twenty years he has permitted his product to go out of his factory without his brand; for twenty years he has permitted his merchandise to be sold under a number of different brands, neither owned nor controlled by him.

For twenty years he has permitted others to reap the good-will created by his goods; to capitalize his quality for their own benefit; to control a market that might have been his.

In all these years, he has carefully and consistently built up his credit with his banks. He has realized that their good-will and their confidence are greater assets than money on deposit. Yet he has failed to cultivate his credit with the public. He has failed to realize that public good-will toward his name, public confidence in his product, public respect for his character, can be assets as valuable as his credit at the banks.

"I have been just a bit foolish," he said, "and I may as well admit it. I suppose"—and he smiled as he continued—"I suppose if I had been a cattleman instead of a manufacturer I would have raised nothing except mavericks. But I am waking up. I am going to brand my goods, and through advertising I am going to make my brand mean something to the public—and to me."

N. W. AYER & SON

ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS

NEW YORK BOSTON PHILADELPHIA CLEVELAND CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 68)

elsewhere, but the moisture lay in wait to damage her hat. What could I do? What could any man worthy of the name do but go down to the cloakroom and pinch the best umbrella in sight and take it to her? Yours was easily the best. There was absolutely no comparison. I gave it to her and she has gone off with it, happy once more. This explanation," said Psmith, "will, I am sure, sensibly diminish your natural chagrin. You have lost your umbrella, Comrade Walderwick, but in what a cause! In what a cause, Comrade Walderwick! You are now entitled to rank with Sir Philip Sidney and Sir Walter Raleigh. The latter is perhaps the closer historical parallel. He spread his cloak to keep a queen from wetting her feet. You—by proxy—yielded up your umbrella to save a girl's hat. Posterity will be proud of you, Comrade Walderwick. You will go down in legend and song. Children in ages to come will cluster about their grandfather's knees, saying, 'Tell us how the great Walderwick lost his umbrella, grandpapa.' And he will tell them, and they will rise from the recital, better, deeper, broader children. But now, as I see that the driver has started his meter, I fear I must conclude this little chat—which I, for one, have heartily enjoyed. Drive on," he said, leaning out of the window. "I want to go to Ada Clarkson's Employment Bureau in Shaftesbury Avenue."

The cab moved off. The Hon. Hugo Walderwick, after one passionate glance in its wake, realized that he was getting wet and went back into the club.

Arriving at the address named, Psmith paid his cab, and having mounted the stairs delicately knuckled the ground-glass window of Inquiries.

"My dear Miss Clarkson," he began in an affable voice the moment the window had shot up, "if you can spare me a few moments of your valuable time ——"

"Miss Clarkson's engaged"

Psmith scrutinized her gravely through his monocle. "Aren't you Miss Clarkson?"

Inquiries said she was not.

"Then," said Psmith, "there has been a misunderstanding, for which," he added cordially, "I am to blame. Perhaps I could see her anon? You will find me in the waiting room when required."

He went into the waiting room, and having picked up a magazine from the table settled down to read a story in the Girl's Friend—the January number of the year 1919, for employment agencies, like dentists, prefer their literature of a matured vintage. He was absorbed in this when Eve came out of the private office.

CHAPTER V

PSMITH rose courteously as she entered. "My dear Miss Clarkson," he said, "if you can spare me a moment of your valuable time ——"

"Good gracious!" said Eve. "How extraordinary!"

"A singular coincidence," agreed Psmith.

"You never gave me time to thank you for the umbrella," said Eve reproachfully. "You must have thought me awfully rude. But you took my breath away."

"My dear Miss Clarkson, please do not ——"

"Why do you keep calling me that?"

"Aren't you Miss Clarkson either?"

"Of course I'm not"

"Then," said Psmith, "I must start my quest all over again. These constant checks are trying to an ardent spirit. Perhaps you are a young bride come to engage her first cook?"

"No, I'm not married."

"Good!"

Eve found his relieved thankfulness a little embarrassing. In the momentary pause which followed his remark Inquiries entered alertly.

"Miss Clarkson will see you now, sir."

"Leave us," said Psmith with a wave of his hand. "We would be alone."

Inquiries stared; then, awed by his manner and general appearance of magnificence, withdrew.

"I suppose, really," said Eve, toying with the umbrella, "I ought to give this back to you." She glanced at the dripping window. "But it is raining rather hard, isn't it?"

"Like the dickens," assented Psmith.

"Then would you mind very much if I kept it till this evening?"

"Please do."

"Thanks ever so much. I will send it back to you tonight, if you will give me the name and address."

Psmith waved his hand deprecatingly.

"No, no! If it is of any use to you, I hope that you will look on it as a present."

"A present!"

"A gift," explained Psmith.

"But I really can't go about accepting expensive umbrellas from people. Where shall I send it?"

"If you insist, you may send it to the Hon. Hugo Walderwick, Drones Club, Dover Street. But it really isn't necessary."

"I won't forget. And thank you very much, Mr. Walderwick"

"Why do you call me that?"

"Well, you said"

"Ah, I see. A slight confusion of ideas. No, I am not Mr. Walderwick. And between ourselves I should hate to be. Comrade Walderwick is merely the man to whom the umbrella belongs."

Eve's eyes opened wide.

"Do you mean to say you gave me somebody else's umbrella?"

"I had unfortunately omitted to bring my own out with me this morning."

"I never heard of such a thing!"

"Merely practical socialism. Other people are content to talk about the redistribution of property. I go out and do it."

"But won't he be awfully angry when he finds out it has gone?"

"He has found out, and it was pretty to see his delight. I explained the circumstances and he was charmed to have been of service to you."

The door opened again, and this time it was Miss Clarkson in person who entered. She had found Inquiries' statement over the speaking tube rambling and unsatisfactory, and had come to investigate for herself the reason why the machinery of the office was being held up.

"Oh, I must go," said Eve as she saw her. "I'm interrupting your business"

"I'm so glad you're still here, dear," said Miss Clarkson. "I have just been looking over my files and I see that there is one vacancy—for a nurse," said Miss Clarkson with a touch of the apologetic in her voice.

"Oh, no, that's all right," said Eve. "I don't really need anything. But thanks ever so much for bothering."

She smiled affectionately upon the proprietress, bestowed another smile upon Psmith as he opened the door for her, and went out. Psmith turned away from the door with a thoughtful look upon his face.

"Is that young lady a nurse?" he asked.

"Do you want a nurse?" inquired Miss Clarkson, at once the woman of business.

"I want that nurse," said Psmith with conviction.

"She is a delightful girl," said Miss Clarkson with enthusiasm. "There is no one whom I would feel more confidence in recommending to a position. She is a Miss Halliday, the daughter of a very clever but erratic writer who died some years ago. I can speak with particular knowledge of Miss Halliday, for I was for many years an assistant mistress at Wayland House, where she was at school. She is a charming, warm-hearted, impulsive girl. But you will hardly want to hear all this."

"On the contrary," said Psmith, "I could listen for hours. You have stumbled upon my favorite subject."

Miss Clarkson eyed him a little doubtfully and decided that it would be best to reintroduce the business theme. "Perhaps when you say you are looking for a nurse you mean you need a hospital nurse."

"My friends have sometimes suggested it."

"Miss Halliday's greatest experience has, of course, been as a governess."

"A governess is just as good," said Psmith agreeably.

Miss Clarkson began to be conscious of a sensation of being out of her depth.

"How old are your children, sir?" she asked.

"I fear," said Psmith, "you are peeping into Volume Two. This romance has only just started."

"I am afraid," said Miss Clarkson, now completely fogged, "I do not quite understand. What exactly are you looking for?"

Psmith flicked a speck of fluff from his coat sleeve.

"A job," he said.

"A job!" echoed Miss Clarkson, her voice breaking in an amazed squeak.

Psmith raised his eyebrows.

"You seem surprised. Isn't this a job emporium?"

"This is an employment bureau," admitted Miss Clarkson.

"I knew it, I knew it!" said Psmith. "Something seemed to tell me. Possibly it was the legend Employment Bureau over the door. And those framed testimonials would convince the most skeptical. Yes, Miss Clarkson, I want a job, and I feel somehow that you are the woman to find it for me. I have inserted an advertisement in the papers, expressing my readiness to undertake any form of employment; but I have since begun to wonder if, after all, this will lead to wealth and fame. At any rate, it is wise to attack the great world from another angle as well, so I come to you."

"But you must excuse me if I remark that this application of yours strikes me as most extraordinary."

"Why? I am young, active and extremely broke."

"But your—er—your clothes ——"

Psmith squinted, not without complacency, down a faultlessly fitted waistcoat and flicked another speck of dust off his sleeve.

"You consider me well dressed?" he said. "You find me natty? Well, well, perhaps you are right, perhaps you are right. But consider, Miss Clarkson. If one expects to find employment in these days of strenuous competition one must be neatly and decently clad. Employers look askance at a baggy trousers leg. A zippy waistcoat is more to them than an honest heart. This beautiful crease was obtained with the aid of the mattress upon which I tossed feverishly last night in my attic room."

"I can't take you seriously."

"Oh, don't say that, please!"

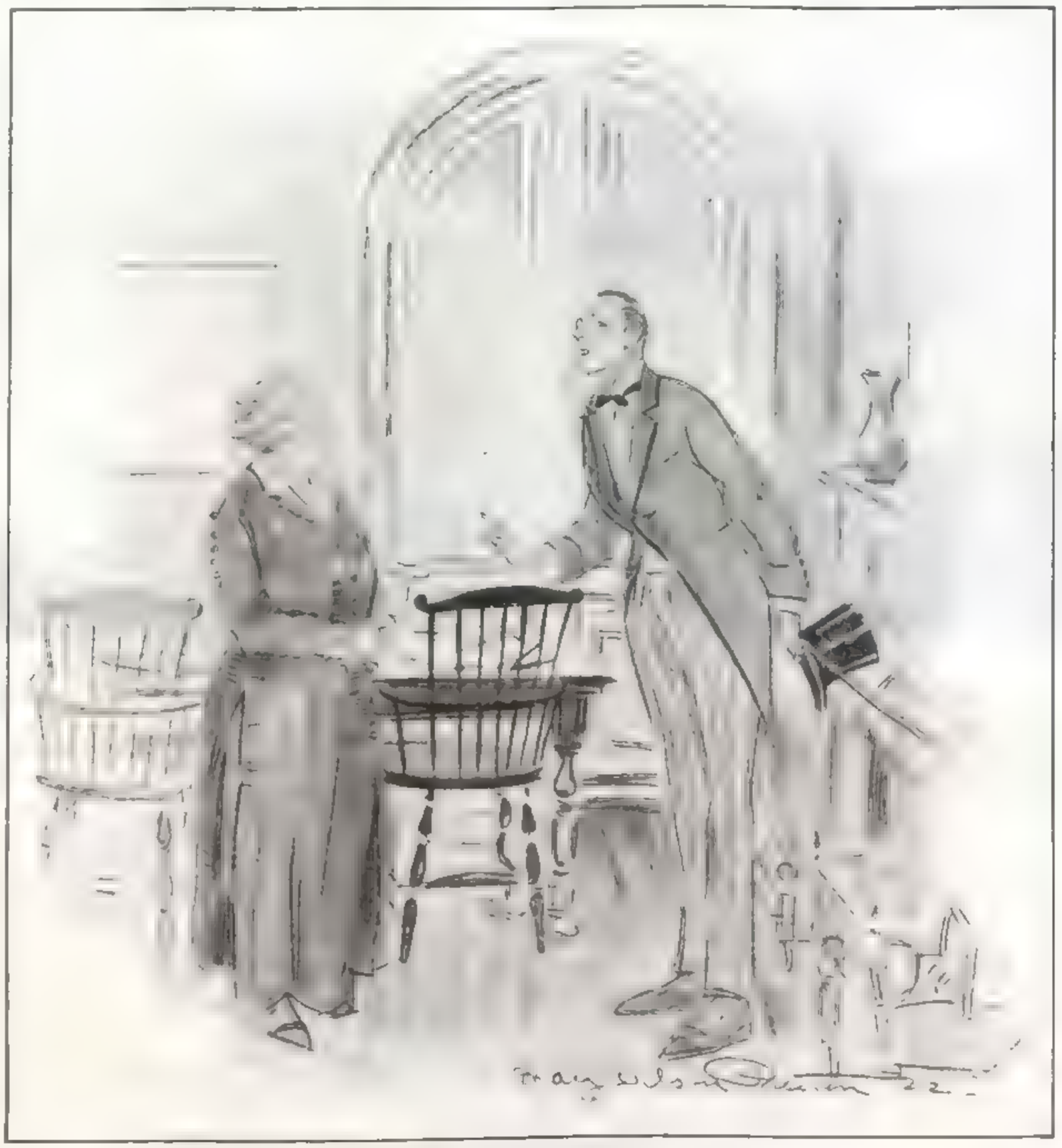
"You really want me to find you work?"

"I prefer the term 'employment.'"

Miss Clarkson produced a notebook and pencil.

"If you are really not making this application just as a joke ——"

(Continued on Page 75)



"Psmith, The P is Silent"

"Answer requested"

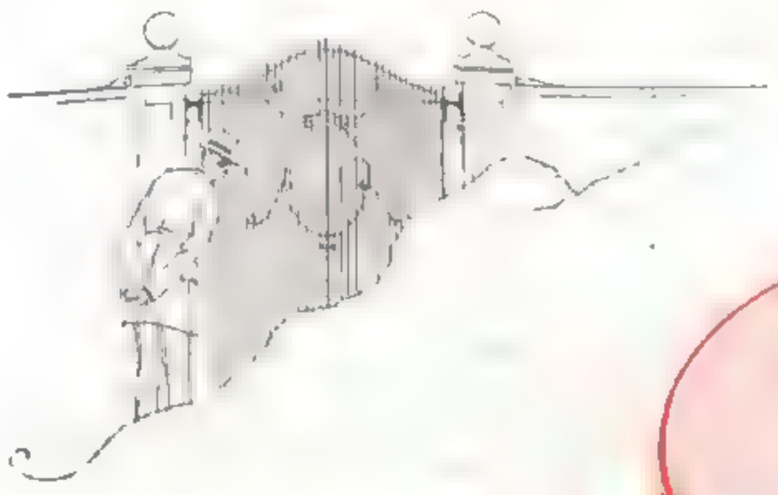
R·S·V·P

A candy for use in affairs of the heart

Here is subtlety, gentlemen—and wisdom:

Fools rush in . . . . ! But wise men know the value of *leading up* to a question—discreetly. Especially in affairs of the heart. That is why they are Wise Men.

So to help in these delicate matters, we've devised a candy of a thousand delights. A box of sweet magic which charms and entices while asking a question—*répondez s'il vous plaît*—and smooths the path and softens the heart—at just the moment the giver appears.



Johnston's R.S.V.P. has completely filled Miss Chase's heart. Four suitors appear in the field.

Purity

Johnston's chocolates are *famous* for their purity.

Made up to the most exacting standards—even the very air is washed before it enters the room in which Johnston's dainties are created.

You are choosing carefully when you buy

Johnston's

JOHNSTON'S,
Milwaukee
Dept. A

Please rush One Miniature Introductory R.S.V.P. Box. My dealer cannot supply me. I will pay the postman 50c on delivery

Name _____

Street No. _____

City _____ State _____

Dealer's Name _____

Street No. _____

"The first thousand miles are the hardest"

Important points on Breaking-in that New Car

THAT NEW CAR you're ordering this spring will come to you splendidly finished. But not until after the first 1000 miles will it be prepared to perform at its maximum capacity.

Let us see why this is so.

The automobile manufacturer heat-treats or ages the castings and carefully finishes the cylinder bores. But with all his care they are not perfectly seasoned when they come to you.

More time and running are required to "age" these parts to the point where they will best withstand the rapid temperature changes encountered in every-day service.

Automotive engineers will tell you plainly that 1000 miles of careless driving may lay the basis for chronic engine troubles during the years that follow.

To drive a brand new car at full capacity may damage the cylinder castings. High speeds mean full power, heat, and the risk of warping. Cylinder barrels may even distort. Then the engine becomes an "oil pumper."

And more—

Until time and moderate service have tempered the valves, valve seats and cylinder head castings and before the bearing surfaces have smoothed and adjusted themselves to a perfect fit, over-taxing the car may cause irreparable damage.

If your new car could talk, its very first words would probably be "The ... the hardest."

How to save y...

Necessity forces the auto... rely on your careful driv... miles to work-in all parts...

A month or two of mo... against extra repair bills...

(1) Drive your new car at... the first few hundred... miles per hour. Do no... thousand-mile point h...

(2) During the breaking... valleys and peaks are... fits, it is vitally impo... oil of scientifically d... highest obtainable qu...

In lubrication mak... Use the grade of Ga... for your engine, tran... If your car is not l... Chart shown at the ... branch for our Corre... see the complete Ch... displayed by reliable ...

(3) After the first 50... n... and refill with fresh oil...

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

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portant,

as considerable sediment collects while the engine is breaking-in. Thereafter drain off the oil at the intervals recommended in your instruction book.

Do not flush the engine with kerosene. A small amount will always be retained in the splash troughs or other pockets and partially destroy the lubricating value and quality of the fresh oil.

Danger lurks in "Give Me a Quart of Oil"

When you simply say "Give Me a Quart of Oil," what do you get? 9 out of 10 oils are by-products secured in refining gasoline. Such oils may vary widely in quality, character and body. The careless acceptance of such oils is responsible for at least 50% of all the engine repair bills that are being mailed out today.

When you ask for Gargoyle Mobiloil you secure oil which is made from crude stocks chosen primarily for their *lubricating* qualities. The various grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil are carefully and slowly refined to retain all of the lubricating value.

Frequent tests indicate that Gargoyle Mobiloil is unapproached in its marked uniformity of quality and body. No matter where or when you buy a given grade, it is always of the same high quality and gives the same true economy.

Warning:

Don't be misled by some similar sounding name. Look on the container for the correct name *Mobiloil* (not Mobile) and for the red Gargoyle

Don't believe false statements that some other oil is identical with Gargoyle Mobiloil. Gargoyle Mobiloil is made only by the Vacuum Oil Company in its own refineries, and is never sold under any other name.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide

Chart of Recommendations

(Abbreviated Edition)

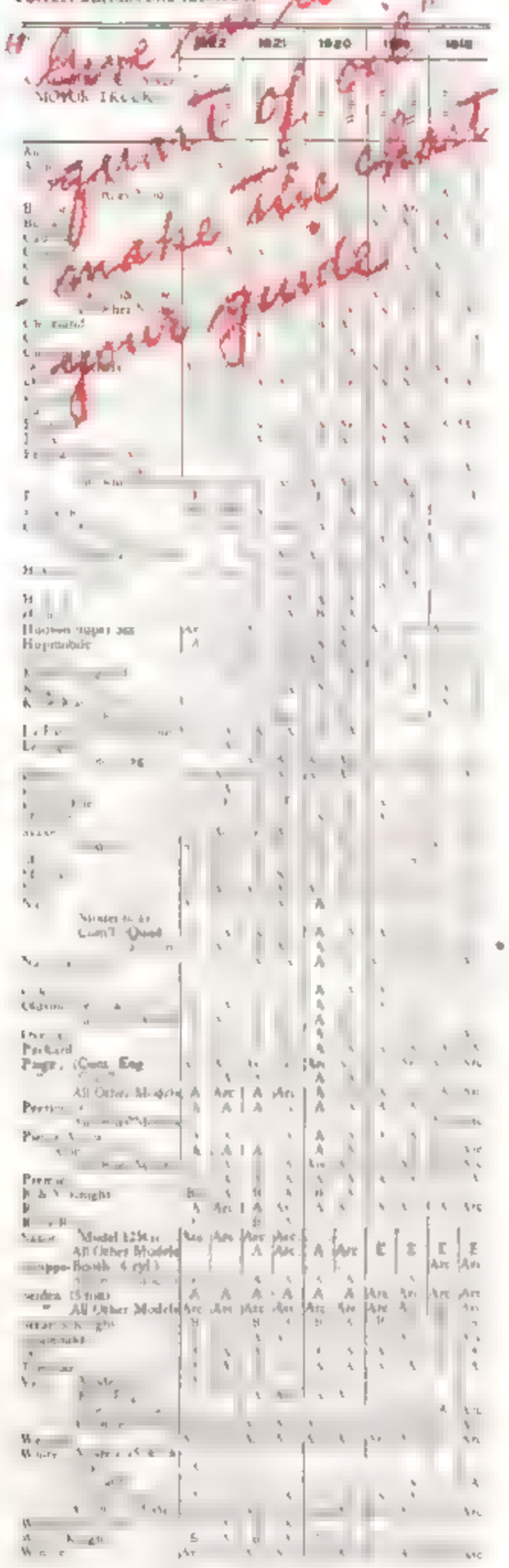
THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of both passenger and commercial cars are specified in the Chart below

How to Read the Chart:

A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
BB means Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB"
E means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Arctic means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

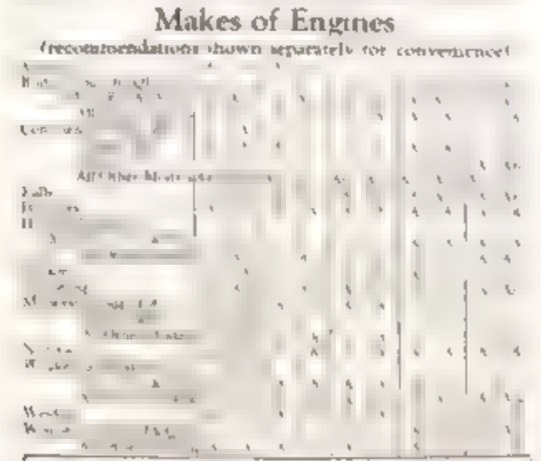
Where different grades are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendation should be followed during the entire period when freezing temperatures may be experienced.

This Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers, and represents our professional advice on correct automobile lubrication.



Makes of Engines

(recommendations shown separately for convenience)



Transmission and Differential

For their correct lubrication, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C" "D" or Mobilubricant as recommended by complete Chart available at all dealers.

New York *(Main Office)* Boston Chicago Philadelphia Detroit Pittsburgh
Indianapolis Minneapolis Buffalo Rochester Des Moines Dallas Kansas City, Kan.

THE MIGHTIER THE PEN — THE MIGHTIER THE MAN

Those who write via Duofold are 7 strokes ahead!

And any one stroke worth the $7

AMERICA is witnessing the remarkable spectacle of thousands, yes tens of thousands of people discarding their old pens for the new Parker 25-Year Duofold.

Everywhere you go its black-tipped, lacquer-red barrel flashes its cheery fellowship—a beauty that rivals the scarlet Tanager—a color that makes it a hard pen to lose.

But has it never occurred to you how *fluent* thinking and writing depend upon its shapely, balanced shaft and polished point? Thus comes a writing-swing so free, so smooth and steady that it fatigues neither hand nor brain, but quickly brings your best thoughts into focus on paper.

By the same great tokens of craftsmanship and mechanical excellence which place the Duofold seven strokes in the lead of ordinary pens, those who write with this super-pen are themselves an equal distance ahead.

In place of confusing mechanisms, Geo. S. Parker created a pen that fills by a single pressure on a button. A self-contained pen—without separate accessories; so wherever there is ink *in any kind of container* you can fill the Duofold. And its Over-size barrel holds a double ration.

No style of writing can distort the Duofold point—hence a pen you can lend without fear. A point so super-smooth it needs no "breaking in"—so life-enduring that we guarantee it 25 years for mechanical perfection *and* wear!

In arranging for you to try this classic we have aimed to do you a service. Will you, for your part, stop at the first pen counter and get it? If you're willing to part with the Duofold, return it within 30 days and receive your money. To be sure of the genuine look for this inscription, "Geo. S. Parker—Duofold—Lucky Curve."

Duofold may now be obtained in plain black if desired. Contrary to custom all Duofold pens, except Lady Duofold with gold ring end, include a neat gold pocket-clip without extra charge.

Parker Duofold

LUCKY CURVE

OVER-SIZE

$7

The 25 Year Pen

Duofold Jr. $5 Same except for size

Lady Duofold $5 With ring for chatelaine

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY · JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN

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Canadian Distributors: Burtun, Gillies & Company, Limited, Hamilton, Ontario

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(Continued from Page 70)

"I assure you, no. My entire capital consists, in specie, of about ten pounds."

"Then perhaps you will tell me your name."

"Ah, things are beginning to move! The name is Psmith. P-smith. The P is silent."

"Psmith?"

"Psm..th."

Miss Clarkson brooded over this for a moment in almost pained silence, then recovered her slipping grip of affairs.

"I think," she said, "you had better give me a few particulars about yourself."

"Tell you the story of my life? There is nothing I should like better," responded Psmith warmly. "I am always ready—I may say eager—to tell people the story of my life, but in this rushing age I get little encouragement. Let us start at the beginning—my infancy. When I was but a babe my eldest sister was bribed with sixpence an hour by my nurse to keep an eye on me and see that I did not raise Cain. At the end of the first day she struck for a shilling and got it. We now pass to my boyhood. At an early age I was sent to Eton, everybody predicting a bright career for me. Those were happy days, Miss Clarkson. A merry laughing lad with curly hair and a sunny smile, it is not too much to say that I was the pet of the place. The old cloisters—but I am boring you. I can see it in your eye."

"No, no!" protested Miss Clarkson. "But what I meant was—I thought you might have had some experience in some particular line of—in fact, what sort of work ——"

"Employment."

"What sort of employment do you require?"

"Broadly speaking," said Psmith, "any reasonably salaried position that has nothing to do with fish."

"Fish!" quavered Miss Clarkson, slipping again. "Why fish?"

"Because, Miss Clarkson, the fish trade was until this morning my walk in life, and my soul has sickened of it."

"You are in the fish trade?" squeaked Miss Clarkson with an amazed glance at the knifelike crease in his trousers.

"These are not my working clothes," said Psmith, following and interpreting her glance. "Yes, owing to a financial upheaval in my branch of the family, I was until this morning at the beck and call of an uncle who unfortunately happens to be a mackerel monarch or a sardine sultan or whatever these merchant princes are called who rule the fish market. He insisted on my going into the business to learn it from the bottom up, thinking, no doubt, that I would follow in his footsteps and eventually work my way to the position of a whitebait wizard. Alas, he was too sanguine. It was not to be," said Psmith solemnly, fixing an owl-like gaze on Miss Clarkson through his eyeglass.

"No?" said Miss Clarkson.

"No. Last night I was obliged to inform him that the fish business was all right, but it wouldn't do, and that I proposed to sever my connection with the firm forever. I may say at once that there ensued something in the nature of a family earthquake. Hard words," sighed Psmith. "Black looks. Unseemly wrangle. And the upshot of it all was that my uncle washed his hands of me and drove me forth into the great world. Hence my anxiety to find employment. My uncle has definitely withdrawn his countenance from me, Miss Clarkson."

"Dear, dear!" murmured the proprietress sympathetically.

"Yes. He is a hard man, and he judges his fellows solely by their devotion to fish. I never in my life met a man so wrapped up in a subject. For years he has been practically a monomaniac on the subject of fish. So much so that he actually looks like one. It is as if he had taken one of those auto-suggestion courses and had kept saying to himself, 'Every day, in every respect, I grow more and more like a fish.' His closest friends can hardly tell now whether he more nearly resembles a halibut or a cod. But I am boring you again with this family gossip."

He eyed Miss Clarkson with such a sudden and penetrating glance that she started nervously.

"No, no!" she exclaimed.

"You relieve my apprehensions. I am only too well aware that, when fairly launched on the topic of fish, I am more than apt to weary my audience. I cannot understand this enthusiasm for fish. My uncle used to talk about an unusually large catch of pilchards in Cornwall in much the same awed way as a right-minded curate would talk about the spiritual excellence of his bishop. To me, Miss Clarkson, from the start the fish business was what I can only describe as a washout. It nauseated my finer feelings. It got right in amongst my fibers. I had to rise and partake of a simple breakfast at about four in the morning, after which I would make my way to Billingsgate Market and stand for some hours knee-deep in dead fish of every description. A jolly life for a cat, no doubt, but a bit too thick for a Shropshire Psmith. Mine, Miss Clarkson, is a refined and poetic nature. I like to be surrounded by joy and life, and I know nothing more joyless and deader than a dead fish. Multiply that dead fish by a million and you have an environment which only a Dante could contemplate with equanimity. My uncle used to tell me that the way to ascertain whether a fish was fresh was to peer into its eyes. Could I spend the springtime of life staring into the eyes of dead fish? No!" He rose. "Well, I will not detain you any longer. Thank you for the unfailing courtesy and attention with which you have listened to me. You can understand now why my talents are on the market, and why I am compelled to state specifically that no employment can be considered which has anything to do with fish. I am convinced that you will shortly have something particularly good to offer me."

"I don't know that I can say that, Mr. Psmith."

"The P is silent, as in pshrimp," he reminded her. "Oh, by the way," he said, pausing at the door, "there is one other thing before I go. While I was waiting for you to be disengaged, I chanced on an installment of a serial story in the Girl's Friend for January, 1919. My search for the remaining issues proved fruitless. The title was Her Honor at Stake, by Jane Emmeline Moss. You don't happen to know how it all came out in the end, do you? Did Lord Eustace ever learn that, when he found Clarice in Sir Jasper's rooms at midnight, she had only gone there to recover some compromising letters for a girl friend? You don't know? I feared as much. Well, good morning, Miss Clarkson, good morning; I leave my future in your hands with a light heart."

"I will do my best for you, of course."

"And what," said Psmith cordially, "could be better than Miss Clarkson's best?"

He closed the door gently behind him and went out. Struck by a kindly thought, he tapped upon Inquiries' window and beamed benevolently as her bobbed head shot into view.

"They tell me," he said, "that Aspidistra is much fancied for the four o'clock race at Birmingham this afternoon. I give the information without prejudice, for what it is worth. Good day."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

EUROPEAN FOOD NEEDS AND AMERICAN AGRICULTURE

(Continued from Page 18)

bread 400 marks—the difference is enormous in terms of paper marks. It is a conflict between city and country, with the state treasury standing on No Man's Land between the trenches. The bread subsidy is paid partly by grain growers directly, partly by the nation. Late in December the price of requisitioned wheat was increased sixfold, the price of ticket bread threefold. The wheat price is still only half the world price.

The crop of wheat and rye in 1921 was reported as 9,731,000 tons, as against 7,266,000 tons the year before. The crop last year is officially estimated at 7,500,000 tons. The imports of wheat and rye in 1920 were some 995,000 tons, in 1921 some 1,734,000 tons. These figures illustrate how much better was '21 than '20. The imports for the first nine months of 1922 were roughly 1,289,000 tons. At this rate the imports of wheat and rye for the year '22 about equal those of '21. But the crop was 2,000,000 tons less. Germany must either import this additional quantity or slip back into the situation of 1920.

Grain must be in hand six or eight weeks before it can be issued as flour. With the present rate of imports and deliveries of requisitioned grain the state may soon find itself embarrassed in the issue of the ticket bread. This looks bad, even though one has the feeling that the crop has been underestimated. Food riots may be expected when ticket bread fails. On December first the general bread supply was secured only until February 1, 1923. This is, however, not the first time in the past five years that Germany has been that short of bread grain.

All over Continental Europe political authority is at low ebb, and organized agitators exploit circumstances of distress in order to arouse uprisings. Germany has Bolshevists of the Left and Bolshevists of the Right, each ready to exploit hunger and cold. The former make the more noise, but the latter shoot the better. Political communism seems out of the question; but rioting, pillage and looting are easily instigated when cold and hunger exist. It is from this point of view that many Germans look enviously at the Fascisti movement in Italy.

The subject of requisitioned grain is a source of controversy between the Reich and the Southern states. The difficulties over requisition of grain for the republic are similar to the difficulties over delivery of timber on account of reparations. The Bavarians resent the centralization of authority in Berlin, desiring to retain at least the measure of autonomy they possessed in the old empire. They feel that they have the right to judge what proportion of their crops they need for their own consumption and what they shall deliver to the Reich. The Catholic landed gentry of Bavaria do not see why they should make contributions of ticket bread for atheistic socialists in Berlin.

It is in the south that the requisition of grain is most resisted, though the peasant of Northern Germany is not enthusiastic over the seizure of grain at a fraction of the world price. At one time in November, 1922, the price of requisitioned wheat was 28,500 marks a ton and the free price 280,000 marks! That difference transcends the bounds of patriotism.

A comparison of the crop year 1921 as a thirteen-month year with 1922 as an eleven-month year places the situation in a somewhat better light. If in 1921 the bread-grain supply was 11,850,000 tons, minus 1,000,000 tons for seed, that was about 830,000 tons a month. If to the 1922 crop, 7,500,000 tons, be added the reserve of 300,000 tons and imports of 2,000,000 tons, minus 1,000,000 tons for seed, that equals 800,000 tons a month for eleven months. It is close figuring, but Germany has had much experience in tight places during the past six years. The trade regards the crop estimate as low.

The position of the government with respect to the ticket bread seems to be as follows: It was planned to have 2,000,000 tons imported wheat and rye and to that add the 2,500,000 tons of requisitioned wheat and rye and issue this in the form of ticket bread. It now seems that the requisitioned bread grains will not be over 1,600,000 tons, if that. To keep the program it would be necessary to import at least 2,900,000 tons for this purpose. Imports to January first have not exceeded 700,000 tons, leaving 2,200,000 tons still to be imported. If this statement represents the correct situation the program of rationed bread seems impossible of fulfillment.

North of the latitude of Switzerland a huge potato crop has been reported. As the potatoes approached maturity throughout this area heavy and repeated rains fell. For six weeks in Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Eastern Germany and Austria it rained almost daily. Excessive moisture at the time of maturation of the potato results in

(Continued on Page 77)

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She mentioned the matter to Mr. Stevens. "I'm at my wit's end," she said. "The card club will meet here Tuesday afternoon and I just can't think of anything suitable to serve as refreshments. What would you do?"

Mr. Stevens looked up from the inevitable paper. "If I were doing it, I'd serve Coffee and sandwiches and a bit of cake. That's one combination everybody is sure to like. There's nothing like a good, hot cup of Coffee to make folks feel at home."

Mr. Stevens arrived home a little early on Tuesday night. "How'd the party go?" he asked.

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Six Rules for making BETTER COFFEE

1—Keep your Coffee fresh
2—Measure carefully
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4—Don't boil your Coffee
5—Serve at once
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Joint Coffee Trade Publicity Committee
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deterioration in quality and increase in spoilage. It is not desirable to harvest the potato from a soil soaked with water, and they do not keep well when thus harvested. All over Central Europe, therefore, peasants deferred the harvesting of potatoes in the hope that the soil would dry out.

With delayed harvesting and labor scarce, heavy losses must have been encountered. This must lead to radical revision of the estimate of the potato crop. If the potatoes are in poor condition more will be fed to animals during the winter and more will be shipped to distilleries. Under the best of circumstances the wastage of potatoes is heavy; under the circumstances of the present situation the wastage threatens to be doubly heavy.

Conditions in transportation impose great difficulties with the fraction of the potato crop destined for human use. The railways of Germany have not been able to move to the large cities the potatoes contracted for by the authorities to be stored as stocks for winter consumption. Old-timers predict that this will be a potato winter; but it will not be a potato winter unless the railways can distribute them. If it be a potato winter, these will be used as a substitute for bread, as was the case during the war.

Peasant Diet Normal

Large masses of the population of Europe are accustomed to bread made of one-quarter potato and three-quarters flour. Substitution of potatoes for bread would be promoted if the government issued less bread at subsidized price. Under these circumstances, the conservation of the potato crop becomes a question of unusual importance. If the German crop in 1922 was 39,000,000 tons, as reported, 6,000,000 tons must be reserved for seed. To the urban population is to be assigned a third of a ton a head for the winter, a huge ration. But it must be kept in mind that potatoes cannot be used after May, unless dried, leaving a wide gap of time until the next grain harvest. The remainder goes to animals, industries and distilleries. The more alcohol produced from potatoes the lower the import of petrol and maize.

In Germany the farm prices of the potato and sugar beet have been about equal. This means a low price for sugar beets, and the refinery price for granulated sugar was about two cents a pound on December 1, 1922. Since sugar beets are much more expensive to raise than potatoes, the relative premium on potatoes will encourage peasants to grow potato and fodder roots and discourage them from planting sugar beets. And yet Germany imports sugar!

Analysis of the German food supply indicates the following: The diet of the peasant class is practically normal. The urban diet displays notable modifications. The intake of meat, dairy products and animal fats is scarcely above half the prewar normal. The records of inspected slaughterings do not give so dark a picture, but one must take into account that rural slaughter has increased and the average weight of carcasses is greatly reduced. Without cheap barley and maize, Germany cannot produce more meat. The ration of bread is below the prewar normal.

The official statement that the bread ration has been reduced from 470 to 290 grams is an exaggeration. The crop reports of bread grains were overestimated 10 per cent before the war and no such ration as published was actually available. The present ration is over 290 grams because the present crop estimates of bread grains are too low. The consumption of potatoes and coarse vegetables is nearly 50 per cent above the level of the prewar period, the calories from these vegetables replacing those of animal products. The average caloric intake of the urban population is probably several hundred calories lower than before the war. There is, however, less waste than formerly.

Peculiar features are to be observed with sugar and margarine. The sugar production in Germany has not sufficed to give her anything approaching her normal ration of fifty-three pounds per capita a year. During the past six months Germany has been a relatively heavy importer of sugar and has been able to bring the sugar supply up to within 15 per cent of the normal. The imported sugar has not been issued for household consumption; it has gone largely to the luxury trades. This has been accomplished at a great sacrifice in marks.

The margarine consumption of Germany is heavy. Three-quarters of the margarine factories in the country are owned and operated by foreigners. These concerns mark the sales price every day to correspond to the import price of the vegetable oils. Thus the retail price of margarine follows very closely the gold price of the commodity. Since the prices of domestic foodstuffs lag behind the gold price, this has the effect of discouraging the consumption of margarine. The increase in sugar imports is not directly reciprocal to the low fat ration.

It is frequently suggested that German requirements of imported foods might be reduced by restriction of the national diet. During the past year the national intake in calories has been considerably higher than it was during the last two years of the war and the first two years of peace. This fact, however, furnishes no valid basis for a reduction in the current standard of living. There is in Germany today a submerged class of undernourished people larger than before the war. There is also an undernourished fraction of the middle class that found no counterpart at all in society before the war. The organized manual workers are not so well fed as before the war. The unmarried youths of the cities are better fed than before the war. The civil servants are seriously underfed. The peasants enjoy a normal diet. There is a small class of overnourished Germans, but this group is certainly smaller than before the war. The foreigners living in Germany live quite as well as before the war, and at low cost. The national diet contains more in cereal, potatoes and vegetables and less in meat and dairy products than before the war. To a considerable extent animal fat has been replaced by vegetable oil. All in all, the diet is less vigorous than the normal diet of the prewar period, and for children less sustaining for growth.

This intake of food, however, has to accomplish more than it did before the war. Germans wear thinner clothing than in normal times, and houses are less well heated. Cold rooms and thin clothing impose greater burdens on the heat production of the body, necessitating increased intake of food.

Wasted Grains

An analysis of family budgets in Germany indicates that the present food intake is maintained largely because of restrictions in other directions. Viewing the standard of living in terms of goods and services, it seems clear that the mass of urban Germans today are not enjoying over 70 per cent of the goods and services of the prewar period. Since rents are controlled in the most drastic manner, the proportion of the family income devoted to rent has fallen from 18 to as low as 2 per cent. The increased costs of fuel and light partly counteract this saving. Of the remainder of the family income, the largest part is devoted to foodstuffs, clothing and the accessories and sundries receive a minor share.

If further material reduction in the national food supply were undertaken, this would lead to inequitable distribution of the available food supply between different classes and sections of the country, as was the case during the war. The food supply could, indeed, be made much larger if half the barley devoted to beer were used as human food; if horses in the cities were fed on the war rations of a few years ago and the oats used as human food; if less potatoes were used for distilling and animal feed and more for human food. In this manner the sum total of calories in the national diet would be maintained with less of import of wheat and rye. But no such forcible reconstruction of the national diet could be attempted except with the restoration of the rigid system of food control that proved so obnoxious during the war. Under these circumstances, the suggestion of limiting food imports is seen to be gratuitous. A suggestion to return to soup kitchens has been received with popular derision and indignation.

When one comes to consider German ability to import an additional 1,000,000 tons of bread grains to compensate for crop failure, one must scrutinize the balance of merchandise trade and the account of international payments. The discussion is necessarily largely one of conjecture. German trade statistics are in such a condition of confusion as to be unreliable and refractory to interpretation.

In the majority report of the Committee of Experts on the Stabilization of the Mark, signed by Brand, Cassel, Jenks and Keynes, is the following comment on German statistics: "We have been given many different figures and we doubt if any of them deserve much credence." In the minority report of the same committee, signed by Dubois, Kamenka and Vissering, stands the following: "Unfortunately we have no exact statistics regarding Germany's present balance of payments, nor even any trustworthy figures as to balance of trade."

One knows, in terms of bulk, the import and export of staple materials. The quantity is scarcely more than half the prewar figures. The present exports would not have sustained the prewar standard of living. When it comes to values it is largely a matter of conjecture. Import values are made very insecure by fluctuation of the mark. Added to this is the tendency to exaggerate import values in order to increase customs revenues. With respect to export values the opposite tendency exists, to lower values in order to evade payments on reparation.

The Negative Trade Balance

It is agreed that the German balance of merchandise trade is negative; but how much no one knows, because exaggerated import values and depreciated export values make the negative balance of trade larger than it actually is. In addition, there is a great deal of smuggling through the area of occupation. Even if the merchandise trade were balanced, it is clear that the sudden addition to imports of the increased quantities of bread grains required must result in an unwieldy import excess. It is not clear in which directions Germany could best limit imports in attempting to compensate for this increase in wheat imports. The import of raw materials could not be restricted except with disastrous results on industry.

Concerning the state of the international account of Germany, we have still less fact and more conjecture. Rathenau estimated the negative balance at 750,000,000 gold marks a year. According to the government the negative balance for the first six months of 1922 was 700,000,000 gold marks; according to a competent trade estimate, the figure was only 200,000,000. The items are not available and the figures are commonly regarded as much too high. It is agreed that the German balance of international payments is negative; but to what extent is conjectural.

Germany has received during the past year an increase in tourist moneys, though probably of no great volume. Her activities in the directions of shipping, trading, insurance and banking have been expanded—partly under German names and partly under foreign names—and represent a considerable increase in invisible resources. The transfers of gold are a matter of official record. Few marks have been sold in the foreign world since July, 1922. Considerable German capital has been exported for investment purposes in foreign countries as an expression of flight of the mark. Rather large remittances have been received on interest account that are not matters of official record.

During the autumn there was considerable import of foreign capital for investment. German marks in foreign lands and fresh foreign capital have been attracted by the very low prices of German properties and shares subsequent to the precipitous fall of the mark. German stocks and bonds have found some sale in foreign markets. Of these transactions in both directions there is no record.

When all is said, accepting the statement that the international account is somewhat negative, it remains certain that the balance of payments is in no position to adapt itself to the item represented in the importation of another million tons of wheat and rye. Most of this must come from overseas. From Poland, Germany can import some rye, potatoes and sugar, for which she is able to offer payment in goods, assuming that the Germans and Poles can get together in trading.

The Russians are offering rye from Northern Ukraine on condition that Germany furnish transport and coal to the frontier. Such an importation would be paid for with goods. Commodities shipped to Poland and Russia would represent an extra, and would not be subtracted from goods that would be otherwise exported. It is certain, however, that much cannot be secured from these directions. It is more than doubtful whether Germany will secure

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any material amount of grain from the Balkans. They have little to sell, transportation is disabled and the political negotiations are difficult. Most of the grain must come from overseas.

The writer is unable to see how Germany can secure much grain from overseas except on credits or through charity, unless German nationals step forward with the offer to devote their foreign balances to this purpose. The existing foreign balances of Germany have been the subject of frequent discussion, usually with exaggeration. It is very difficult to obtain facts, except so far as concerns German property under requisition in enemy countries. Keynes, McKenna and the Chancellor of the British Exchequer have on recent occasions separately stated their views on this subject, and they are in general agreement that existing German balances abroad cannot exceed $500,000,000. French and American estimates run as high as $1,000,000,000. The Germans value their holdings still impounded in the United States at $400,000,000.

These balances lie outside the control or use of the German Government, except at the option of German nationals. While the world looks to the German nationals to use their foreign holdings to buy food for the Fatherland, the outcast Germans, who have lost homes and property in the loss of German territory, are looking to the home government for compensation. In the event of an alarming food crisis in Germany it is possible that German nationals might join with foreign agencies in supplying grain to Germany; but it is not probable that these balances will be devoted to paying the cost of importing food except in the event of overwhelming crisis.

Germany theoretically has two methods open to her: Selling paper money in foreign markets and raising an international loan. With definite stabilization of the mark, foreign purchase of the mark might again be resumed. But with definite stabilization of the mark, purchase of wheat with marks would not be necessary. To sell additional marks abroad would mean fresh inflation. Wheat will scarcely be traded in exchange for marks. There remains, therefore, only international credits and loans, either on a commercial or on a governmental basis. With this stated, the subject of the food supply of the German people during the present season is merged with the political problems of reparation, stabilization of the mark, moratorium and foreign loan. This looks bad, but the conviction remains that Germany will in some way secure bread.

Plant Conditions

To increase imports of grain, Germany might conceivably reduce other imports or increase exports of an industrial character. Germany has been living partly on her capital—largely of the middle class—but she cannot continue this much longer. Is it possible, in the immediate future, for Germany to increase her industrial output?

The factors involved are capital, management, labor, physical plant, raw materials, fuel and transport. There is real scarcity of capital in Germany. There is scarcity of operative credit, for the credit facilities of the banks do not expand proportionately to the decline of the mark. There is little scarcity of industrial laborers, though the output per working day is low.

There is no lack of managerial talent in Germany. The war losses in engineers and managers have been made good by the return to Germany of trained technical men from the portions of the empire split off under the treaty of peace, and from foreign countries. German manufacturing plants are in first-grade condition. War expansion has been converted into peace expansion; the huge paper profits of the past two years have been largely devoted to perfection of equipment and installation, representing a return to the plants of the savings of their owners. The potential capacity of the plants is easily double the present output. There is no pressing scarcity of raw materials since purchases are always possible on the credit of the industrial magnates.

There is scarcity of fuel in Germany. The output of mines is low as the result of low outturn per miner per hour and the short workday. Naturally, the loss of the Saar and a portion of Upper Silesia, and the deliveries to the Allies in reparation represent a large deflection. Germany is importing coal from Great Britain. This in itself is not abnormal, because coal was imported from Great Britain before the war; but the present distribution of British coal is abnormal and represents a heavy loss in transportation. Brown coal imports from Czecho-Slovakia have been suspended on account of disparity in the two currencies.

That Germany is a net coal importing instead of a net coal exporting country, as before the war, has a bad effect on the international account. The scarcity of coal falls on the householder rather than upon the industries, and it would not be correct to state that production, as reflected in exports, is restricted by scarcity of coal.

Conditions in transportation have been considerably improved within the past year. Since early in 1922 the operating deficit has been overcome by efficient management, and this will be maintained unless the railroads are overwhelmed by new wage increases unaccompanied by corresponding rate increases. There is considerable equipment out of order, both in cars and locomotives. Certain classes of freight, notably potatoes, have not received proper attention. Industrial production for export trade, however, has not suffered from defective railway service.

Reduced Output

The relations of cost, turnover and output for unit of labor demand particular consideration. Unskilled labor in Germany today draws almost as high wage as skilled labor. This has the effect of abolishing the system of apprenticeship and entices workers from country to city. The labor unions have a membership of nearly 8,000,000.

A large group of unskilled workers from seventeen to twenty-two years of age presents a peculiar problem. These workers are unmarried and their wages are excessive, compared with the costs of living, when contrasted with conditions of older married workers. They are unorganized and irresponsible, disdainful of guidance by older heads, and it is from this class that the fear of social disorder in Germany proceeds. Civil servants and clerical workers are underpaid. With all classes of workers, the attempt is made to secure wage advances as rapidly as the mark falls, which attempt is successful in proportion to the strength of organization of the workers of the particular group.

Before the war Germany employed many Polish and Italian industrial laborers and Slavic agricultural workers. These are no longer available, with the result that the peak periods of labor needs in the different employments are exaggerated and the effectiveness of localized strikes increased.

A statistical study of output in different industries makes it clear that the reduction of the workday to eight hours has not been accompanied by an increased output a day, but on the contrary the output an hour under the eight-hour day is less than under the nine or ten hour workday of the prewar period. Since the volume of export of goods depends upon the margin between production and consumption, Germany can increase her exports only if she increases production, reduces consumption, or both. As a practical proposition, reduction of consumption may be excluded. Germany can hope to export more goods only if the output of her industries is augmented. This augmentation might be secured by speeding up during the eight-hour day, or by extending the workday to nine or ten hours.

Labor leaders and industrialists seem agreed that speeding up of work is not practicable. The physical, mental and psychologic condition of the workers is such as to render them refractory to speeding up operations. Handworkers cannot intensify their efforts if headworkers are not able to proceed at the same pace. Expropriation of resources has had the same effect on the middle class as socialism on the workers, and clerical efficiency is not to be expected of them. There remains, therefore, no method of securing a greater output than to prolong the workday.

To the proposition that a lengthened and intensified workday in Germany would result in heavy increase of exports, one serious qualification must be made. Assuming that goods of the value of a sum more than sufficient to balance the international account could be produced, where are these to be sold? It is not sufficient to insist on harder work that produces goods; it is necessary to indicate the market where an effective demand for the goods exists. The marketing account of increased German production is just as important as the manufacturing account.

In every large consuming country measures have been undertaken to prevent the dumping of German goods. Illustrations are the new tariff of the United States and the British Safeguarding of Industries Act. Scrutiny of trade conditions does not convince one that the world would absorb materially more German goods at present prices than is the case at this time. Part-time employment has already been introduced into textile mills and factories of electrical machinery, the result of slack orders. Of course, the world would take an increased volume of German goods at greatly reduced prices. This, however, amounts to proposing a lengthened workday, with reduction in standard of living and exploitation of the working class. Under these circumstances, the socialists contend that to adopt the ten-hour day for the payment of reparations would be to follow a precept of theoretical economics rather than to conform to actual conditions in world trade.

The Eight-Hour Day

The question of the workday presents the most difficult problem in Germany. For decades before the war the eight-hour workday was the ideal of the working classes. Had the war not occurred and the eight-hour day been granted as a concession to labor, this short workday might have sufficed to cover the needs of the country. But, following the enormous destructions and depreciations of the war, it cannot suffice.

Socialist leaders and economists are agreed that restitution by the country cannot be accomplished on the present eight-hour day. A relinquishment in principle is, however, not to be expected. The largest concession the working class will agree to runs something to the following effect: The eight-hour workday is to be recognized and stabilized as the regular workday. Over a period of years, for purposes of reconstruction and to pay reparation, one or two hours' overtime shall be added. This offer is made contingent on the condition that no profits from the operations of the overtime shall accrue to capital.

The rejoinder of the industrial magnates is to the effect that nothing but a ten-hour workday on the competitive basis, without interference by workers in management, will suffice to restore the productivity of the nation

The traditional industriousness, pride in accomplishment and thrift of the German workman have practically disappeared. Complacent sloth has supplanted thrift in many, despair has supplanted thrift in others. The industrial magnates profess to have no desire for profits accruing from the longer workday, but stress the fact that the present eight-hour workday, plus two hours overtime with the overtime psychology of the worker, will not achieve restoration of efficiency. This conflict of views is nowhere more sharply revealed than in the Reichstag. Whatever the final outcome, it may be confidently predicted that no change in working hours, conditions or output will occur in time to find expression in increased productivity and enlarged exports before August, 1923.

Imports of Bread Grains

The import of increased amounts of wheat would be burdensome enough if currencies and prices were stable. But with fluctuating currencies and prices, the situation spells confusion. While marks and francs have fallen during the autumn, the world gold price of wheat has risen over twenty cents a bushel, due to short crop and poor quality in Europe, aided by difficulties in rail transport in exporting countries. A few months ago a thousand marks to the dollar could purchase wheat at a dollar a bushel in Chicago. Latterly, over 8000 marks to the dollar had to pay a dollar and eighteen cents for a bushel of wheat in Chicago. From 1000 to 9400 marks! The inflation resulting in such market conditions is ruinous and the rise in cost of the national bread supply is catastrophic.

We take it for granted that Europe will not import 7,000,000 tons of bread grains more than last year. More will be imported, but not that much more. Adaptions will be made in each country. What the exact adaptions and imports will be, we shall know six months from now. It may develop that imports will not exceed those of last season by more than two or three million tons. Sir James Wilson has estimated that the 1922–23 imports will exceed those of 1921–22 by 3,000,000 tons. European grain merchants and millers generally set the estimated increased imports at double this figure. Time will tell.

Leaving the consideration of European import requirements, what are the conditions in the exporting countries? The ability of a country to export depends on factors other than the mere possession of exportable goods. The ability of the United States to export has been substantially improved during the past year. In order to elucidate the position it is necessary to scrutinize our balance of international payments. This difficult subject has been recently illuminated in an exhaustive investigation by Williams, with the result that previous misconceptions of our unfunded commercial balance must be revised. Our excess of exports of merchandise in 1919 was roughly $4,000,000,000; in 1920 approximately $3,000,000,000; and in 1921 practically $2,000,000,000. On the basis of the known figures for 1922, the excess of exports is estimated at below $1,000,000,000. In other words, the positive balance of merchandise trade over the four years was practically $10,000,000,000. When we entered the year 1919 there was owing to foreign countries by the United States a net unfunded balance of $882,000,000. Since that time the total net international payments of our Government aggregated $2,730,000,000. Immigrants' remittances and relief outlays for the four years may be safely estimated as $2,300,000,000, and tourist expenditures at $600,000,000.

During 1921 and 1922 we received heavy imports of gold, purchased large blocks of

(Continued on Page 83)

These Little Pigs are Going to Market for the German Hausfrau

6 of Paramount's Super Thirty-nine

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Scenario by Beulah Marie Dix

GLORIA SWANSON in
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A Sam Wood Production
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story by Hector Turnbull

MARION DAVIES in
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Directed by Robert Vignola
A Cosmopolitan Production

"Drums of Fate" with
MARY MILES MINTER
Supported by George Fawcett
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The Paramount schedule, both in quantity and quality, is designed to satisfy your entertainment needs every month in the year.

Paramount leadership has been gained by living up to an ideal.

The motion pictures you love to see naturally contain the finest art of the foremost dramatists, directors, stars and screen-technicians.

Paramount Pictures are a veritable gallery of their art.

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR, President

If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town

The Mark of Quality

Firm in his belief that the locomotive was practical and would prove of inestimable service to man, George Stephenson sought an open competition at which other engineers might receive equal opportunity to exhibit their inventions. His notable success with "The Rocket" at Rainhill, England, in October, 1829, was the more creditable for Stephenson's unselfish attitude and fair-mindedness.

Fire

The Courage of Conviction

STEPHENSON, the untutored mine-worker, triumphed over adversity and found greatness through service because he was possessed of the courage of his convictions.

Faith in the ultimate accomplishment, strengthened by uncompromising standards must precede every great achievement.

It was the realization of the possibilities of pneumatic tires and the confidence of final success that produced the present day cord tire.

In the performance of Firestone Gum-Dipped Cords, the Firestone organization sees the rewards of over twenty years of incessant effort toward better tire quality. Millions today are receiving mileage from Firestone Cords that seemed beyond the realm of possibility.

Belief in the standard of Most Miles per Dollar has brought acceptance of that standard from an ever-widening following.

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

Stone

Ingersoll

RADIOLITES
Tell Time in the Dark

FOR Winter Time and All the Time—an Ingersoll Radiolite.

Under your pillow these long nights and these dark mornings, when you get up before the sun; outdoors at night a Radiolite quickly and pleasantly tells you the time.

And in the nursery or sick room; in the photographer's dark room; for night driving in your car; at the movie theatre; for nursing mothers, nurses, soldiers, night watchmen, policemen; for farmers at their chores—here, too, the Radiolite proves its remarkable usefulness.

An Ingersoll Radiolite costs only a little more, yet does double duty. It keeps reliable time and tells it truthfully daylight or dark

This time-in-the-dark ability comes from real radium in the substance on the figures and hands.

Any Ingersoll dealer will show you the complete line of six Radiolites priced from $2.50 to $5.00.

Four models are illustrated below:

[A] The YANKEE RADIOLITE, the famous Yankee equipped for telling time in the dark $2.50. *Canadian Maple Leaf Radiolite, $3*

[B] The WATERBURY RADIOLITE, a jeweled watch, stylish 12-size, the best watch $5 will buy." $5.00. *In Canada, $6.*

[C] The MIDGET RADIOLITE, the smallest Radiolite—just the thing for women, girls and small boys. $3.50. *In Canada, $4*

[D] The RADIOLITE TWO-IN-ONE, for desk, dressing table, or table by the bed. $2.75. *In Canada, $3.50.*

How a Radiolite looks in the dark.

(Continued from Page 78)

American securities previously held abroad and made extensive private investments of fresh capital in foreign enterprises. At the close of 1921 the unfunded balance owed to the United States by foreign countries was not in excess of $1,000,000,000. At the rate of export of American capital going out during the first ten months of 1922, in connection with the other items on both sides of the ledger, it seems clear that we are entering 1923 with the unfunded balance practically obliterated.

In 1921 we had a net debit balance of nearly $200,000,000, and a larger net debit balance was forecast for 1922.

The extraordinary volume of foreign investments has been made possible by our heavy gold reserve. The traditional American fear of foreign investments has apparently disappeared.

This state of affairs has a bearing on the question of European trade. If Europe had suffered crop failure two years ago, when a large unfunded commercial balance was due the United States from foreign countries, the extension of further credits to cover increased import needs would have been impossible. But with a balanced international account, new credits do not appear impossible. If a merchant has many current accounts on his books, constituting frozen credits, he cannot extend new credits; but if he has few outstanding accounts he can offer new credits. The United States, having funded practically all current commercial accounts, is in position to extend new commercial credits. Thus the position of the borrowing and importing European countries, from this point of view, is superior to that of two years ago.

Indirect Benefits

The other food-exporting countries are not in this situation. Canada, Argentina and Australia are semideveloped countries, requiring annual importation of fresh capital in order to maintain continuous development. If they increase exports of raw materials they expect capital in return. They cannot increase exports of raw materials and export capital at the same time. In other words, they cannot afford to sell for credit. If Canada, Argentina and Australia cannot accept goods or services for increased exports of wheat to Europe, such increased exports can only be maintained if those countries are able to borrow from Great Britain or the United States.

What motive has Great Britain to make loans to those countries in order to enable them to export wheat to Europe? She has the motive of enlargement of markets for her manufactured goods. She is interested in increased freedom of flow of goods, in stabilization of world trade. These interests the United States shares. If we make loans to Canada, Argentina and Australia, and those loans facilitate the sale of wheat to Europe, we expect in return to enjoy a wider market for industrial exports. We have a broad interest in resumption of normal direct, triangular and quadrangular relations in world trade.

It is necessary to be clear on the subject. If a foreign loan is floated in the United States the money becomes available to the borrower at his option. We have no way of specifying that the proceeds of the loan shall be used for purchase of goods or services of the United States, nor would it be desirable to do so. Some of the moneys secured in the United States through foreign loans have been wasted abroad in politics, militarism, speculation, fraud and currency manipulation. What proportion of the hundreds of millions that we have loaned during the past two years has gone into productive and constructive enterprises is not known. A large fraction has been expended in the United States. A large fraction has been used for the purchase of materials in other countries.

Through the sale of their materials to our debtors, foreign countries are placed in position to purchase from us goods they desire. Every international loan results in a stimulation of trade more or less local but always also more or less general. The indirect benefits are not so prominent as the direct profits, but may be no less valuable in the long view. Whenever we extend a foreign credit for one American commodity, a credit is extended for all American commodities. Whenever we make a loan to all actively trading countries of the world. Every exported foodstuff has participated in the trade advantages of the credits represented in our commercial balance. If the United States extends a loan to Brazil, every coffee-importing country in Europe enjoys participation in this loan. The intercourses of commerce and finance are such that it is not possible to trace the American dollar through the foreign world to its final return, but we may be sure that it is ever serving us as well as foreigners. Though loans extended from the United States in 1921–22 to Europe were much smaller than those to other portions of the world, the very volume of the loans extended to countries of the world outside Europe were of added value to Europe.

These considerations make it probable that Europe will be able to cover her increased requirements of foodstuffs by selling currencies for foreign bills or by making purchases on credits or loans. Probably these methods alone will be employed by the Continental countries, since there is little basis for hope that increased import requirements can be covered by increased export surpluses of goods or services to be produced during this crop year. Therefore, we come to the proposition that if we are to sell to Europe 150,000,000 bushels of wheat, 40,000,000 bushels of rye and 100,000,000 bushels of feed grains, we must do so partly on credits, loans or through the purchase of European currencies. In addition, we must face the fact that any loans we extend to Canada and South America will flow to Europe in part in the form of wheat. During the first ten months of 1922 Germany imported from Argentina nearly 500,000 tons of wheat. This export was facilitated by our loans to Argentina.

We are now in position to state a fundamental question confronting American agriculture. Is it wise to lend money to foreign countries to enable them to purchase foodstuffs from us? Or is it wise to have our agriculture retreat to the point of self-sufficiency to cover domestic demands? We must judge agriculture in times of normal relations, not by the war boom. So far as beef, mutton and wool are concerned, we had ceased to be an exporting country before the war, and have returned to this condition again. We were net importers of dairy products. Before the war our export of bread grains was rapidly declining to the dimension of an annual export merely operating to take up the slack of crop fluctuations. We had a large export of feeding stuffs. Had the war not occurred, continuation of our export of feeding stuffs would have become problematical—except for Canada—in the face of increasing competition with corn from Argentina, corn and barley from the Balkans and Russia, and oil seeds from the tropics. We held the leading position as exporter of pork products, only the Balkan states being serious competitors. Lard, however, faces fierce competition the world over with substitutes made from vegetable oils.

Diversification of Crops

Many economists support the view of certain agricultural authorities that it is necessary for us to remain a net export state in the principal cereals if for no other reason than safety. It is one thing to turn out an exportable surplus of wheat in connection with diversified agriculture and crop rotation, whereby fertility of the soil is maintained. It is a different thing that we do now—export wheat secured by exploitation of the soil by frontier farming. Frontier farming of wheat is declining in the United States. Within a few years wheat will be raised in Minnesota and in Kansas as a part of diversified agriculture only, as in Ohio. Apparently wheat will remain a major crop in the Dakotas, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon for climatic reasons. Soft wheat will continue to be exported from the Pacific Coast to Europe and Asia; durum wheat will continue to be exported from the arid Northwest, to be used in the manufacture of pastes in Europe. A crop of 750,000,000 bushels of flour wheat would leave little for export except mediocre grain. Practically all the hard wheat and high-grade soft wheat of a crop of 750,000,000 bushels—excluding durum—would be required by the flour mills of the United States.

During the past four years we have exported over 1,250,000,000 bushels of wheat and rye and flours in terms of grain largely as the result of the collapse of Russia. It is the conviction of growers of this wheat—and of the agricultural authorities in Washington and in the wheat-growing states—that this grain has not been marketed at prices commensurate with the work of the farmer and the risks of the enterprise. If this be true, then the farmers would be better off today had the same efforts been devoted to diversification of agriculture. In order to sell this quantity of wheat abroad, the country has made extensive foreign loans. Not only has the wheat of these four years been exported with little or no remuneration but it has represented impoverishment of the soil, exploitation of national resources, resulting in a depreciation that must later be repaired through diversified farming or by the application of artificial fertilizers. Certainly the advisability of such a trade demands demonstration. Of course, the lack of remuneration was due in part to the losses of the business cycle. But the production of the huge exportable surpluses was a part of the boom. We export wheat in competition with countries that grow wheat at lower cost. The wheat grower in the United States is in almost the same situation as his counterpart in England—he is a high-cost producer; his price is fixed at the datum line of Liverpool; his competitors are low-cost producers in countries with cheaper land. Conditions in agriculture are improving rapidly and the farmer must decide, in each area, at what price wheat growing pays.

Economic Considerations

A comparison of our wheat export with the coal export of Great Britain is pertinent. Before the war Great Britain had a large export of coal. It was a source of profit for mine operators and furnished employment to miners. It was a heavy item in the international account and an important tonnage factor in British shipping. Great Britain is now exporting coal at no profit to mine operators and at minimal wages to miners. The trade is very important as tonnage and in the international account. But if the sale of this export coal were to continue unprofitable to operators and miners, how long would it be maintained by the owners?

Our foreign loans have not been the expression of excess of capital after all domestic needs have been covered. The capital exported during the past two years could have been advantageously placed in the railways, waterways and highways of the country. A debtor agricultural country must export products of the soil in order to pay for capital. But ought a creditor country to make foreign loans in order to enable products of the soil to be exported?

In a world of extraordinary velocity of change it will not do to state *a priori*, as a postulate of orthodox economics, that we must remain a food-exporting nation. Without undertaking here to controvert the proposition, one certainly is entitled to exact an argument based on the commodity phases of the situation and on the operative aspects of agriculture. It is a question to be discussed, not a dictum to be stated. The proposition must be argued from the dynamics of agriculture.

There are certain lines of manufacture for which an export outlet is necessary if capacity operation is to be maintained. Can agriculture be compared with such manufacture? Is an export outlet desirable for all kinds of agriculture—frontier wheat farming in the Dakotas, prune raising in California, cheese making in Wisconsin, hog raising in Iowa? Might it be better for the South to export less cotton and have more diversified agriculture? What is the true place of wheat in correct crop rotation in the different sections of the country? Are the exports from exploitative farming equivalent in meaning to the exports from developmental farming?

These and similar technical questions must be considered before one can accept the aphoristic proposition that we must export farm products.

Is the proposition identical for creditor and debtor states? If it was good to export wheat when we had to do so to pay for foreign capital, does it necessarily remain good to continue to export wheat when we have to lend money to foreigners to get the wheat taken out of the country?

The problem of the export of agricultural products is only one phase of the larger problem of the dynamics of American agriculture. Dogmatism has no place in the discussion. We live suddenly in a different world, and the new problems must be faced in the spirit of open-minded investigation.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Taylor

Keeps Finest Shoes from Fading

Not one of the old worries—rain, mud, slush or snow—need ever penalize the appearance of your footwear.

There is nothing they can do that Dyanshine will not undo. Under the worst conditions its magic will prevail. A touch or two of the dauber and rich color returns to make fading footwear respectable again.

Rain

Slush

Scuffs, too, disappear. And a few strokes of the cloth brings a soft pleasing lustre. Only the appearance of the shoes on the day you bought them can compare.

New shoes for old—and that's almost the fact.

Snow

It is insurance for your footwear, too. Dyanshine *makes* them right and *keeps* them right.

No acids to harm. No disagreeable odors to embarrass you. No paste to rub off.

Yet color for beauty. Oil to preserve. Wax to polish. And a shine that lasts the week.

Try Barton's Dyanshine next time. Available in black and the popular shades of tan and brown. Also White Canvas and White Kid.

Be certain to ask for it by name—don't be persuaded to accept substitutes.

Manufactured only by
BARTON MANUFACTURING CO.
WACO, TEXAS, U. S. A.

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50 Shines 50 cents

BARTON'S DYANSHINE

DOUBLE SERVICE SHOE POLISH

The Secret of the Sampler

is in the background of eighty years—three generations of fine ideals in candymaking.

The success of the *Sampler* is due not only to the quality of the chocolates and confections inside, but to the happy choice of the ten kinds in the seventeen ounce package, called by courtesy a "pound."

It is the continent-covering candy, sold in all those selected stores (usually the best drug stores in every community) that are agents for the sale of Whitman's Chocolates.

The *Sampler* is a liberal education in quality-sweets. It points the way to equally individual and meritorious assortments, made, packed, sealed and guaranteed by Whitman's.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Sole makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate, Cocoa and Marshmallow Whip

New York Branch: 225 W. 33rd St. Chicago Branch: 1537 Michigan Ave., South
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He Had to Tell Her Something, He Was Saying Aloud to Himself in Order to Drown a Voice That Cried Within Him, "You Have Come Too Late"

ADVENTURING

(Continued from Page 21)

a song and a sigh. Many a year she has listened, almost her life long.

She is lying there, thinking her thoughts, conscious perhaps of the pulse in her breast. Tomorrow, and the next day, and the next, she will awaken with happiness running like wine through her veins. Always. This beautiful vessel is hers, this schooner yacht named for some woman. Some woman, yes. A woman who led a man through Paradise. She remembers Jay Singleton's phrase, and repeats it slowly to herself: Beatrice—a woman who led a man through Paradise. But that was long, long ago; and just something someone imagined.

Joe tries to banish the thought from her mind. The Beatrice is tugging terrifically at her anchors. She will think of that. Yet, strangely, there is a sound like a sigh in the tumultuous voice of the ocean—a tone, an undertone. What does it mean? Joe gazes through the gloom at the water rushing past the port. A ball of phosphorus like a fallen star, large and luminous, peers in at the small window, then floats nebulously by. A woman a long, long while ago led a man through Paradise—a man who had passed through hell.

She closed her eyes. She is not very happy. But tomorrow. Tomorrow, tomorrow, if tomorrow will only ever come, happiness will run through her veins like wine! Hasn't she everything she wants, all she desires? And she lies there motionless, feigning sleep to herself.

But she cannot banish either memory or imagination, those two indefatigable painters, from the kingdom of her mind. Strangely, swiftly, their brushes are at work. She sees the moat of old Fort Macon deep in shadows. On the brownstone coping two years ago, emotions—longing—had come and gone, leaving her body cold and trembling, cold as a slender shaft of moonlight, trembling like a star resting in its voyage. She had escaped from a town, from the land dust that had choked her. Now she had escaped from love, a hideous thing; from man, a brutish creature. She had escaped from him yesterday; perhaps the day before. And now what was this emotion? Surely not longing! Yet it left her cold and trembling. But she would not think of him. No, she told herself, she would not think of him.

Joe arose, stood in the rolling gloom and gazed out at the tumultuous water with the slender moon upon it, then slipped into her clothes and went to the compact little cabin adjoining her room.

Faint moonlight entered the windows, making objects dimly discernible, grotesque, out of proportion—that fireplace over there, the glint on the diamond-shaped panes of glass in the bookcases, the gun rack, and the panel portraying an elephant herd, the table and wall desk, neatly arranged. She curled in a deep chair and tried to occupy her mind with thoughts of the former owner of the Beatrice, the man who had built this schooner yacht for a home. She said to herself, "A big man." But the picture in her mind was of something different altogether—an absurdly little man, no taller than a shotgun, with reddish-brown goatee. Where in the world had she got such an impression! Now, the present owner —— "I, myself, am the present owner," she said aloud.

But Joe was not thinking of herself. Evidently not, for in a whisper she pronounced the word "Singleton." Indeed, why shouldn't she think of him? She would think of him all she pleased! Wasn't she married to Jay Singleton? Here in this room, right over there, she was married to him, with the crew lined up against the wall and crowded into the companionway, gaping, and Lawyer Ennis Williams looking as if his client was receiving a death sentence. "Jay Singleton. Little and ordinary," she whispered; then added "Not little physically." No, he was powerfully built. And well, maybe not ordinary; just plain so. Yes, she was sure he was just plain so. No one could say he was ordinary. Nevertheless, before he had even known her name he had kissed her, and she had hated him. That was the first time. And right here, while she was sitting in this chair—the second time. And she had despised him. And she still hated and despised him. But he wasn't little and he wasn't ordinary. No, he wasn't little or ordinary.

The last time she had seen him he was standing alone at the end of the hotel dock. He had sent word by Clem Davis that he was going to catch the morning train. But she had seen him standing there—alone. From the wheel of the Beatrice she had glanced back and seen that lonely figure, leaning against the wind, his coat flapping, as he peered out upon the water from the end of the dilapidated dock. No, she wouldn't think of him. But she wondered if he had gone to Virginia on the afternoon train. Maybe he was back in the town that was named for him, making leather; maybe he was still standing alone at the end of the hotel dock. She visualized the afternoon train crossing the long trestle to Morehead City. She had seen it creep across the trestle a hundred times, maybe a thousand times. She thought of the drawbridge. But no, she wouldn't think of the drawbridge. Never in her life had she heard of an accident on the trestle. Why had she thought of that! If she thought of Jay Singleton at all, she told herself, then it would be as she had seen him last, standing alone at the end of the hotel dock.

"Jay Singleton," she pronounced the name slowly. "Singleton. . . ." And Joe whispered brokenly, with a curious rising inflection, "Anyone would know—just from his name—he is a man who stands alone."

Curled in her deep chair in the dimly moonlit cabin of the Beatrice the girl again closed her eyes. But anyone would know, from the pitching of the ship, she really couldn't sleep. Nor could she remain there all night; nor yet for another minute. The Beatrice was dragging her anchors. The girl felt it, knew what was happening, jumped from her chair, climbed to the deck and made her way forward. A sou'wester. Joe examined the anchor chains, and sent word by the watch to Captain Ackerman. Holding to the shrouds she listened to the wind in the rigging. The stay light was swinging madly like a planet on a pendulum. Green clouds were scudding across the heavens.

"No," she said positively when Captain Ackerman, with an ulster flapping over his pajamas, came on deck, "we're going to stay right here. Start your enginea, keep them running. That should hold her."

"You're the owner, ma'am; but I'm the skipper," said Captain Ackerman.

"You're the skipper," agreed Joe, "but I'm the pilot. If we can't weather it, if it blows too strong, I'll put in at Bogue Inlet. No one could cross the Beaufort Bar tonight."

She left him there, and made her way aft to the shelter of the wheelhouse. There, silently, she gazed across the rolling waters at a clear star, low on the horizon—communing perhaps with her own personal god. The star on the horizon was the steady beaming eye of Lookout Light. And in its wordless language the ocean that had cradled this girl had imparted some strange untranslatable message.

Why or for whom, Joe did not know, but she, too, was waiting.

XIX

JAY SINGLETON at noon of the following day found a fishing village more delirious than he.

Jay came down Bogue Sound singing "Man is peer of gods." He was still singing after twelve hours of pulling fitfully on the oars, now aground, now scraping over a sand shoal, in and out of coves and inlets, from Beaufort to Salter's Path. A man with a mighty chest, arms and shoulders and a will to drive them—this Jay Singleton of Singleton. Mad? No other word for him. He wasn't going down with a frightened wail, wasn't going down on a mildewed mattress. No, sir. A woman was sitting by the sea, waiting. Had something to tell her, mighty important. He'd get there somehow; man is peer of gods.

And he rammed the prow of his leaky skiff into the supports of the craziest of structures. What was this? A house on stilts ten feet above the water, no pier leading to land. And yonder rowboats tied to stakes on the mud flats! Along the shore little houses had appeared among the underbrush and tall woodland. Salter's. Salter's Path!

But not a human being was visible, not a man or a woman, not a child, not one. Jay shoved away from the fish house that stood there like a lonely heron, and ran the nose of his skiff onto a mud flat. "Got to tell her something mighty important." He splashed in the water, ankle-deep, waded ashore and followed Salter's Path around a pigsty. Adjacent was the garden patch of David John, full of weeds and tomato vines. He passed David John's house, thinking of the phrase, "Pleased to meet you." It rang in Jay's ears, yet no one had spoken, no one was there. The door was open, sagging on its hinges. "I'd make you welcome, but there's flu inside."

Back of the fringe of fishermen's houses were three buildings. Jay passed them. A church window had been broken. "My people's stop coming here," David John had said. Jay hurried on, stumbling now and again, along this path—Salter's Path—worn hipdeep in the sandy soil by generations of saturnine fishermen with nets on their shoulders trooping to the sea. And yonder was the inevitable thing that in another century would obliterate this village—that creeping wall of sand.

He had to tell her something, he was saying aloud to himself in order to drown a voice that cried within him, "You have come too late."

Up the encroaching mountain of sand he stumbled to a golden plateau dazzling in the sunlight. Jay tried to run. The sand held him. His feet moved slowly. "You've come too late."

Maybe now she couldn't wait any longer for the sea to give up its dead. Too bad, mighty bad! Twenty-five centuries ago a girl had thrown herself into the sea. Maybe now that was what had happened; he didn't know; maybe she had thrown herself into the sea.

A dark structure holding the divided fishing gear of Salter's stood solitary and alone on the plateau of sand. Dark groups of women and children were beneath it on the wide beach. Men were standing there, shoulders hunched. The waves were rolling in noisily.

Jay stumbled toward them. He saw David John—his thin yellowish beard, fanatical eyes. He was haranguing a group of his people.

"—— emptied the church, caused the gear to be divided."

What was he saying? What had become of the girl who had sat here—waiting? Jay Singleton grabbed the old man by the shoulder.

"What's become of her?" He had something to tell her, something mighty important.

They weren't real, these people milling around him; the odor of their bodies, that high-pitched fanatical voice of the old man, their leader, who was croaking "Pleased to see you."

"What's become of her?" Jay shook him, and David John seemed to rattle within his gaunt frame.

"We druv her out. She emptied the church."

"I reckon you know that's a lie." Singleton lifted this old skeleton in rags, shoved it aside and it went down on the hard beach with a rattle of bones. A woman screeched. "She emptied the church. She told everybody's fortune but her own." Jay took hold of a thickset fisherman who felt like a bag of corn, and backed him through the throng. "I reckon you'll tell me what's happened. I reckon you'll tell me mighty quick."

Then suddenly this madman, this Jay Singleton of Singleton, loosened his hold on the fisherman. He knew what had happened. He shouted something, he roared, he broke through the milling people and stumbled up the plateau of sand. Beneath him on the wide beach were the fishermen and their wives. They were threatening him with their fists. The women were shrieking epithets. He neither saw nor heard them. He was peering at something far away along the smooth shore—two figures, side by side, walking where the foam ran in like the hushed noise of small scurrying bare feet. And suddenly this madman, this Jay Singleton of Singleton, threw his arms above his head and shouted with the might of his lungs: "She waited! She waited!"

She had waited, and her man had conquered the sea to come back to her. "He conquered the sea!" shouted Jay Singleton. "Man is the peer of gods!"

Among the glories of this coast this is the tale most often related: Captain Jef Rowley, blackfisherman, swam five days in the

(Continued on Page 89)

Every Shopping District

Merchants accept lighting as an aid to sales! Witness their brightly-lighted display windows. Witness the lighting of stores on dark days and even in mid-afternoon on bright days. Witness the attention given to attractive fixtures and decorative lighting effects.

But certain wise merchants go even further! They are the real lighting "fans". Every town — every big-city shopping district — has them. Theirs is the discovery that lighting is not merely an antidote for sales-depressing gloom — but a constructive force in business, ranking in importance with other forces that all merchants know.

Good Merchandise, Well Lighted, is Soon Sold

These modern captains of commerce have learned that good buying, advertising, salesmanship and service all have an able ally in lighting.

Many merchants actually rate proper lighting as the first step in the successful conduct of a store. Others declare the sale of any slow-moving goods can be speeded up by more light! And it is an open secret that certain goods — as, for instance, those that can be made to sparkle or to glow with color — seem to have an especial affinity for light.

Making Every Foot of Floor Space Sell

Merchants have also learned the value of pouring light generously into all parts of the store, making every foot of floor space do full duty — attracting customers back from the door into odd corners, to other floors, to out-of-the-way departments. Not every showcase can be "just a step" from the sidewalk, and lighting makes it unnecessary!

Have You Enough Lighting?

The art of store lighting has gone forward with such enormous strides that many merchants have been left further behind than they realize. A careful check-up of a large number of stores showed that — judged by really modern standards — only 27% could be credited with "excellent" illumination, 43% "fair" and 30% below the accepted minimum standard for stores of their class. As to window lighting, 10% were "good", 18% "fair", and 72% "poor".

Lighting the Average Store

While requirements differ, a reasonable minimum standard for the average store is obtained by using 200-watt MAZDA lamps (or 300-watt MAZDA Daylight lamps) in enclosing shades of dense white or prism glass, spaced about ten feet apart. If your present lighting falls below this, it will surely pay you to re-light your store at once.

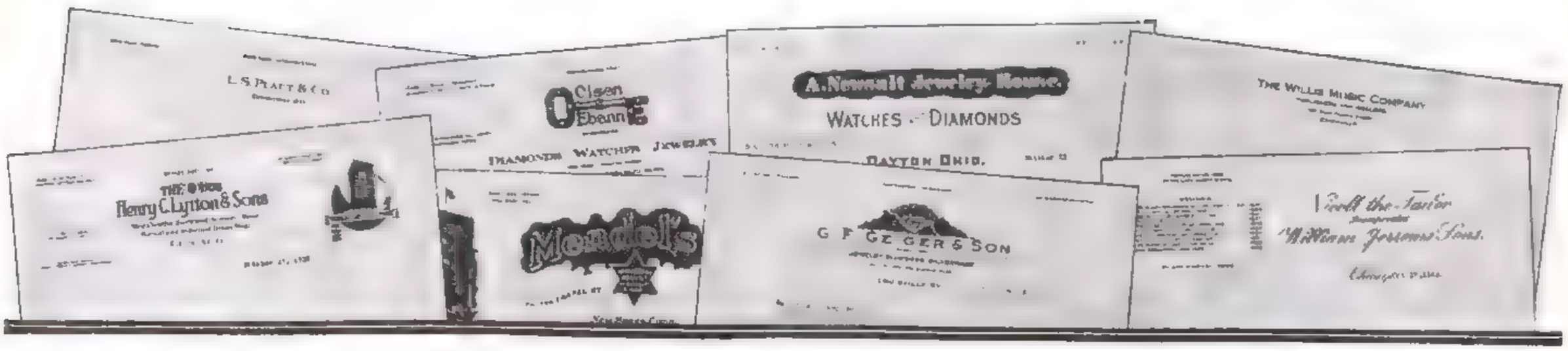
Ask the National MAZDA Lamp Man

The man from whom you buy National MAZDA lamps will be glad to show important lighting data that will help you bring your illumination up to date.

Write for Booklet

A booklet, "Building Profit with Light", will be sent on request. It contains lighting suggestions, together with letters from many well-known stores, including the letters from which quotations are made on the opposite page. National Lamp Works of General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, O.

NATIONAL MAZDA LAMPS



Has Its Lighting "Fans"

Read What these Lighting Fans Say—

Good lighting stimulates sales.—*Geo. Lyon & P., The Hub, Henry C. Lyon & Sons, Chicago, Illinois*

A brilliantly lighted show window is a silent salesman that earns constant profits.—*John H. P. Bassett, A. Schulte, Inc., New York, N. Y.*

Lighting saves many minutes for our salesmen.—*B. [illegible], Mgr. Nelson the Tailor, Inc., Wm. Jessen Sons, Chicago*

Stingy lighting repels trade. It pays to light up.—*Olsen & Ebann, Chicago, Illinois*

Lighting has increased the number of our customers.—*Lewis Bridge & Sons, Huntington, Indiana*

Right lighting helps us to satisfy the customers.—*P. L. Carthage, Mendel's, Inc., New Haven, Conn.*

Lighting emphasizes our cleanliness.—*Mrs. Snyder, Mrs. Snyder Candies, Chicago, Ill.*

Lighting pulls trade our way.—*C. S. Breckenridge, The Kiddie Nook, Wilmette, Illinois*

Without our efficient lighting we could not do one-half our present business.—*Michael Louis Nelson, Leon Marks Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.*

Our expense for good lighting is slight as compared to increased sales.—*John C. Pogue, V. P., The H. & S. Pogue Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.*

A well-lighted store is one of the greatest assets any business can have—it is 18-karat fine.—*A. Newsalt, A. Newsalt Jewelry House, Dayton, Ohio.*

Well-lighted windows never fail to make quick, satisfactory sales for us.—*Louis Saks Clothing Co., Birmingham, Ala.*

Lighting stimulates our sales force.—*Paul Hirsch, The Hirsch Co., Cleveland, O.*

Lighting helps solve the merchant's biggest problem—selling!—*Harry Hirsch, L. S. Plaut & Company, Newark, N. J.*

Thorough and efficient lighting is a business necessity—sound economy—and is never an unnecessary expense.—*H. S. Jones, The Rike-Kumler Co., Dayton, Ohio.*

Lighting adds to the value of our advertising.—*Charles A. Bond, The Bond Clothing Co., Cleveland, Ohio.*

Lighting is essential to successful retailing.—*G. F. Geiger, Pres., G. F. Geiger & Son, Louisville, Ky.*

Good lighting is the strongest way to say "welcome" to a customer.—*W. J. Hunter, The Mabley and Carew Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.*

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Lighting is the best, most profitable salesman in our employ.—*Max Landau, President, Landau Bros., Inc., New York, N. Y.*

Proper use of light enables us to get better window effects at less cost.—*John W. Dodd, The Willis Music Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.*

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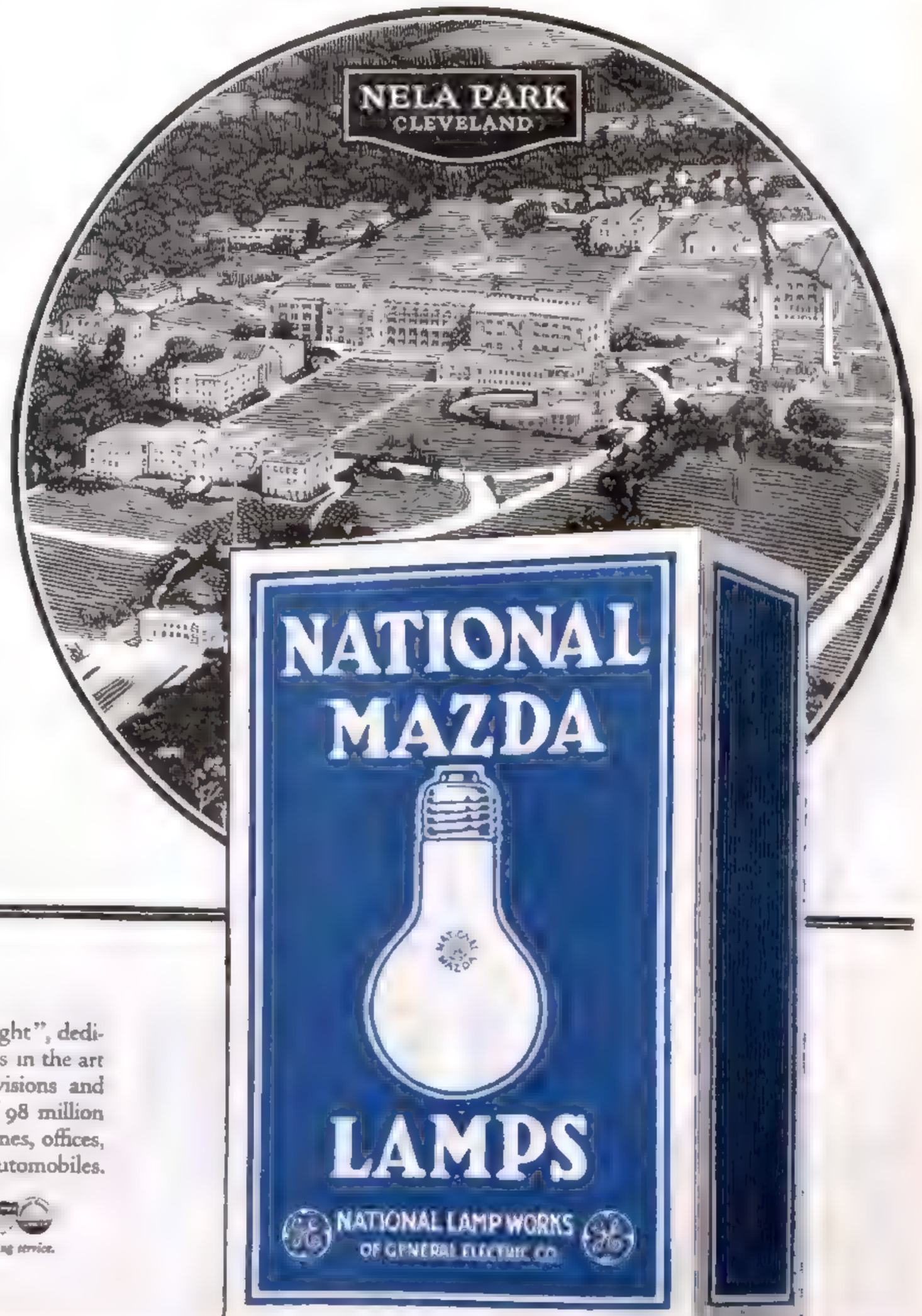
We attribute much of our remarkable increase in sales to our liberal use of light.—*G. E. Noyes, Central Furniture Company, Louisville, Ky.*

Our lighting cost has been justified many times over by increased sales.—*W. G. West, The Florsheim Shoe Store Co., Birmingham, Ala.*



NELA PARK, Cleveland, is a "university of light", dedicated to improvement in lamps and progress in the art of lighting. It serves 24 factories, 17 Sales Divisions and 15,000 dealers in the production and marketing of 98 million National MAZDA lamps annually for use in homes, offices, factories, stores, streets, railways, flashlights and automobiles.

Each of these labels represents a Sales Division equipped to give a complete lighting service.

Warm-Air Heating Does More Than Heat

THIS WARM-AIR HEATING SYSTEM CIRCULATES HEALTH AND COMFORT THROUGHOUT THE HOME

FRESH, MOIST AIR RISING FROM

First of all, it heats! It transforms fuel—coal, wood or gas—into heat in abundance. And the heat it makes is the best kind of heat—the most healthful heat, the most comfortable heat—*fresh, warm, circulating air*. But warm-air heating does *more* than heat.

It Saves Money—The Sunbeam System—the system that gives you warm-air heating at its best—saves in first cost and in maintenance cost, for it puts no costly or complicated equipment in the basement, in the walls, or in the rooms of your home.

And, again, it saves fuel because it is *direct* heating. The fuel you burn heats the air *directly* and the warmed air is carried *directly* to your rooms. You save fuel—you save money—because there is nothing to heat but the air.

It Ventilates—The Sunbeam System—Pipe or Pipeless—takes fresh air, warms it to the proper temperature for health and comfort and circulates it through every room in your home. The air is *always* in natural circulation—always changing.

It Humidifies—It makes *climate*—the moist and balmy atmosphere of June—in your home. As the fresh, warm air rises, the vapor pan which is a part of the Sunbeam System, adds the moisture necessary to make indoors healthful and comfortable.

It Saves Floor Space—You will appreciate the saving it makes in floor space and wall space. The warm air is brought into your rooms through attractive but unobtrusive registers. There is nothing in the Sunbeam System to interfere with the desired arrangement of furnishings.

It Responds Quickly—Sunbeam Warm-Air Heating is *quick-action* heating—a very real advantage in the raw, damp days of spring, on frosty fall mornings, on any day when sudden temperature changes come. In a few minutes you can have rooms warm and comfortable, for there's nothing to heat but the air.

It Gives Easy Control—Whoever operates the home heating system wants the task made as easy as possible. A single, handy, upstairs regulator gives quick and positive control of room temperatures all over the Sunbeam Warm-Air Heated house.

It Assures Comfort—Consider the even, constant warmth of warm-air heating, its refreshing ventilation, its healthfully moistened air, remember all of the things that it does besides heat—then you will have a true understanding of the *complete* winter comfort that comes from the *Sunbeam* System.

It pays to be sure that everything is *right* about the heating system you buy. You will know what to expect of a modern heating plant and what to look for in mechanical details after you have read "June Weather Made to Order," an interesting book which we will be glad to send you free—together with the name of the Sunbeam Dealer nearest you.

THE FOX FURNACE COMPANY, ELYRIA, OHIO

Boston Atlanta Cleveland Chicago Omaha Denver San Francisco

SUNBEAM

WARM-AIR HEATING

Of Interest to Dealers: We welcome correspondence with established dealers who are seeking an opportunity to render a better, broader heating service and to build a permanent, growing business. The Sunbeam Proposition Book gives our complete dealer plan in detail. Write for a copy.

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(Continued from Page 85)

Gulf Stream; seven ships passed him, and finally a coastwise schooner picked him up.

XX

AYE, the most glorious story of all—that of Captain Jef Rowley. But not the maddest. A man came down here from the valley of the Shenandoah, married a girl who hated and despised him, man named Singleton, fever in his brain.

In the light of this late afternoon you can see him in a leaky old skiff. Not a lovely sight. Had to do some wraslin' at Salter's. Something about a woman these fisherfolk druv out. Had to tell them what was uppermost in his delirious mind—the way women are treated along the banks of the Little Calfpasture Creek, down in the valley of the Shenandoah. Had to speak his mind—this Jay Singleton of Singleton—making the proper gestures, only gestures he knew—there on the wide beach with the waves roaring and the foam scurrying out of the way. Big Hal Semple, hairy as Hercules, ought to been there to mark them up like counting hides—each man that went down. Ought to been there when Jay got to making gestures, grinding his fist into the jaws of fishermen, taking his blows as they came.

Nope; not a lovely sight with those slashes across his wide naked chest, and bottomless hell in the pit of his stomach, bellowing a song with the might of his lungs. No sort of oarsman, either, pulling on this oar, then on that, out there in the shallow sunset waters of Bogue Sound, with a storm petrel—a little Apostle Peter—walking ahead of him on the water.

And what is he doing now? Pulling with his blistered hands, heading his leaky skiff straight for shore, straight for a pier that sticks out like a hairy arm from the wooded shore.

And now the loose planking of the pier is making a clatter as he staggers along. Hand-hewn ties, tinted green, sunk in concrete, tinted pink. Yuccas flank this walk, and the forest flanks the yuccas. In front of him—gardens and balconies, a house smothered by roses. John Royal's place. Mighty fine. Never saw but one place more like where a man would want to live—Shenandoah going by, slow and smooth, and running in among the willows. Ought to be back there, making leather. Nope; had to get to the beach somehow. Had something mighty important to tell a woman coming along the beach.

Jay Singleton made his way up a woodland road with a tattered green canopy overhead from John Royal's place toward the sea.

"Got to tell her good-by."

He reckoned maybe that was why he was here—to tell her good-by. But something else was working its way into his mind. "Got to do something else." He ambled along more slowly. The crease was deep between his brows. Something—what was it? Something, maybe, about White Ash Swamp. Something about two men, both dead in White Ash Swamp, one still grinning.

Sweat was mingling with dry blood on his chest. He wiped it with the palm of his hand. "Joe, I been waiting twenty-five hundred years, maybe longer; now you're going away with another man."

Hadn't he seen her walking up the beach with a man's arm around her? "I got to lay hands on him, Joe. Mighty bad. Just naturally lay hands on him in White Ash Swamp." And he pondered this idea deliriously until he stumbled upon the foot of a flight of steps.

There he stood without looking up, head bowed, holding to the rail. "Maybe—can't say, maybe now, I'll just row both of you to mainland; maybe now I'll just naturally lay hands on him gentlelike in White Ash Swamp. Can't say which. Maybe both."

Laboriously he climbed, holding to the rail. "Nope. Got to do one or the other. Got to prove man's the peer of gods, got to prove it to myself." Up and up to the second landing. There, leaning heavily against the rail, he rested. He wasn't going to sit down, wasn't going down right here and now. If he ever went down he'd never get up again. Had to prove something. The crease deepened in his forehead. Again he wiped the sweat from his chest. "That's mighty like the gods would do it," he said, "gentlelike and grinning in White Ash Swamp. Mighty like the gods. But rowing them across to mainland, that's kind of different. Maybe that's the way to prove it. I don't know. Who's going to tell me? Got to think it out myself."

He ascended to the heavy timbered platform with its pergola at one end, and leaning against the far rail gazed out across the ocean. "Mighty wide, mighty blue," said Jay Singleton.

A ship was out there. He could see it, as in a mirror. But it was not the Beatrice. Straining his eyes, narrowing them against the glare, he could tell it was not the Beatrice. Neither graceful nor white, just a little old tub of a fishing schooner with a pile of junk on the back, gray old sails. Going where? He did not know. All he knew—it was not the Beatrice.

He reckoned it wasn't reasonable to expect to see Joe out there anyway. Only down on the wide hard beach. There he would see her.

Directly below, a dizzy distance down, was the yellow sand with slanting sunlight upon it. The combers were rolling in. "Down there."

Jay continued to lean against the rail, telling himself he reckoned he must get down there somehow.. Then, pushing himself away, he staggered to the far end of the platform and descended blindly.

He stood by the sea, waiting. Only once did he go down. But it was dusk when, fighting his way back, Jay regained consciousness.

"Mighty noisy," he said of the ocean thundering in along miles of this strip of sand. He struggled up, got to his knees, got to his feet, and stood there leaning against a hurricane, gazing through the deepening dusk at the sublime lunacy of the ocean. "Mighty noisy, mighty unreasonable."

He thought of himself standing there. "Mighty small, mighty weak." Only the will of man was worth mentioning. He tried to summon his will to move him from this place; his will strove to summon his muscles. Yet he stood there, listening to myriad sounds—shrieks, cries, laughter, songs, moans, whispers, shouts—converging to form that periodic roar, that terrific beat, a maniacal rhythm upon the smooth wide beach.

The ocean beckoned him with its wildness and strength. He stumbled toward it. "Out there." The foam curled around his ankles. It rushed in around his knees, a comber tumbling in reached to his thighs. Ropes of water tugged at his legs and body. The saline fluid stung in the raw palms of his hands, the spray stung in the cuts on his chest. He could swim in the Little Calfpasture Creek and he reckoned he could swim out there. But what was out there? Along this beach she would come. She? They. Something else to do, maybe in White Ash Swamp, grinning like a god.

Yet, somehow, he knew they had passed. He reckoned they had run by, with their arms around each other, seeing nothing else, when he had gone down. With his will he broke the ropes of water; his muscles seemed to have nothing to do with it—unresponsive, numb, inert.

Jay Singleton plowed shoreward through the breakers. The shrieks and wails, the laughter and the sob of the ocean: "They have passed." On and on, but where? There came no answer. "Just on and on," roared the ocean.

Then suddenly he knew. Into his chaotic mind arose the vision of two straight cedars with branches interlaced. He could see the old fort with vaulted rotundas, inner court rank with vegetation, dark moat and sagging portals. An abandoned fort for a bridal chamber.

That was the thing in the delirious mind of Jay Singleton as he climbed, step by step, the mountainous ridge of sand and descended the other side without again looking at the sea. The idea dominated him: Some way, somehow he must get to old Fort Macon. Soon he would be blinded by the night—a long way, a long pull, but somehow he must get there. "Got to remember something," he told himself. He couldn't think what it was—something to keep him from going down before he reached the sand dunes at the other end of this island. He trudged on. "Got to remember something." Now what was it? On and on. Had this narrow strip widened into a continent?

A faint sweet odor permeated the dusk, glided through it like mellow voices—rose fragrance. A house smothered by roses, roses weighing it down, a house rotting in the heavy sensuous odor of roses. "Not like that," he mumbled to himself. Two straight cedars, branches interwoven, rising above the ruins that wall them in—he reckoned that was the way life was meant to be. He paused in the perfumed dusk. "Joe," he cried aloud. Some thought was struggling for expression in his perturbed mind. Better the sting of the salt of the ocean on his chest than the cloying sweet of these roses. "Joe—you're the foam, the white, white foam and the fragrance of the sea."

And now the loose planking of the pier echoes his uncertain footfall. And now he is untying his miserable little boat. Something he's got to remember. The oars fit into his swollen hands. He bends his mighty back weakly. Something he's got to remember. And suddenly this Jay Singleton asks in a hoarse cry: "What makes man the peer of gods?" And night closes down upon his bending shoulders.

XXI

BETWEEN men and gods there is this distinction: Man comes at last, inevitably, face to face with death; the gods, never. How they must envy him! For, in comparison, what an uninspiring, tiresome thing is immortality!

Every man is given that supreme moment in which to show his shining metal. Unafraid he faces the dark conqueror. But, alas! this is not a story of heroism, merely a tale of madness and love.

And at Beaufort they will tell you without a dramatic gesture: "Man come down here sort of crazy with fever, went out in a rowboat at night, got in the way of a ship, incoming across the bar. Next day Uncle Sam put up a new channel marker, east end of the breakwater." And with a nod of the head, "It happened out thar."

In the hour before dawn of that day—an hour of unexaggerated darkness—the schooner yacht Beatrice with a gale on her beam, starboard sheets aft, passed the bell buoy at the entrance of Gallant's Channel. With accentuated madness canvas had been crowded on her; in addition, she was splitting these treacherous waters with her auxiliary engines pounding. A mad thing to do. And the madcap was some place forward, on the forecastle, in the bow, taking the sheets of water as they came over, calling back her commands to Clem Davis at the wheel.

Earlier that night the negro, Palmer, fighting head seas and head winds, had finally reached the blackfishing ground, and Ennis Williams had shouted a message from the deck of the old Captain Clem. Singleton was ill at Beaufort, perhaps dying, calling for Joe in his delirium.

Joe sent for the skipper and Clem Davis. "I want you at the wheel," she told the latter. "Clem, only one thing matters." She must get there in time.

Clem Davis wasted no words, but Ackerman protested. On the night before, the girl herself had said no one could cross the Beaufort Bar. The wind had held, and tonight the sea was far worse.

"I've got to get there," was Joe's reply. She gave her orders, and with the old Captain Clem standing by, the Beatrice weighed her anchors, pointed for the Lookout Light and ran before the wind with her propeller now laboring, now racing in that monstrous sea that followed like a Nemesis.

Someone who knew how to sail was aboard, and Jes Thomas was in the engine room, Clem Davis at the wheel. Those three! None of them yachtsmen; all of them blackfisher people, who knew the sea as the farmer knows the soil; racing for Beaufort. Not pretty sailing, perhaps, according to sportsmen's standards. That was not the thing. Speed was the thing that counted. No yachtsman would cross the bar on a night like this, not in this rolling, pitching blackness with only a slender white finger, a searchlight, and a girl to guide them.

In the darkness before dawn they rounded the bell buoy, heeling fearfully, sailors bracing themselves flat on the deck, hauling in the sheets, starboard gunwale awash, propeller racing, half submerged. And now the Beatrice has righted herself. And now the crew breathe again. They have crossed the Beaufort Bar, they have rounded the black buoy, and close hauled, starboard sheets aft, they are coming down the narrow channel toward the red warning eye that stands at the easterly end of the breakwater hard against Bogue Bank.

"It happened out thar."

In that unexaggerated darkness, the hour before dawn, a small boat, a leaky skiff with a man bending over the oars, came into the red glare of the channel marker

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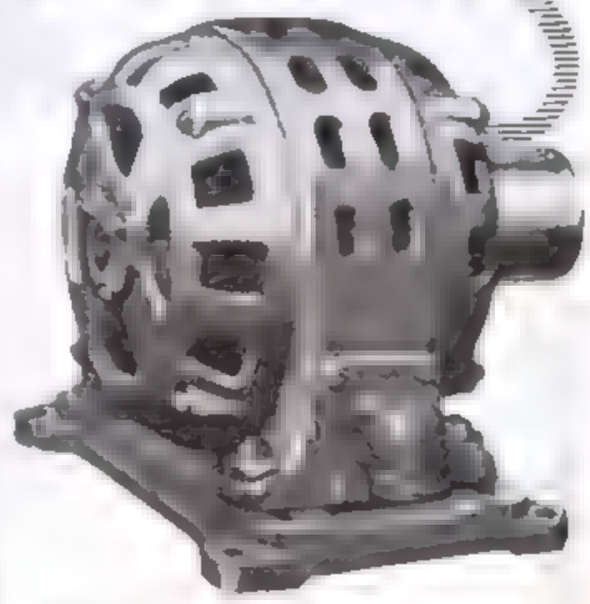

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with MARY ASTOR

Written and directed by FRANK TUTTLE

Photographed and edited by FRED WALLER, A.S.C.

a TUTTLE WALLER PRODUCTION

"It Was Only a Dream, After All!"

BUT Jim had lived on dreams so long that they were the great luxury of his lonely life.

He had played "Second Fiddle" for so many years that his plaintive melody was lost in the booming of the big brass of his college-bred brother.

Then that day came when the two had to summon every ounce of manhood their souls could muster. *Then* was when the "Second Fiddle" drowned out the whole orchestra with a burst of courage at which the countryside stood aghast.

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at the westerly end of the breakwater. Here the rocks stuck up like the glistening backbone of a half-submerged sea monster crawling along the bottom. But the water does the crawling; the monster is immobile, with two huge eyes, one at each end of its sinister body. Here the tides meet—choppy water coming up to sharp pointed waves, black frantic little waves tinged red.

The red light fell upon the bowed head and naked shoulders of Jay Singleton, and as he leaned back, pulling weakly, it struck upon his chest and there it mingled with the deeper red of the slashes received at Salter's

He was not singing. Jay was mute. And the awkward sweep of his oars made no audible splash. Other noises drowned this minor sound -the slapping of tide meeting tide, the washing of waves against projecting rocks, the booming on the bar a mile or more distant, and out there in the night the combers rolling in and breaking over the shoals.

The glare got into his eyes and slowly penetrated to his brain. Something mighty familiar about these red lights. He reckoned he was nearing his goal. Dimly a pallid streak was visible on his left across the noisy darkness—Bogue Bank, old Fort Macon buried among the sand dunes. He reckoned he'd make it all right. After resting—yes, sir, that was the way to prove he was the peer of gods!—he would row them across to mainland. And he tried to head his skiff directly for the shore.

But Jay, rowing crookedly, had got into the channel, and he ran the bow of his skiff against unyielding rock. He pulled away from the breakwater, and now he was aground on the shoal to the north.

Mighty perplexing. Mighty narrow channel.

His arms and body continued agonizingly to bend. If once they stopped they would stop forever; and he wasn't going down till he got there. Jay continued to pull fitfully until he reached the easterly end of the breakwater. There he labored with the right oar, swinging the other vacuously above the pointed waves. Slowly the skiff turned where the tides meet. And slowly his body became rigid, ceased to bend. The motion of his arms was arrested by the thing he saw.

"Mighty pretty," said Jay Singleton. A phantom ship, with sails close hauled, and a finger of light guiding it, was coming down the channel. He tried to straighten his body, but could not. He tried to make his arms take up their labor. The oars slipped from his grasp. "Mighty pretty," he repeated." Mighty like the Beatrice." He guessed now it was the Beatrice. Couldn't be mistaken. Maybe the Beatrice—sort of like Dante wrote—was coming to lead him through Paradise. "Mighty fine."

But that wasn't exactly what he wanted, Jay told himself. He wanted to see somebody. Maybe she was on the Beatrice. Yes, he reckoned now maybe she was on the Beatrice, coming to him. Maybe Joe was coming to him. Something to tell her, mighty important. Didn't want to be huddled up like this when he told her. "Mighty important." But the deep crease was between his brows Couldn't remember exactly what it was he wanted to tell her

Then, crouching forward, peering through the maniacal darkness, he saw the thing he wanted most to see. His skiff, caught in the tides, wallowing crazily, had drifted away from the glowing red light toward the opposite side of the narrow channel. The rush of the water at the bow, the engines of the Beatrice were audible, when he saw the thing he wanted most to see. She was standing at the bow—the spirit of this, the most graceful of all ships, rushing toward him through the night. She was a part of its whiteness and beauty, hardly distinguishable from its close-hauled sails. And now rushing down upon him the Beatrice was something other than a schooner yacht—Death, splitting the dark waters, a girl at the bow.

What was it he wanted to say? And no time to say it. Suddenly he was standing up in his miserable little boat. It had come to him—the thing he wanted to tell her. Above the noise of wind and waves he shouted "Joe! Good-by!"

A shaft of light enveloped him, blinded him to the onrush of the ship. A shaft of light—revealing a man, naked to the waist, there in the narrow channel, a man standing alone—Jay Singleton. Then the answer came, a girl's voice mingling with the noise of the water at the bow.

The answer came, but it was no sort of love message at all, or else the most glorious love message a woman ever called through the night: "Helm down!" That was all. Joe's voice: "Starboard the helm!"

And the lights of the most beloved of schooner yachts went out. The breakwater trembled with the impact in the darkness before dawn, and the wind shrieked, carrying with it great sheets of canvas. Then there was silence—except for the breaking of waves on the distant Beaufort Bar.

At Beaufort they will tell you: "Clem Davis had a girl named Josephine. Somehow got a pilot's license. But the first yacht she tried to bring in she piled up on the breakwater out thar. Takes a man to handle a ship in these waters "

The aftermath has to do with Jay Singleton.

XXII

HE COULD swim in the Little Calfpasture Creek and he reckoned he could swim out here. But there were these differences: The night, and the tide, and never in his life had he tried to swim while holding somebody. Mighty different. Jay Singleton was holding a girl in his arms.

Nothing heroic. Just trying to catch his breath without swallowing salt water, just struggling to keep her head above those black pointed waves. No, if Jay himself were telling you about it he wouldn't for a moment mislead you. The swimming wasn't much, nothing to speak of; for the channel out there isn't wider than you could throw across with your left hand. No wider than the Little Calfpasture in flood time; not more than forty feet, maybe fifty at the outmost. But it seemed farther. That's the truth.

Then, suddenly—and this is hard to believe—the land rose up under his feet. He had got to the other side of the channel. He struck hard sand, stood up; and the waves were washing first around his knees, then around his chest. If ever a man needed land under his feet at that moment it was Jay Singleton of Singleton. He rested. He would have rested longer, but men were shouting, not far away, calling to one another through the night, splashing back there in the channel.

He said to himself, "Nobody's going to carry her except me." The feel of her in his arms had revivified him. He felt like a different Singleton of Singleton, felt as though he could carry her forever. Perhaps the water itself had something to do with it. Anyway he moved forward, expecting the bottom to go suddenly from under his feet, moved cautiouslike. And the water got deeper, up around his shoulders, and he had to hold her higher, which wasn't so easy as it sounds. He expected every minute it would be over his head. And he had a mighty long way to go.

He could see stretching out before him the distance he had to go. No trouble about that. Far across a void of crawling restless darkness he could see a scattering of faint lights. And he said to himself: "That's that little old town called Beaufort." He wasn't depreciating it, he was striving to get there. And he was striving to keep his mind clear. He was thinking fairly straight, due, yes, perhaps, to the shock of being hurled into the water, or perhaps a man just naturally thinks straight when the urge is great enough. He had Joe in his arms, he had to think straight. "I got to get there somehow—swim or walk, I got to get there." And the water began to get shallower as if it wanted to help him get there. He waded on, sort of worried about whether the bottom would drop from under him, and still more worried about something else.

He did not know, not exactly, what he was carrying. That was the thing that worried him. Through the night, with the water first around his waist, then around his shoulders, then down to his knees, expecting it to be over his head at any moment, and at the same time not knowing what he was carrying. Just hoping, just trying not to think about it at all. A woman in his arms—Joe; and she was limp, motionless, making no sound. Mighty terrible. He waded on and on, without finding out for a mighty long time.

Terribly slow—wading like that, shoving his broad chest hard against the water, digging his feet into the sandy bottom. And the harder he pushed the farther away those lights seemed, as if he was pushing them away from him. He didn't know the distance to those street lights. Had only a faint idea—a mile, maybe two; if they

(Continued on Page 93)

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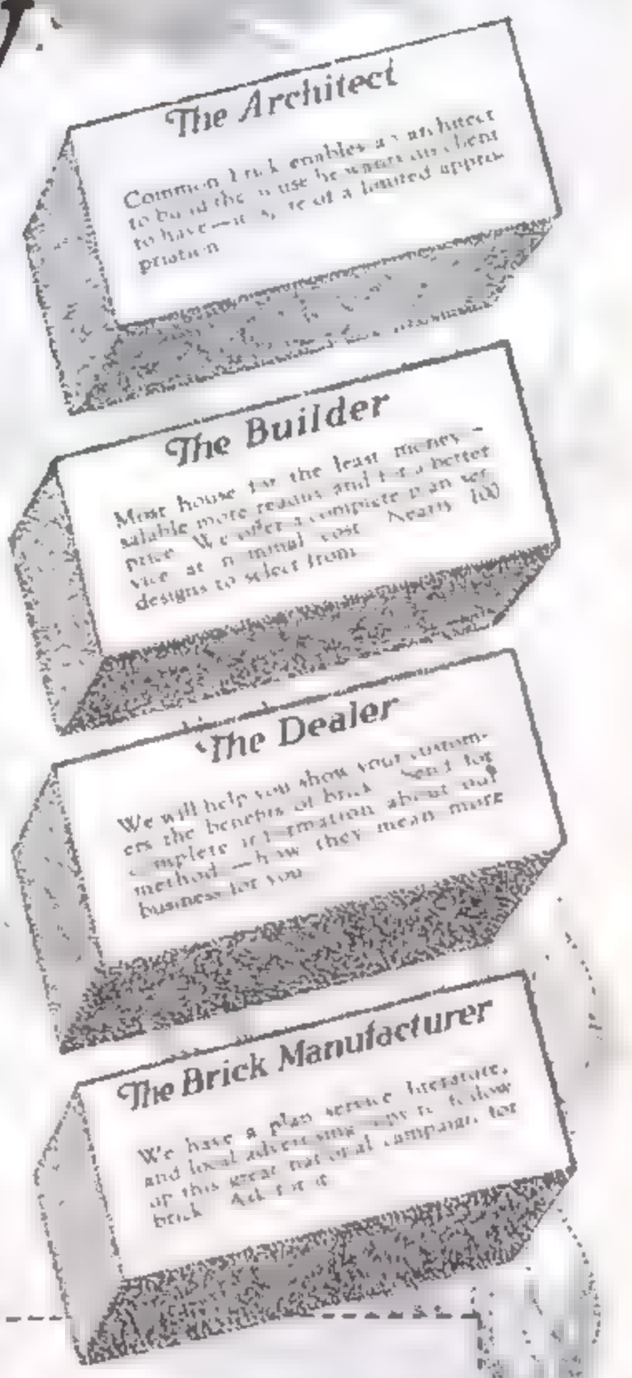

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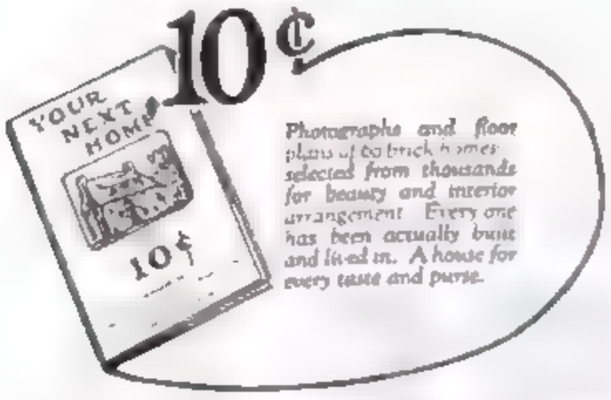

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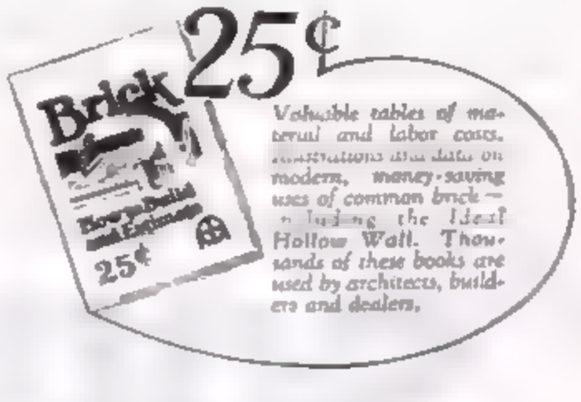

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Vital Parts of the New Square D Easily Removed— A Striking Construction Feature

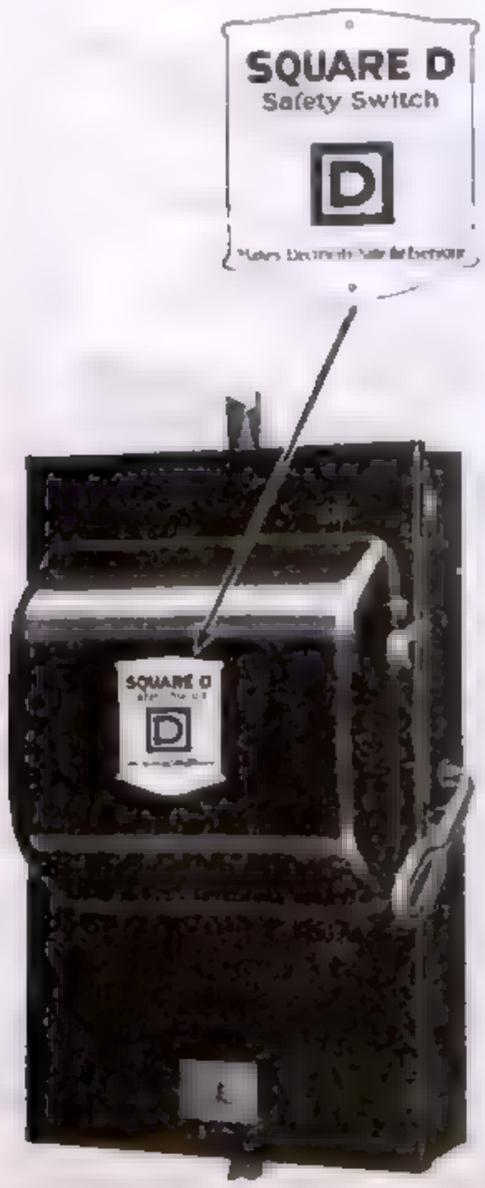
Absolute safety and complete key-controlled accessibility have made the new Square D the most popular switch we ever designed in our fourteen years' history. Yet in the eyes of large industrial users, the new model embodies *another* unusually valuable element of design: All current-carrying parts can be almost instantly removed from the front of the box with a screw driver.

In ordinary switches, the parts are attached to a slate base which is both cumbersome and easily broken. But in the new Square D, all current-carrying parts are separately mounted on individual bases of moulded insulating material. Any blade or jaw can be removed in three minutes—without dismantling the switch. Rapid, easy, inexpensive part renewal is assured.

Because it is both the best *safety* switch and the best *electrical* switch the Square D has for years been standard equipment in factories, mills, shops, and business buildings. Of recent years it has become equally popular in residential construction, largely as a result of action taken by good architects and builders

If there still is an obsolete open-knife switch in your home or factory, call in an electrician at once. He is in a position to replace it with a new Square D at a surprisingly moderate cost Write today for Bulletin No. 30 describing the new Square D Switch in detail.

This shield distinguishes the Square D switch from its imitations Look for it before you buy.



SQUARE D COMPANY, DETROIT, U. S. A. FACTORIES AT: DETROIT, MICH., PERU, IND., WALKERVILLE, ONT.

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Electrify! **SQUARE D**

Safety Switch

(Continued from Page 90)

would only stop backing away from him. And it wasn't reasonable to suppose that he could wade all the whole intervening ocean. But for a time the water got no deeper than his waist and no shallower than his knees. Then, before he realized it, he was wading through tall grass—dry land. He had reached Town Marsh, and those street lights at last seemed nearer; yet, strangely, they were dimmer. Jay Singleton could not go any farther—not without finding out.

He laid her down on the sand as gently as he could, and leaned over her. He placed his ear to her body, hoping to hear the pulsing of her heart. He could hear nothing. Mighty terrible. Could hear nothing except the pulsing of the sea on the bar. It was then that Jay Singleton would have gone down. This was the place. But, listening there, he seemed to feel something gentle. That was all—just something gently pressing against his cheek, telling him this was no time to go down. Joe was breathing.

Perhaps he babbled something—to himself, to her; something incoherent, no doubt. Then he told himself, "I got to hurry. I got to get there in a hurry." But his muscles were sluggish, refused to respond. And something else was happening. But he did not realize what it was, paid it no heed, not until later.

He picked her up in his arms mighty careful, and started on. But it was not reasonable to suppose he could walk on dry land right into that little old town. Nope; that wasn't reasonable. And the land ended suddenly. Water again, and beyond—more sand and tall grasses. Jay knew he could not wade across, for two boats were anchored out there, side by side. But somehow the sight of them gave him strength, and somehow he swam across—maybe sort of breast stroke, maybe on his back. Perhaps it wasn't any wider than that other channel, and the water was calm, no pointed waves sloshing over his head. But it seemed longer across this canal that cuts Town Marsh in two.

On the other side Jay Singleton paused again, paused to listen. And again he heard nothing except the pulsing of the sea on the bar. Yet she was breathing. And it was then he noticed what had happened: He was looking down upon her. He could see her. It was dawn, the day had come.

She was mighty pale, and her eyes were closed. And he said, "Joe, you're the foam, the white, white foam of the sea. And I been carrying you in my arms." But she didn't hear, and she didn't say anything, and she didn't know he had been carrying her in his arms. And Jay said to himself, "I got to hurry faster than ever." And he waded on through the grasses and now and again through mire to his knees, for this was a marsh, a salt sea marsh out there in front of the town. Then he came to the end of the marsh.

The water again—blue and deep; and he reckoned it was three hundred yards across. But it was dawn, and he could see someone moving about on a pier across there, and he called with the power of his lungs, and he called again. And someone answered from the pier and started across in a rowboat. Then Jay Singleton looked back.

He wanted to see something in particular. But he couldn't see the thing he was looking for. Yet he knew they were there—two cedars rising above the ruins that walled them in. Nope; he couldn't see them, but across the marsh and the shallows he could see all that was left of the Beatrice, its bow upon the breakwater, its stern beneath the water of the channel, one mast splintered, with the sails clinging to it, shrouding the forecastle, the other mast sticking up out of the water.

A motorboat had reached the wreck, a tug was steaming toward it. Too bad, mighty bad. That was something she had loved mighty well; and there it was—all his fault—broken to pieces, like a toy. And here she was, in his arms, not knowing. Too bad, mighty bad. Jay waded out slowly and got into the waiting rowboat.

Maybe it was a god who had come to row them across to mainland. He couldn't say. But the oarsman appeared mighty like a little negro boy. "Row fast, son."

"Where, boss?"

Jay Singleton didn't know where. Hadn't given it a thought. "To the hotel dock." When they reached the dock he said, "Now, son, get hold of somebody quick—maybe a doctor. I'll be in that little house there on the sea wall."

He didn't know where else to go. He carried her into the musty room and laid her on that mildewed bed. Mighty poor room for such a girl. He looked down upon her, telling himself he ought to do something else; wasn't right for her to lie there in those wet clothes. But Jay wasn't much good at undoing ladies. He tried to unfasten a ribbon around her waist, but his fingers were swollen and stiff, seemingly dead. His body no longer responded to his will. With one short lapse into unconsciousness he had driven his body for thirty hours through an agonized hell. And now this room and the girl and the bed on which she lay began slowly to revolve. Then came blackness, red glaring lights floating through it, swinging through it on invisible pendulums. And this Jay Singleton of Singleton at last went down.

Late afternoon he awakened. Sleep had revivified his body and revived his spirit. And the first clear impression that worked its way into his brain was that his chest had been bandaged and somebody had put that nightshirt on him again. He pondered this fact solemnly. Maybe now this was some kind of a penance the gods had imposed for his sins—always to awaken in this same cotton nightshirt; maybe now he was to go through the rest of life and the hereafter as well trying without avail to escape from this cotton garment with its red stitching. Slanting sunlight was coming in through one of the windows. He remembered this room. In some former incarnation he had escaped from it. But now there was this difference: the musty odor had gone. In its place was something mighty pleasant, not the cloying sweetness of rose flowers, but cooler and fresher and finer—kind of a fragrance, the fragrance of the sea. And still another difference: He was not lying on the bed, but on a narrow cot at the foot of the bed. He could hear people talking out on the porch, and faintly he could hear someone breathing in this room.

Jay Singleton sat up as gently as he could, making as little noise as possible, and peered over the foot of the bed. Joe was lying there. Her eyes were closed, but she was not so pale as in the dawn of that day; also, her hair had been braided—two dark brauds, warm as wine, on the white counterpane. "Mighty pretty," he whispered, holding to the foot of the bed, gazing at this girl.

Presently it came to him that maybe it wasn't sort of decent to be sitting there in a nightshirt. The cot groaned as he turned away, but he got rid of the nightshirt.

He dressed and went over to the side of the bed. "Joe."

She did not reply or move. He didn't know how fast asleep she was; but not very, he reckoned. He wanted her to open her eyes, and at the same time didn't want her to open them. Sort of dreaded what he would read there. In a short time he had learned a heap about women, he told himself. And if she looked up at him—well, he had destroyed the thing she loved, he was at the bottom of it. Mighty terrible, all his fault. Jay reckoned she hated him more than ever. Yes, Jay Singleton had learned a heap about women!

"Joe."

Perhaps there was some slight movement, as, for instance, a tremor in her breathing, some slight change in the regular rise and fall of the white counterpane with those dark braids upon it. Anyway she was not so fast asleep as not to hear what he was saying.

"Joe, that was a mighty fine thing you did; yes 'um, mighty fine, mighty brave. But you yourself—not only that little old schooner yacht—but you yourself might have gone down out there. Joe. . . ."

Somehow, he did not know how or when, her eyes had opened—violet colored eyes gazing up at him.

"Joe—what made you do that kind of thing, Joe?"

But she did not say a word, not a word—just as if she could not speak. He sort of understood—she couldn't speak.

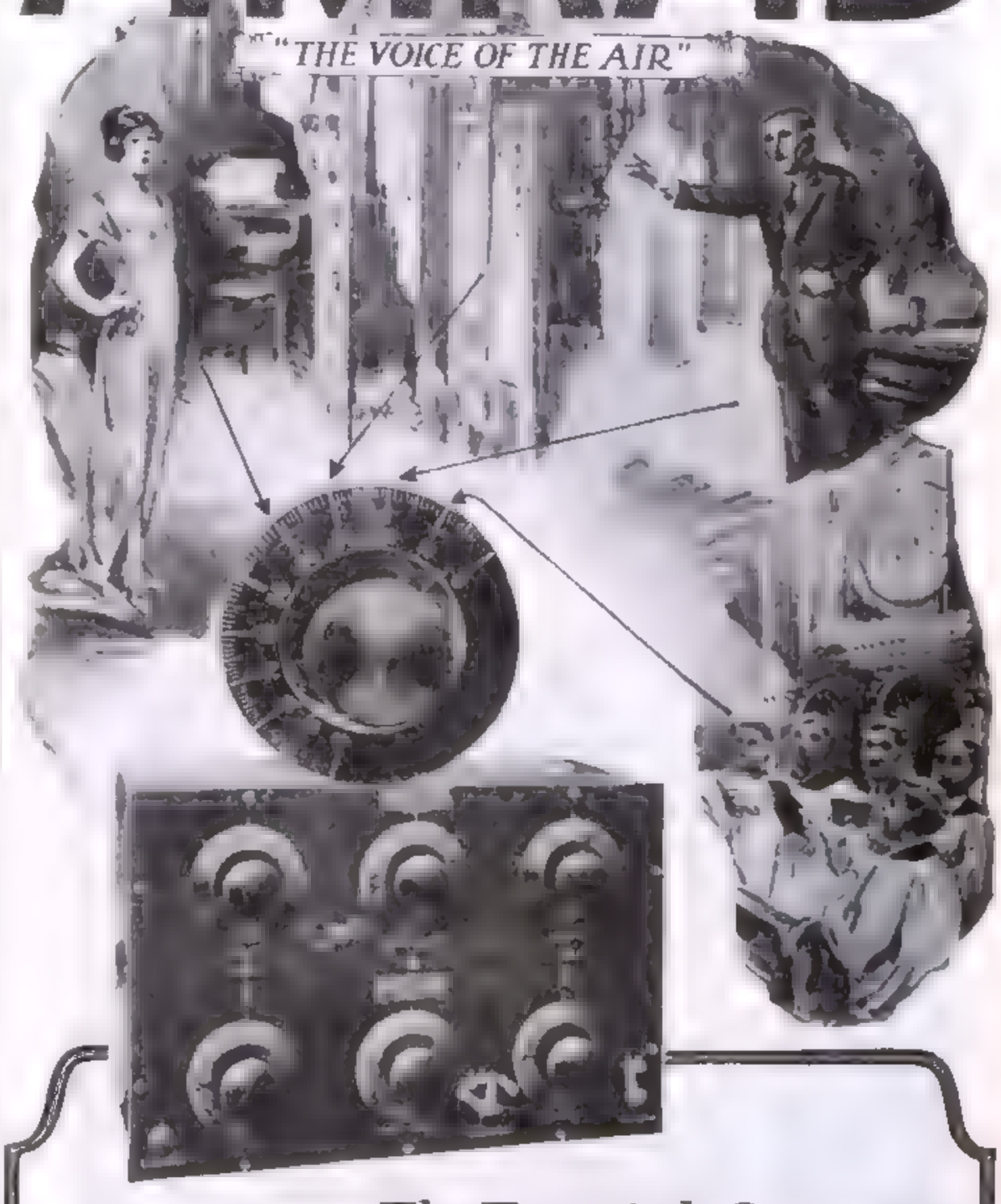
"Now, now," said Jay Singleton, "don't you cry about it, Joe."

She wasn't exactly crying. But her eyes—they made him remember a line he had heard some place, something about softly smiling through tears. But she wasn't exactly smiling either; not exactly, just looking up at him, not able to say anything.

"Now, now, don't you worry about that little old boat. Joe, I'm going to send you another. I got to make leather. Won't be just a little old tub of a boat. Going to be

AMRAD

"THE VOICE OF THE AIR"



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You visit them all—from the depths of your easy chair—with simple twirls of the duals. And the glorious singer—the noted plunger—some international figure of diplomacy—the crystal music of youth unrestrained—all come at your bidding, as fully and freely as though they lived for YOU alone

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bigger, going to have in it everything you want. Full right up with things. Mighty fine. Everything you want. Yes, sir-ree, it's going to be something to love, something worth loving. I got to go and make leather before I can buy it. Now, now, it won't be long."

The deep crease was between his brows, but he couldn't think of anything else to say that would make her happy. He tried to think of some way to tell her good-by. He pondered something. Nope. He had learned a heap about women. He had learned how not to make her despise him. He said: "Joe—out there—maybe you didn't hear what I called to you Wasn't much. Just good-by. But if you want anything—anything you know where to reach me. Just —Singleton, Virginia."

The girl—that young inarticulate Sappho lying there gazed at the door. She couldn't believe it; no, she couldn't believe it. She tried to say something, just his name, "Jay—Jay Singleton." But he was gone.

And that is the reason this is a tale of two towns.

The first is inland, beneath the Blue Ridge; and surely you can see the smokestacks of the tannery with a cloud of smoke above them, the creeping tramcars weaving in and out. Just a village, two or three hundred people. And now that a fortnight has passed, you can see a man, indistinguishable from the rest except for that deep crease between his brows.

"Hal"—this to his big foreman in the beam house—"we got to make leather. I reckon you know what I mean."

"That's right. Say, Jay, I know what you mean. We got to make leather."

And it's got to be about the best leather in the whole world. Hal Semple knows what he means.

But night changes all this. Night in the Shenandoah, and the moan of the wind in the trees, and the murmur of the Little Calfpasture Creek, and Jay Singleton alone on his narrow porch. "No use thinking of Joe." But the night itself has become Sapphic in its darkness, its warmth and its beauty. "No use thinking of Joe, no use not to." For she was the foam, the white, white foam and the fragrance of the sea.

He strums on his guitar with the E string broken, then pauses to listen to the little stream that has a way of asking, "Aren't you going down to Beaufort, the town that looks out on the sea?"

Nope. He's learned a heap about women. Got to wait until they want to come to you. "Mighty fine, mighty brave, mighty well worth waiting for."

And if you were in Beaufort on this night you would see the white-plumed waves marching in company-front down Gallant's Channel. Out yonder two red lights mark the breakwater; beyond is Bogue Bank, a pallid streak in the moonlight; and farther still, upon a pedestal of concrete and iron, is the Lookout Light. Its votary is elsewhere.

Follow the most tranquil of streets that lures the imagination like the musk of the ages past, the fragrance of frangipani. Beyond the old Williams house with its sloping roof and double porches, turn with the sea wall that turns the channel and walk cautiously toward the drawbridge.

Surely you recognize this spot. Adjacent are the sagging wharves of the oyster packing houses, and yonder upon the ways a stubby fishing smack is nearing completion, while, drawn up on rollers, shrouded with canvas, is all that is left of the schooner yacht Beatrice. This is Clem Davis' shipyard. And in an old dory at the water's edge a girl is sitting.

She is silent. Yet in the bottom of the dory, crawling over the broken ribs, is the girl's confidant of many years, her pet turtle, Soupy.

But Joe is saying not a word. The trouble is this: She has looked on the maps in Clem Davis' collection, and at last has found the Little Calfpasture Creek.

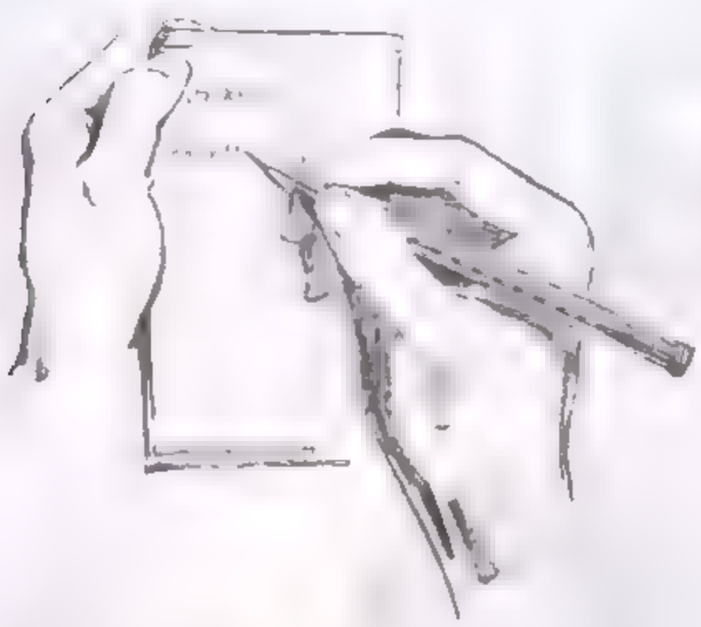
Not a word, not a sigh; she is merely gazing at that dark structure beyond the sagging wharves of the oyster houses—the drawbridge that leads to inland waterways. Now she has withdrawn her gaze, and now she has picked up her little pet turtle and is drumming with her finger tips on the hard shell of Soupy's stomach. That means attention, but the thing that she says is not very coherent: "Do you think—he's a man who really wants to stand alone? I could," she tells her little turtle—"I could, but I'm not going to wait forever. You don't know how I feel. You may live to be a thousand, but you'll never know how I feel. I—I know what he meant when he said twenty-five hundred years. That's how I feel, that's how long I've loved him."

No, she is not going to wait forever, nor any longer; not another hour. She has risen. "Tonight. Soupy, think of it! Tonight we're going adventuring." She is going to start tonight. She has reached the decision. "We're going adventuring, you and I—along the banks of the Little Calfpasture Creek, down the valley of the Shenandoah."

(THE END)

Ingersoll Pencils

stop waste



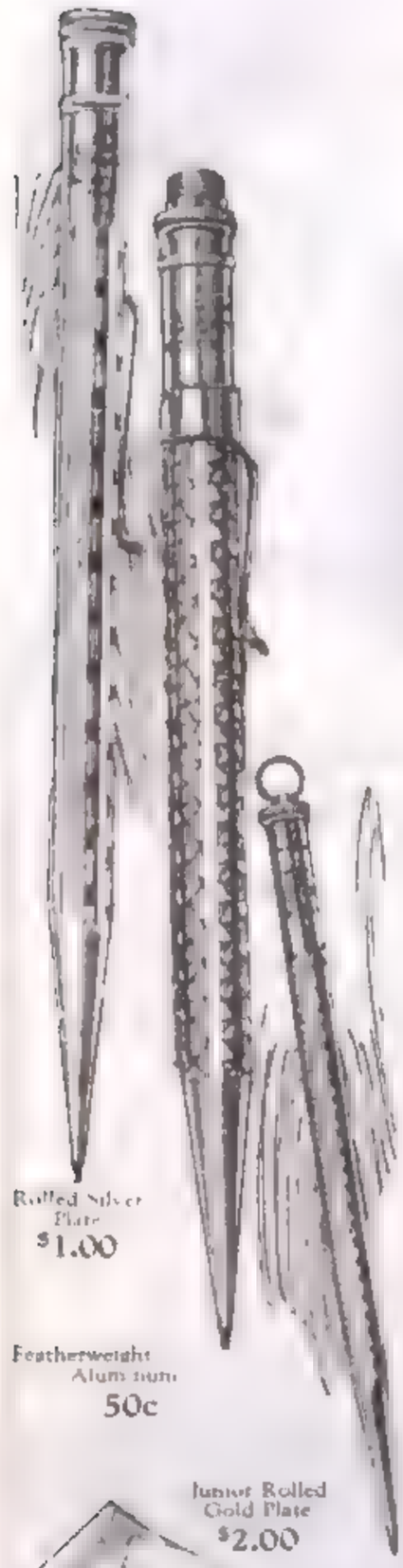
WHY are big concerns equipping their pencil-using help—stenographers, accountants, checkers, clerks—with Ingersoll Pencils? Because tests show Ingersoll Pencils effect big savings—savings of time—savings of labor—savings of money.

Ingersoll Pencils embody the most practical improvements ever made in a handwriting tool.

No sharpening. Leads turn out or in. No clogging at the point. Point pushes in when not in use. Reloaded in 20 seconds. Double length leads—10 for 10 cents—write more than a dozen old-fashioned pencils.

Ingersoll ingenuity—manufacturing economy—value—guarantee—at Ingersoll popular prices. Models for every purpose.

Next time you need a pencil, ask for the Ingersoll in the black box with red and white dots. Do this and get writing convenience—the handiest writing tool ever invented. If your dealer hasn't the model you want, insist that he get it, or write to us.



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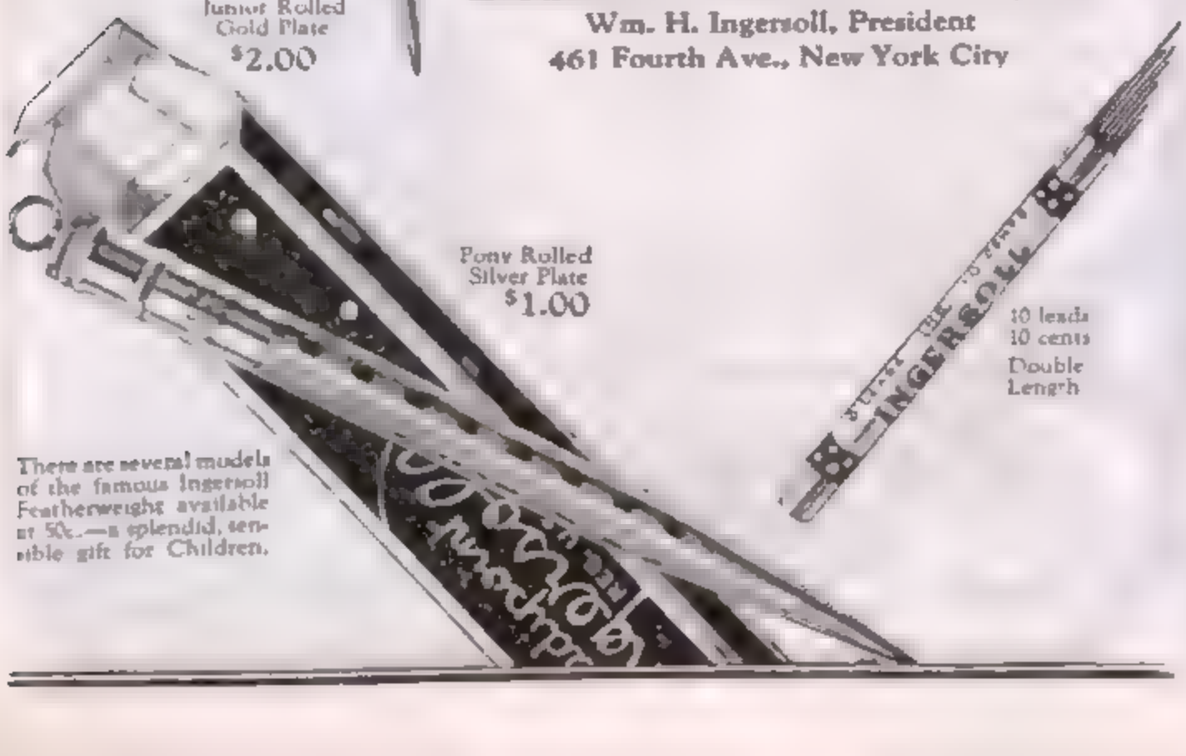
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The tread that removes the dread of skidding

ON city pavements, suburban boulevards and country roads, Kelly Kant-Slip Cord tires are imprinting their message of safety.

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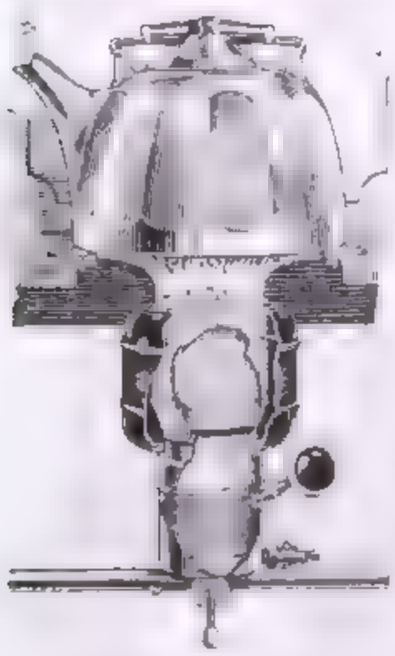
Study the arrangement of these crosses for a moment and you will see that in all four directions they offer the same sort of resistance to slipping as is afforded by the cloven hoofs of the proverbially surefooted mountain sheep.

The perils of winter driving are reduced to a minimum and chains are rarely required when you ride on the tires with the tread that removes the dread of skidding.

It costs *no more* to buy a Kelly



Read the Guarantee Given on the Lorain Burner

BECAUSE the short chimney oil stove burner produces an intense flame which strikes directly on the bottom of the cooking utensil, the heat generated has, in the past, caused the early destruction of its vital part, the inner combustion tube.

This fault has been completely eliminated in the Lorain High Speed Oil Burner by making the inner combustion tube of "Vesuvius Metal," which is not affected by the destructive action of this intense heat.

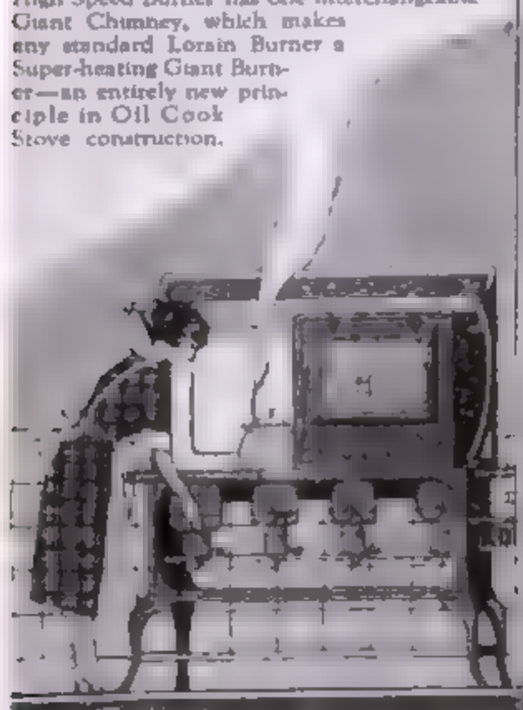
Therefore, American Stove Company now gives the following *unconditional* guarantee with each Lorain Oil Burner:

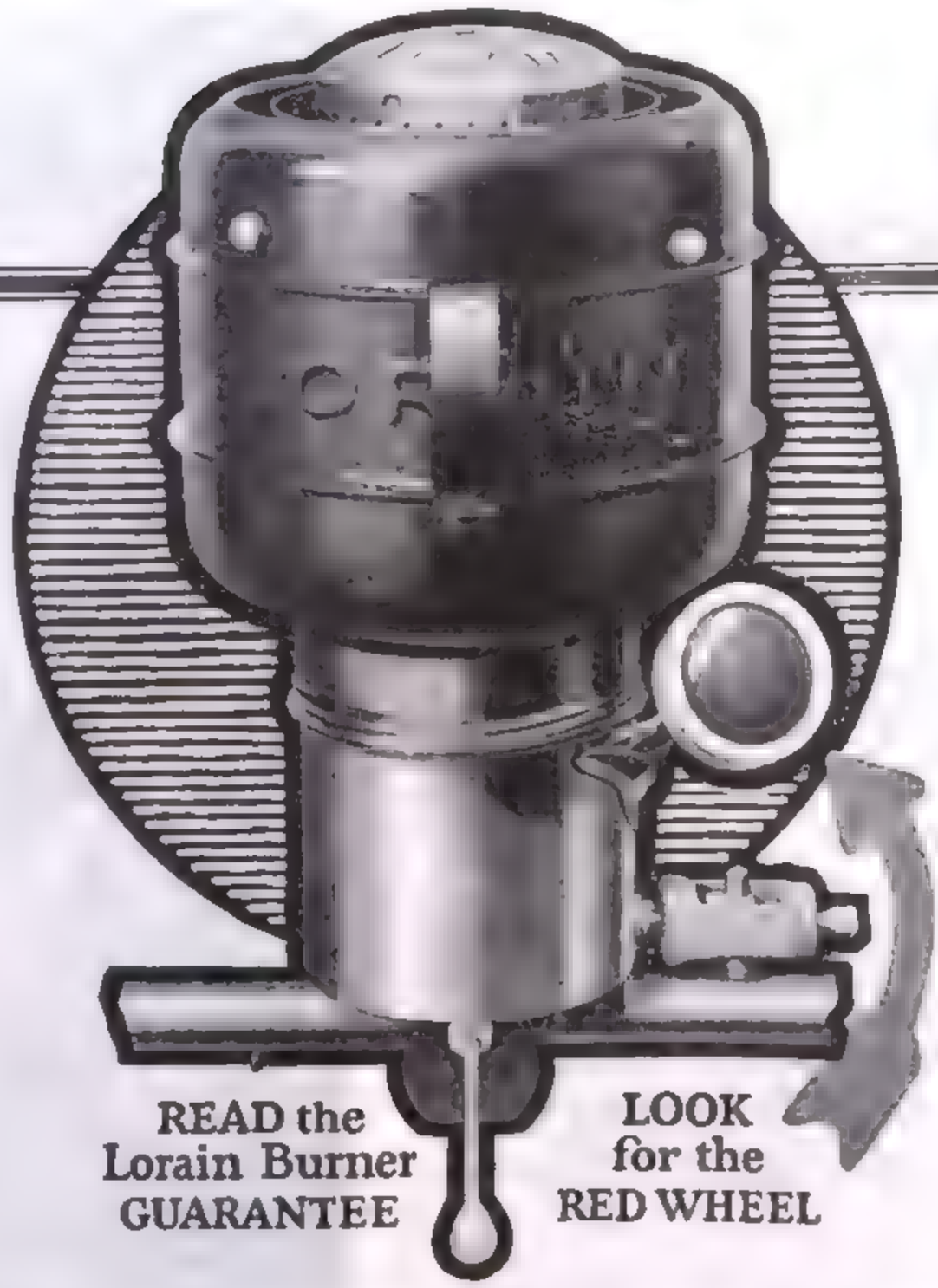
GUARANTEE

Should the inner combustion tube of the Lorain High Speed Oil Burner burn out within 10 years from date of purchase, replacement will be made entirely free of charge.

IMPORTANT

Every oil cook stove equipped with the Lorain High Speed Burner has one interchangeable Giant Chimney, which makes any standard Lorain Burner a Super-heating Giant Burner—an entirely new principle in Oil Cook Stove construction.





Many Famous Oil Cook Stoves
now equipped with the
Lorain High Speed Oil Burner

YOU can now buy any size or any style of oil cook stove equipped with the celebrated Lorain High Speed Oil Burner. American Stove Company first marketed this burner eleven years ago, after nearly a quarter-century of manufacture of practically every known type of oil burner. Thousands upon thousands of stoves equipped with the Lorain Burner have since been sold, and are giving perfect satisfaction.

The Lorain High Speed Oil Burner is of the short chimney type, admittedly the most efficient because it transforms the oil into gas. Then, by mixing air with the gas in correct proportions, a clean, odorless, blue flame of great intensity is created. Moreover, this flame comes in direct contact with the cooking utensil, not ten inches from it.

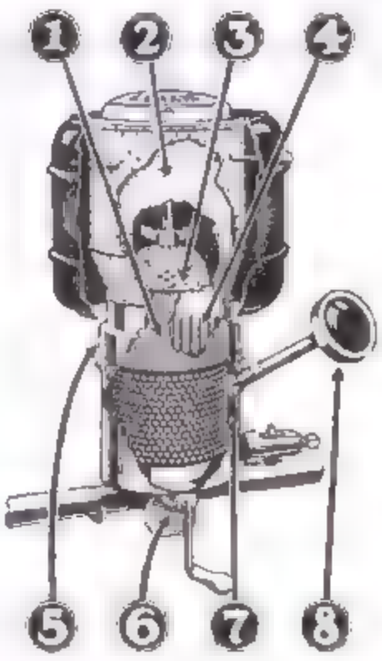
Due to its extreme simplicity, the Lorain Burner is easy to operate, and does not get out of order. And, most important of all, the Lorain Burner is *durable*. Read the Guarantee.

When you buy an oil cook stove insist that it be equipped with the Lorain High Speed Oil Burner—the burner with the 10 year guarantee—the burner with the Red Wheel.

If you can't locate a dealer in your vicinity that sells oil cook stoves equipped with the Lorain High Speed Burner, send us a post-card request for the name and address of the nearest dealer.

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

Sole Manufacturers of Gas Ranges Equipped with the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator
World's Largest Manufacturers of Cooking Appliances.



Read the Eight Great Advantages of the Lorain Burner

1. LORAIN WICK: A high-grade wick made exclusively for American Stove Company. Gives extra long life and steady flame.

2. INNER COMBUSTION TUBE: Made of heat-resisting "Vesuvius Metal." Tapered combustion tubes prevent "boil-overs" from reaching wick, an assurance against wick sticking.

3. AUTOMATIC WICK-STOP: Always in adjustment to stop the wick at the correct starting and burning point.

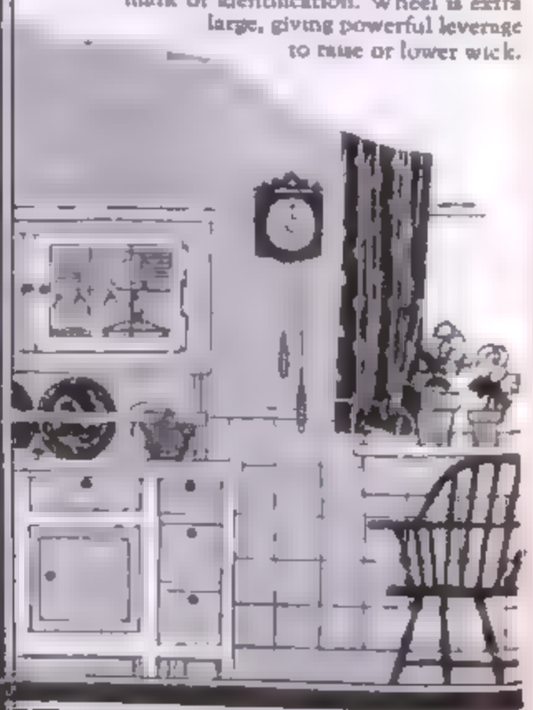
4. INSIDE WICK-TUBE: All brass, corrugated to prevent sticking and binding of wick.

5. REMOVABLE HEAD: Made of a material that does not easily transmit heat from combustion tubes to wick-chamber. Its quick-detachable feature makes wick-changing easy

6. CHIMNEY RAISER: A simple device, easy to operate. Makes lighting easy.

7. OUTSIDE WICK-TUBE: All brass. Extra wide space between wick and outer tube insures easy operation of wick, makes adjustment, insertion and removal of wick an easy task.

8. THE RED WHEEL: American Stove Company's symbol of superiority and mark of identification. Wheel is extra large, giving powerful leverage to raise or lower wick.



IF GAS is available you'll find no cooking appliance to compare with Lorain-equipped Gas Ranges. One easy turn of the Lorain Red Wheel gives you a choice of 44 measured and controlled oven heats for any kind of oven cooking or baking.

Look for the RED WHEEL.
LORAIN
OVEN HEAT REGULATOR

LORAIN
HIGH SPEED
OIL BURNER

Many famous makes of Oil Cook Stoves are now equipped with the Lorain High Speed Burner, including

QUICK MEAL—
Quick Meal Stove Co. Div., St. Louis, Mo.
NEW PROCESS—
New Process Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, O.
DANGLER—
Dangler Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio.
DIRECT ACTION—
National Stove Co. Div., Lorain, Ohio.
CLARK JEWEL—
George M. Clark & Co. Div., Chicago, Ill.

THE NEW FRONTIER

(Continued from Page 11)

that obtains half of all its taxes from copper mines, and several counties of which get 70, 80, and I believe in one instance something like 90 per cent of their revenue from these mining companies.

Standing out thus against its background of relatively uninhabited Nature, the copper industry presents, as can readily be seen, a sharpness of outline, a clearness of feature, which is lost in a great Midwestern or Eastern manufacturing center, where if one type of business languishes there may be others that flourish. It means so much to such a large section of the country, just as wheat and corn and hogs mean so much to another great area. There is tied to it the future as well as the past and the present.

There are exceedingly few industries or agricultural interests that cannot put up a first-class argument to show that they were in the very worst part of the cyclone that hit this country late in 1920 and in the early and middle parts of 1921. There seem to be several farmers who have strong and decided opinions on that subject. But I have yet to find anyone who can paint a much more convincing picture of grief than the copper producers. Certainly it must be admitted that copper received one terrible, if not a knock-down blow.

Now the Southwest of course is a great cattle-breeding area, but it is very far from being the only part of the country that breeds beef cattle. Then, too, though the livestock industry as a whole in the Western States constitutes one of the country's big resources, cattle on the more or less desert range compare with a large copper mine for wealth somewhat as air compares with lead for weight.

For purposes of taxation and the enumeration of resources, cattle, wandering as they do on the average of one animal to perhaps fifty acres or more over the side of an apparently denuded mountain range in New Mexico or Arizona, are slightly diffused and scattered.

Besides, if one believes the cattlemen and the local bankers and cattle-loan companies, no other industry has suffered so much in the deflation. And when it comes to the agricultural, the reclamation projects and areas in the Southwest we do not find any greater evidence of willingness or ability to pose as plutocrats. One of the largest if not the largest of the reclamation or irrigation projects in these the two newest states of the Union, the Salt River Valley, went wild during and after the war over long-staple cotton, with subsequent results of the most disheartening nature to many of the growers.

American Pluck

Now in view of the recent poverty of other wealth-producing sources it does not seem to the writer unreasonable to wonder how the great copper camps of the Southwest, and the industry that rests upon them, came through the period of trial and stress, how they and it weathered such a storm. For a very long lapse of years indeed the copper industry had operated without closing down for more than a few months at a time. Some of the mines were closed for a short period when war was first declared in Europe in 1914, but with that exception the tradition of the industry was one of practically continuous operation.

Then in 1921–22 came a full year of shutdown for most companies, a disorganization of forces, and the migration to other states and industries of thousands of workers. Today it is true that the big mines are all working again, not full capacity, but on a steadily rising scale. Like so many other industries all over the country the present outstanding fact about this one is the general resumption of activities.

But at this writing copper is selling around fourteen cents a pound, compared with a high wartime price of thirty cents, and an average for many years before the war of fifteen cents, although labor, freight, power and taxes are far above what they were before the war, and in respect to freight even higher than during the war inflation. Improved methods, large profits during the war for nearly all producers and for a few during the past thirty years, have kept the larger companies alive. But even so, it is not unreasonable after a year's shutdown to have expected a degree of disorganization sufficient to compel attention.

Now I do not think that anyone would describe the copper camps of the Southwest, either in the past or the present, as paradises on earth or garden spots in Eden. But no Easterner unfamiliar with them and more or less uninterested as well as uninformed before his first visit could fail to get a striking, indeed a startling impression, not only of the virility of American manhood and industrial institutions but of the order, comfort, progress, citizenship and cultural aspirations as well as actualities of these remote and isolated places.

Indeed it would be hard to find a better way for any man to gain an insight into the rapid progress of this country, its oneness, its high and ever-rising standards, and the strength of its forces for good, than by visiting what so many people undoubtedly think of as a rough, tough hole, a great mining camp.

The writer, who has recently visited Arizona and portions of old and New Mexico for the first time, did not go there with more, he trusts, than the average tenderfoot's credulity and ignorance. I expected to find men of the same occupation in life about the same the country over. Though no thought had ever been given to such a weighty subject, it is probable that if it had ever come up for discussion I should have assumed it likely that clothing merchants and bankers would be about the same in Jerome, Arizona, even though the town does cling to the side of a mountain on stilts, as they are in Trenton, New Jersey, or Elkhart, Indiana.

Unconsidered Scenery

Nor have I been disappointed in not finding more bandits and six-shooters on the lonely roads of Sonora, Mexico, or on this side of the line in such counties as Cochise, Pinal and Yavapai. Surely it must be realized by this time that banditry is a far more flourishing trade in the streets of New York and Chicago than it has ever been in the wilds of the Southwest. But I must confess to no preparation, no conscious or unconscious background for expecting such a general community life and such social and educational institutions and ideals as one finds in these minerally enriched but secluded mountain fastnesses.

Now it must not be supposed that the mining camps of the Southwest lack a certain outward appearance of roughness or rawhide crudity. Indeed some of them are so very ill-favored that their very ugliness constitutes a sort of grandeur and beauty of its own. Naturally the smaller and newer camps or districts present a coarser semblance than the older, more settled and established ones. But copper metal is still too low in price to wake the little prospecting ventures into life. Besides, my travels and inquiries were into the industry itself, not into its wildcatting fringe.

Although each copper camp visited seemed in its turn more amazing in its outward features than any other, it is fairly safe to say that of all the Southwestern camps of primary importance and actually operating at the present time on this side of the border, Jerome deserves first prize for its jumbled scenery.

In this as in every large district there are many small mines and prospects, in addition to which there are two mines of real importance, one of them among the world's best-known bonanzas.

Jerome is to be reached by railroad only from the north. It is not far south of Ashfork on the main line of the Santa Fe, and therefore, as discerning tourists will recognize, not far away from the Grand Cañon. But there is only one train a day, and besides, I had to reach Jerome from the south, from Phoenix, the state capital, and from Prescott, thirty-odd miles from the camp.

The train left Phoenix about six in the evening and reached Prescott, former territorial capital and once headquarters for most of the Indian warfare in the southern portion of the Rocky Mountain region, along toward midnight. One does not expect scenery from a railroad train after dark, and I did not look for any. But shortly after ten o'clock the lights in the car were lowered, and a brilliant moon showed that we were winding up a cañon, no such unusual stunt in the West. But we continued to wind up and down cañons and cross mountain ranges for two hours more, on a scale that dizzied the mere Easterner, accustomed as he was to such petty scenery as that of the Alleghanies, Blue Ridge, Adirondacks, White Mountains and the like.

Once in about thirty or forty miles we stopped in the midst of absolutely nothing but mountain peaks, and a family would nonchalantly get out and wander off into the moonshine and mountains. There was nothing exceptional about this trip in the Southwest. Mountain scenery there is the cheapest of all commodities, a drug on the market, even for the railroads, which cannot undertake to advertise the wonders of every one of their scores of branch lines.

Next morning the stage from Prescott to Jerome followed the new million-dollar highway up through the Yeager Cañon and over the summit of the Black Mountains. A few days before, it had snowed heavily, and the first stage that went through after the snowfall had to be pulled over the summit by four mules, despite its powerful motor. Like so many of the improved roads in the Southwest, this one had a soft surface, which is fine to ride on in dry weather, but becomes a quagmire after a rain or snow, and especially near the top of the mountain passes.

In Switzerland one would go over the Yeager Pass for its scenery and feel well repaid, even though there be no chance of finding any of the gold which the early settler of that name was credited with discovering. But scenery is the last thought that engages those who take the stage to Jerome. Even ore does not interest them now, for though it is one of the richest mineralized towns in the world the price of copper is too low to attract the small prospector. Naturally what the man on the stage wants to know is whether Jerome is a good or bad town to work in or do business in.

It is not for me to say whether Jerome, named after the New York family that produced the crusading district attorney, is a good town for a traveling man calling upon the trade. I merely know this, that for such a person to make Jerome he must in the space of a mile or two drop down into the little city about fifteen hundred feet, and if he cares to show his line to the trade in the smelter towns of Clarkdale and Clemenceau in the Verde Valley, he must drop down out of Jerome two thousand feet, all in the space of four miles, if he goes by air, six miles if he goes by automobile, and eleven miles if he goes by train.

Metropolitan Bisbee

Jerome is a city built, not, like so many mining camps, in a cañon, but on the sheer face of a dark and overpowering mountain range. It is a concentrated hodge-podge, jumble and conglomeration of buildings of every description, from the most contemptible Mexican shack up to palatial residences, hospitals, schools, offices and miners' boarding houses. The streets are short and violent; automobiles pant and groan up the grades in what seems the last writhing pains of death agony.

Garages in Jerome consist almost entirely of elevators. Dogs are said to be born with unusually short fore and long hind legs to cling to the grades. Slag dumps have to be spread out to find enough level ground for a baseball field. Mining here is carried on in and at a bewildering variety of altitudes and levels. One can have his choice of most varieties of climates in a few minutes' time.

Now it might be argued that Miami, yeasty and seething caldron that it is of social and political forces, or even Bisbee, easily the poltest as well as the most finished-looking, metropolitan and settled of Southwestern mining towns, presents outward features designed to amaze, bewilder and even discourage the stranger. I hope to refer to these places in some detail on another occasion. Suffice it to say that conventional beauty is only skin-deep. The essential, the fundamental impression that all these great camps makes upon the newcomer is not of what they lack but of what they possess.

My first sight of a mining camp in the Southwest lasted for a few moments only, as we were going through the town in a rapidly moving automobile. There was a blur of smokestacks, a huge pile of tailings and others of slag, a series of ugly jagged

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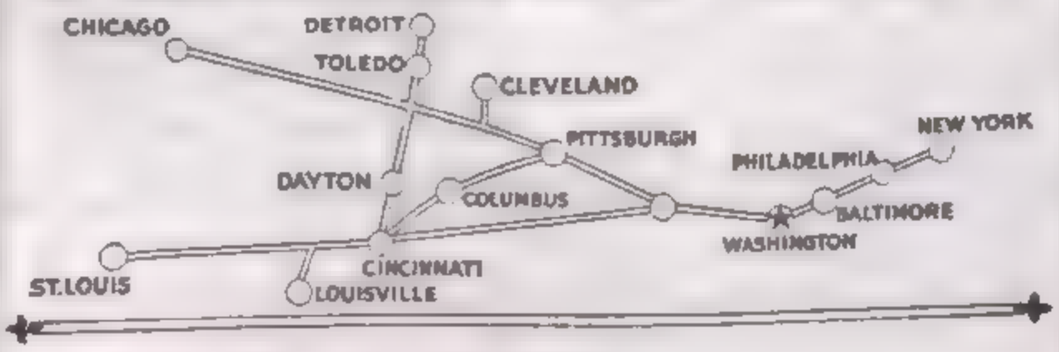

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gulches filled with miserable Mexican shacks and Apache tepees, and then above all, on the top of a lofty hill, an immense high school costing well over a hundred thousand dollars and looking from a distance like a Greek temple.

It is difficult for an Easterner to realize what the progress of the last twenty, the last ten and even the last five years means to those isolated places in the mountain and desert. Apparently nothing is as it was even a few years ago. Everything has changed. A thousand things have changed, and out of the thousand about nine hundred and ninety-eight have been for the better. Everywhere one is impressed with the sense of an almost miraculous rebuilding and transition.

I asked scores of people of all sorts why the improvements were so recent, why there had not been progress in earlier years, why everything seemed to have come all at once and in a heap. There were many replies to the question, and for a while they made for confusion. But gradually the answer pieced itself together, somewhat as follows:

The state as a state is, of course, new; only about ten years old. Community building and industrial development on a large modern scale could hardly go far until well after the Apaches had finally deserted the warpath; and men still in the late thirties or early forties well remember seeing as children the signal fires of hostile Indians on the mountain peaks which surround what is now a favorite winter resort for invalids and tourists in general.

Improving Conditions

Naturally while the Indian question was still more than a memory it could hardly be expected that mining would be conducted by other than prospectors, adventurers and pioneers. Nor could the big modern corporations be expected to take the place of the lone prospector until after ore bodies had been proved up and found to extend well beyond the small original discoveries. Mining operations on the modern scale require as concomitants regular modern cities, forbidding and extensive though the surrounding mountains and deserts be; and hard-headed corporations do not build up-to-date cities unless there is considerable business in sight.

Then along in the years just before the panic of 1907 came one of the greatest booms in copper history. Another one came early in the European War. The companies had grown big and powerful; they could afford to pay large taxes, from which schools were erected, main streets paved, and the most distinguishing characteristic of a frontier town, mud, eliminated. With the wider use of the automobile about this time, and the profits of the copper companies, it became possible to begin the building of state highways to connect the relatively few cities and towns, separated as they were and mostly are by vast open spaces of undisturbed solitude.

Alongside this development went the gradual but thoroughgoing elimination of the open forms of vice and dissipation. Arizona went dry before the nation, and two of the triple curses of saloon, gambling house and house of prostitution, had gone before. First the women had been got out of the saloons, then the gambling games, and finally the saloon itself went into oblivion. Just what this means in a mining camp is difficult for an Easterner to appreciate, but it means a new world.

The writer has sometimes wondered whether the saloon of the frontier towns, so often depicted in the movies, was really any worse a place than those which flourished in New York and Chicago twenty years ago. But at least the New Yorker or Chicagoan could visit other places of amusement, while the miner had nowhere else to go. The first building to be erected in any mining camp was the First Chance Saloon at one end of the street, and the second building was the Last Chance Saloon at the other end. Besides, the Eastern drinking place never went in quite so whole-heartedly for gambling and other evils.

Old-timers in Arizona agree that the saloon with its affiliated vices went because proprietors abused their power. Men who have lived in the old Spanish settlement of Tucson even less than twenty years remember the holler that went up when the decent citizens tried to close saloons from one to five A.M. A little further back the decent element put up a fight to prevent bawdy women from entering the front doors of saloons between six and nine in the evening, because that was when the respectable element wished to walk the streets with their wives and children.

In the early days gambling, of course, was regarded as a reputable occupation, and the leading gamblers were among the foremost business men. But the people of the territory received a shock when they discovered that the most prominent gambler was crooked. For a long time he had borrowed money and carried on other legitimate business transactions with a wealthy banker and merchant. One day he took an acquaintance, just arrived from outside the territory, to call on the banker, who on the strength of his friendship for the gambler and the standing of the latter in the community, loaned twenty-five thousand dollars to the stranger on a collection of diamonds as collateral.

The diamonds later proved to be paste, and the stranger skipped with his share of the twenty-five thousand dollars. The money lender did not object so much to being stung by a professional crook from outside; that was among the chances of his business. But he did object to being victimized by a friend and man of local importance, and promptly sued the gambler for the entire twenty-five thousand dollars. The banker won and recovered the full amount.

From that time forth gambling somehow lost its savor in the old town and in the territory at large.

In only one of the large copper camps did I find any suggestion that bootlegging equaled, far less exceeded such operations in the Eastern cities. Nor does there appear to be any evidence of gambling under cover or concealed houses of prostitution above what would be found in any town in the Middle West or East. The names remain: Brewery Gulch, Whisky Row, and the like, but that is all.

"There has been a tremendous improvement even since I came," said one leading citizen, who has lived in a trim little city not far from a mining camp for hardly more than five years. "They were just driving the women out when I came. The whole moral tone has altered since then. Not long before there were lots of people living together who were not married. There is no more of that now than anywhere else."

Big News About Tombstone

"One of our local bankers loves to tell of the time he drove over to the camp to protest a check. The road up the cañon was so narrow then that his horse and buggy were pushed off twice by mule teams carrying ore. He had a narrow escape from rolling down the bank. Now, of course, there is a broad highway, and ore comes out on the railroad. When he reached the camp everybody in the town was drunk.

"He had no trouble in finding the man he wanted to see because all the men were in saloons. But the man, who was intoxicated, promptly threw the banker out of the building. Night had come on them, and there was no suitable place to sleep. So the banker went to the company manager, who gave him permission to sleep on the floor of the office.

"Here the smelter fumes were so bad that at midnight he hitched up his buggy, drove to the top of the mountain and slept on the side of the road until six o'clock. Then he started for home, making this early start to avoid being run off the road again by mule teams."

I sat one evening in the chamber of commerce of a mining camp, chatting with a number of business men regarding conditions there. The adjoining building is a large comfortable hotel, there is a library, a church, a Y. M. C. A. and a Y. W. C. A., department stores, and all the other manifestations of a modern city within a few hundred yards.

One young man, in the early thirties, remarked: "I came here eighteen years ago to work in the bank. There was a saloon and gambling house on each side of the bank. From the window of my little bedroom I could count fourteen saloons. The president and vice president of the bank both ran saloons. The saloons are gone, but the same men are still president and vice president. Of course not even the main street was paved. It was always muddy. The night I reached here I thought this was the worst place I had ever seen. There was

(Continued on Page 101)

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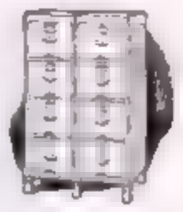

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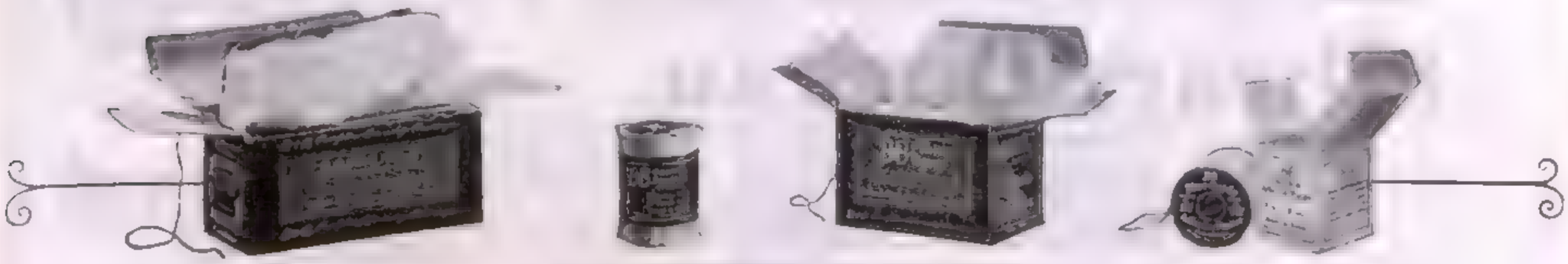

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(Continued from Page 98)

only one dry spot on the whole main street, and that was where two leading gambling houses were opposite each other. The miners made a dry path walking across. Nearly every pay night there was a shooting."

In each mining camp I have visited it was said that formerly every other building was a saloon—literally, not figuratively. This is still perfectly obvious in a place like Tombstone, which has been less rebuilt apparently than any of the large copper camps. Tombstone has been described in stories, articles, books and movies so many times that I do not propose to add to Tombstone literature or boost the place any more, except to say that if anyone wants to see the physical skeleton of what a hell-raising, roaring mining camp in the early '80's was like, Tombstone is it.

There they are, not every other building a former saloon and gambling joint, but practically every one. But though the population of Tombstone is not large enough to absorb for other purposes the blocks of deserted old-time joints, it is very far from being a dead or ghost camp. Indeed Tombstone is now one of the leading silver producers of the country, having no one large mine but many small ones. Yet I do not think any chamber-of-commerce secretary will rise to object if I repeat that Tombstone is the perfect remains of what a booming, bonanza, drinking, gambling mining town of several decades ago used to be.

But here is the strange, the inspiring point to it all, and it is news, big news about Tombstone, which, by the way, all the wild-west fiction writers have overlooked. It is not the sort of thing, in fact, which writers of fiction care to mention. It would utterly spoil a movie or short story; but this being a prosaic chronicle of fact instead of romance and fiction, the truth must out.

It is necessary to preface this big piece of news about Tombstone by remarking that I have visited the town three times in the last few weeks, and on the occasion of the first visit could not refrain from remarking to a local magnate, "You have a wonderful climate here, fine views and a lot of old dumps containing silver ore, but it isn't much of a place to look at, is it?"

"Oh, I don't know," he replied with some heat. "We are going to pave the main street."

Two or three weeks ago I visited Tombstone for the second time, and the street was being paved. Three or four days ago I visited it for the third time, and the street was paved. Moreover, as this sentence is being written the dean of the state university is on his way by automobile to preside at the ceremonies in Tombstone tonight that will mark the erection of an eighty-thousand-dollar high school!

Laments for the Past

Of course there have been many and varied factors in bringing about the upbuilding and orderliness of these Western communities. In the early days only single men, and women of questionable standing went in. As the ore bodies disclosed a size and permanence that warranted large investments by big concerns there came to be a higher percentage of married men. Today there are camps in which well over half the men are married.

The building of homes and the running of automobiles have taken the place of drinking and gambling. Married men must support children and pay for homes and automobiles, and to an increasing degree the children go to the state university, which in twenty-odd years has grown from barely a hundred students to around two thousand. Standards of living have risen so that all the money men make is absorbed in maintaining these standards. It is perhaps fair to say that there would be little left for dissipation, even if the forms of dissipation had not been abolished.

A possible temporary factor was the year's shutdown, which cleaned out so many of the single and restless men. The camps would probably become livelier if there should be another boom. But nothing can bring back the good, or rather the bad, old days. The whole focus, the whole center of interest in the Southwest is changing, even though, from the very nature of the case, mining camps have always had and probably always will have a strong element of the temporary, the shifting and transient.

For in the camps, just as in the more strictly livestock or agricultural centers, the citizen's real interest now bears no relation whatever to what might be expected from viewing the usual wild-west movie, but concerns itself rather with the question of which county will get the next concrete road, whether the rival town will spend more for its new high school than the home town, whether the state university will receive a larger or smaller appropriation this year than last, the whole question of taxes and bond issues, just what booster methods should be adopted to attract new population, just which of a score of sites will be selected for the next reclamation project, and above all how the vexed and complicated question of the use of the Colorado River is to be settled.

There are a few laments, of course. I heard one from an old-time saloon keeper, now become a capitalist, a fine shrewd man, interested in the best in his community, as so many of the graduated saloon keepers are. He feels that men are less honest than formerly; that in the rude frontier days of the '80's and '90's public opinion of the lynch-law variety frowned more upon ungratefulness than it does today.

"Just before the Battle of San Juan Hill I received letters containing currency from many of the soldiers who were about to go into action. Years ago I used to get money from Alaska in the same way, from miners who wanted to repay their debts. In the early days if you loaned a man in this camp twenty dollars and he didn't repay he would be run out of town. Also, if a man came in with nothing everybody would join in to fit him out. Now nobody cares whether a fellow human being has anything to eat and wear or not, and no one repays a loan if he can possibly avoid it. Just as they did so much earlier in the East and Middle West, the railroads have standardized and evened up everybody and everything out here."

Sophisticated Mining Camps

Much as in other parts of the West the old-timers mourn the days when no one locked a door, and when strangers made themselves at home in any ranch house where they cared to stay, even if the owner was out, cooking their own meals at will and feeling free to use anything they found, provided only they washed their dishes after them.

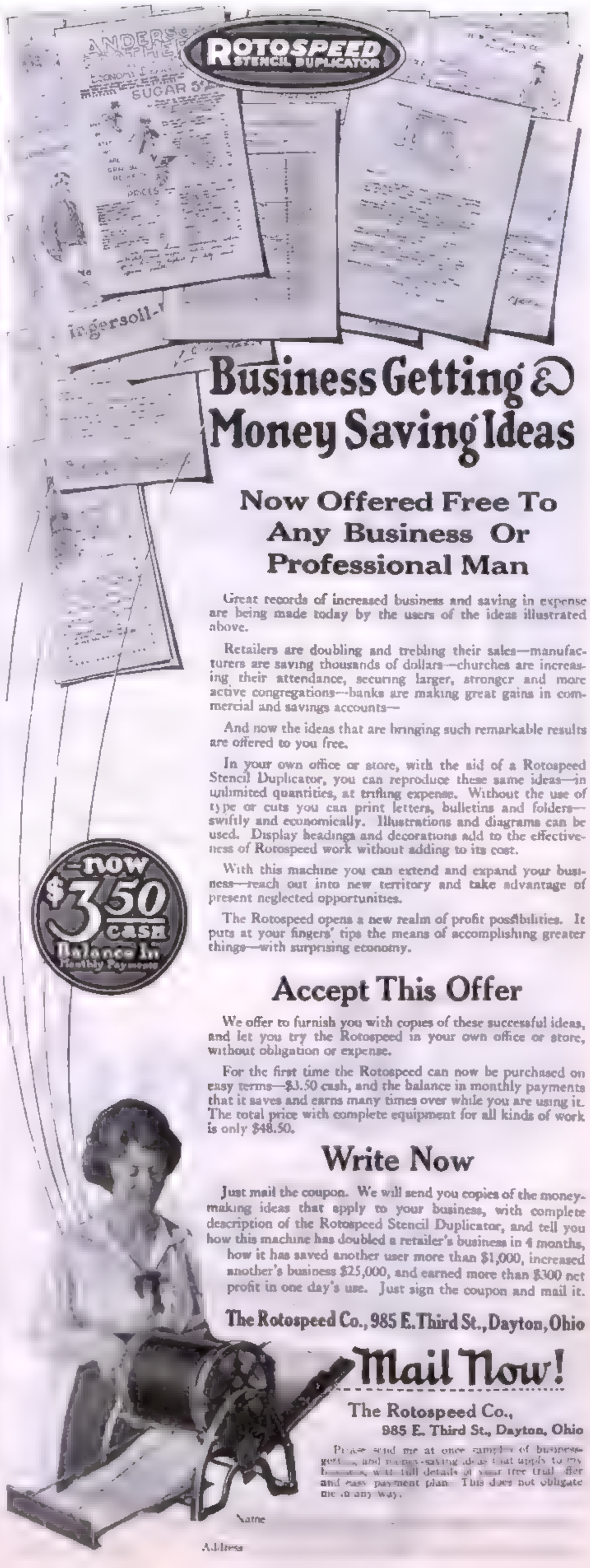
Anyone who thinks mining camps are places where you rough it is doomed to disillusionment. The first objects I saw in one of the first of such places visited was a very green lobster in a fish-store window and a newsstand containing copies of the New York papers. Yet do not get the idea, reader, that this place is any easy jaunt to reach. It takes an entire day to get there by railroad from anywhere; and though there are two good automobile roads, one feels he must have crossed the entire Rocky Mountain region after taking either of them.

The larger mining camps have become utterly sophisticated as far as living conditions are concerned. In the late '80's a mining engineer went into one of these camps for the first time, and seeing a cashier behind the cage of a small bank said: "I'm a stranger in this town. Can you tell me where's the best place to eat?"

"I've been here ten years," replied the banker, "and I haven't been able to find it yet. But the gamblers go to Chinese John's, and they usually know where the best food is."

Today the traveling salesman expects a room with bath and a course dinner at a regular standardized hotel. The cost of certain articles or services, especially of water, electricity and fuel, is fairly high, but food and simple clothing are in numerous cases cheaper than in the larger cities of the East, and this is true in some instances of rent. Most of the big chain stores have come in, and the manager of one department store in one of the newest of these places told me that he brought in about two carloads of goods a week.

But the most striking feature about the mining camps of Arizona is the educational machinery and the interest taken in it. This is true of all the towns in the state, but somehow the contrast is more remarkable in the mining districts. The high school is usually far and away the most imposing building in the community. In one such place I saw a gymnasium in a grade school that is better than those of several New England colleges.



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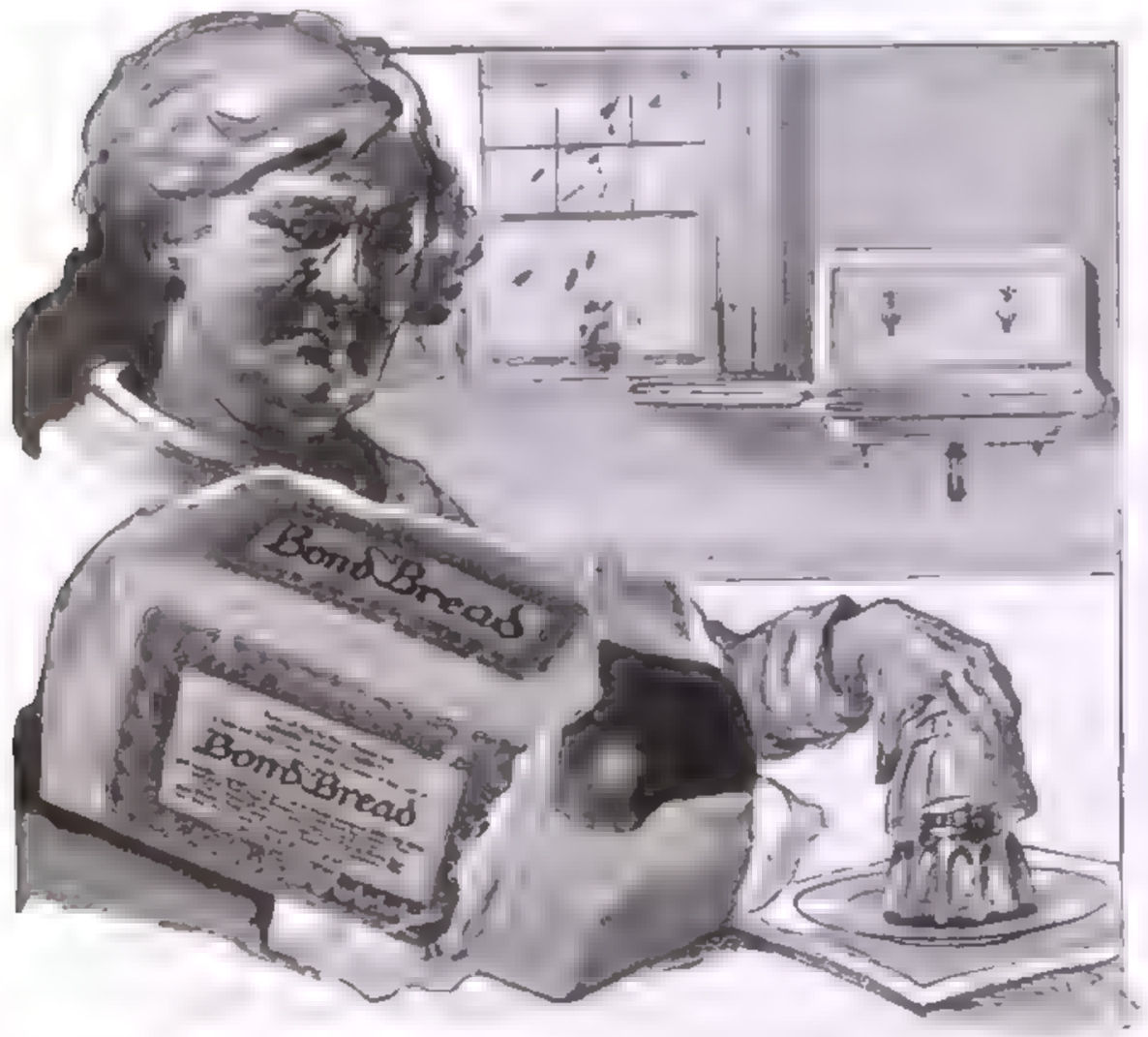

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And for those same reasons of flavor and purity—a million housewives serve Bond Bread on their tables every day.

In both cases, you are sure of the flavor and purity. For you know what your own jelly is made of, AND you know what Bond Bread is made of—because its ingredients are listed and guaranteed by our Bond printed on each wrapper.

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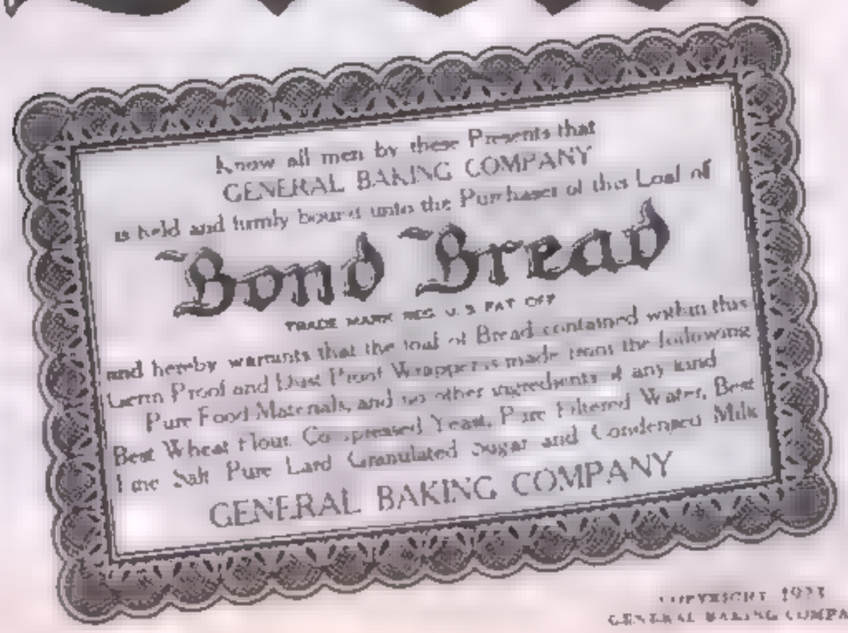
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is held and firmly bound unto the Purchaser of this Loaf of
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In a little place of five hundred people—not a mining town—a fifty-thousand-dollar high school was recently completed. I have never been in a town surrounded, so to speak, with as much of nothing as this one. There is one main street a couple of blocks long, which ends abruptly in the desert. The main street in this case is not paved, and looks exactly like what you see in all the typical wild-west movies, although the interiors of the stores proved conventional enough. The nearest neighborhood villages are twenty-five miles away. But the high school is very near being the best that can be had.

I attended a dinner one evening in the high school in what is perhaps the largest mining camp of the Southwest. It stands on the loftiest available hill, as large and imposing as the average state capitol. The dinner was given to the new president of the state university by the school faculty, and it was a delightful occasion, with flowers, attractive table decorations, good things to eat, and pleasant, soft-voiced people.

One of the speakers was a regent of the state university, a native of the old territory, a man just past fifty. I had previously asked him in conversation why there should be this passion for education in the state, and he answered the question in his speech:

"All of the men and women here except myself are graduates of colleges or at least of high schools. When I was of school age there was nothing where this school and city stand except Apache Indians. There was not a university or high school in all this vast territory, and I went to work when I was thirteen, before finishing grammar school. But the pioneers were determined that their children should not lack for the opportunities they had gone without, and that is why such schools as this exist today."

The Romance of Copper

Just as the life of the people in the mining districts of the Southwest has become a part and parcel of the general modernism, so the mining industry itself, or at least the copper portion of it, has gradually shed much of what might be called its romantic and picturesque side. This is a statement which must be made with considerable caution, and which requires numerous reservations. But it is worth making, and there is more behind it, perhaps, than appears on the surface.

Of course the copper industry today appears to lack romance partly for the reason that prices are low. This same impression is always conveyed by any industry that has passed through an excitement and is very much deflated, whether it be copper, oil, cotton, wool, cattle or zinc. Low prices mean the survival of the fittest and strongest, and if the price of the metal should suddenly double there would be excitement enough.

Certainly in the past the copper industry has taken second place to none in respect to the picturesque. In a way it has contained more of adventure even than gold and silver, for it has been on a much larger scale. Then, too, few industries have had such ups and downs, such surprises as copper. Almost every great copper mine seems to have been turned down by experts before it was finally worked. A banker in Prescott, Arizona, a man fairly well along in years but not so aged at that, told me that when he first settled there as a young man he could have bought the United Verde Mine, thirty miles away, for forty thousand dollars, although this mine has since paid something like seventy-five million dollars in dividends, nearly all to one shareholder. Later on, the United Verde Mine was turned down, so it is said, by the operating head of another copper company which has paid even larger dividends.

On the other hand, the present owner of the United Verde is understood to have spent nearly half a million dollars in development work in another district, only to abandon it in discouragement at the thousand-foot level, a few feet below which another group of capitalists took it on, with the subsequent extraction of about fifty million dollars in dividends.

I was introduced to the local superintendent of the power house at the Roosevelt Dam, a man in early middle life, as a person who had sold the land where the Inspiration Mine now stands, for a horse and buggy.

"That is right, is it not?" said the assistant manager as he made the introduction.

"Not exactly," replied the superintendent; "I got a few rabbits and pigeons too."

The Inspiration company was organized only about ten years ago and has paid forty million dollars in dividends since 1916. Even the ablest of mining men fail to pick up all the good things. One of the biggest mining organizations in the world, headed by a man of splendid character and attainments, one of the heroes of the Southwest, who operated his company at an immense profit for some thirty years or more, allowed outside interests to come in and buy adjoining land which a little earlier could have been had for almost nothing, and from which subsequently nearly fifty million dollars in dividends was extracted.

I recently visited two of the richest copper mines in the world, one from which nearly a hundred and twenty million dollars in dividends has been paid and the other about seventy-five millions. In one case attention was called to a portion of the mine from which one hundred thousand tons of ore had come in recent years, although its existence had never been suspected for thirty years by those working within a comparatively few feet of it. In the other case the head of the company only a relatively few years ago had told the engineers that a certain section was worked out, since which time four hundred thousand tons have been removed.

Indeed, the first impression which a layman gets after visiting a few big copper mines is that the industry consists entirely in constantly missing or finding, or in alternately missing and finding, tens of millions of dollars. There are many reasons for this of course. The personal equation enters strongly, men capable of directing and financing what they see often failing to have the imagination to comprehend the existence of ore even a quarter of a mile away. Men full of imagination, on the other hand, have no directing ability and cannot command the confidence of capital.

Thus the early history of the rich mines is one of many changes of ownership. Even men connected with the present régime admit freely enough that the early prospectors and pioneers did not profit so much as they should. But when it is realized that out of twenty-two thousand locations of supposedly mineralized land only about one turns out to be a successful mine, and even of these most are small, no one can wonder at the fact that the race is not so much to those who are swift or first, but to the strong, patient and resourceful.

Or there may be economic obstacles—transportation, water, labor, markets and the like. Then, too, ore bodies were missed in early days because of lack of knowledge. Moreover, the successful operation of any given body of ore depends very largely upon the state of the art, as it were, at the moment when the attempt is made.

Technical Perfection

Many had known of the wealth of the United Verde, all the way from Coronado down to an early territorial governor, who spent what were for those days large sums in a vain effort to become rich. But Senator Clark came along just at the time when he, Senator Clark, happened to learn that new processes could be applied to this particular problem, and the result is one of the country's major fortunes.

Whether the dominant trend of the industry, which is toward what might be loosely termed an increasing mechanization and the use of everything but the squeal, will in time eliminate the elements of surprise and risk the writer does not know. Certainly copper production is no longer so much a question of a lone prospector with pick and shovel finding a fabulously rich deposit as it is of an increasing ability to use ores of steadily decreasing grade. Copper, exactly like so many other industries, depends, as far as can be seen now, upon an increasing technical perfection to make up for the exhaustion of Nature's riches. In 1890 no ore could be profitably mined unless it contained 15 per cent copper. Today the largest single mine in the Southwest with a maximum daily production of twenty thousand tons, works mostly on 1¼ per cent ore, and the end of the declining percentage is not yet necessarily within sight.

The layman somehow thinks of a mine as something that is discovered. In a literal sense this is true, but hardly any longer in an economic sense. There are few of the great copper mines of the Southwest that

(Continued on Page 106)

PATTON'S

Velumina

The Oil Flat Wall Paint

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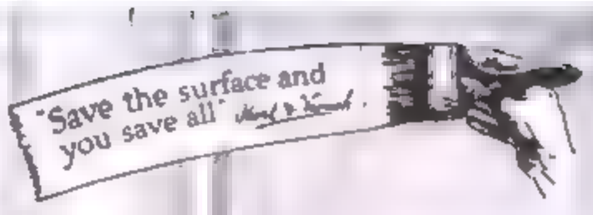

Soap and Water make Velumina Walls like New

PATTON'S Velumina is pore-proof. Dust, dirt and grime cannot penetrate its hardy film. It can only remain on the surface. So you can wash the walls instead of redecorating.

That is the reason why Velumina has so rapidly attained widespread popularity among discriminating home owners, architects and decorators.

Another is Velumina's rich, soft-toned simplicity — its perfect diffusion of light — the deep velvety finish it gives to walls — the atmosphere of quiet beauty it gives to a room.

This economical, long-service wall paint comes in white and sixteen attractive tones. It is but one of the famous products of the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company — one of the country's large, staple, conservative business institutions. Anything you require in the way of glass, paint and varnish can be found among the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company's products. Handled by quality dealers everywhere.

A good brush is as necessary as good paint.

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PATTON'S SUN-PROOF PAINT *resists action of sun and weather. Very durable and economical*

PITCAIRN WATER-SPAR VARNISH *puts a rich, waterproof finish on floors, furniture and woodwork. Never turns white*

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To the Business Woman who does her own Housekeeping

ONE great American novel that remains to be written is about the modern business woman.

It may be written by a man, or by a woman—but one thing it will emphasize.

The faculty of the business woman for making her *home-building* instincts a *help* rather than a hindrance to her business career.

Many a harassed, tired mother might take a hint from the business woman's well-chosen outfit of Hotpoint Servants.

The Hotpoint Percolator and Tea Pot—Toastover Toaster—Grill and Ovenette—Waffle Iron. Compact and efficient aids to serving a dainty meal without hurry and worry.

The Hotpoint Iron—a basket of clothes freshly, crisply ironed in less time than you ever dreamed possible.

And on the personal good looks side, the Hotpoint Curling Iron—the curling iron with the *professional touch*.

Important Announcement

Rare indeed is the woman these days who needs to be reminded of the many ways that electricity can help in her household tasks.

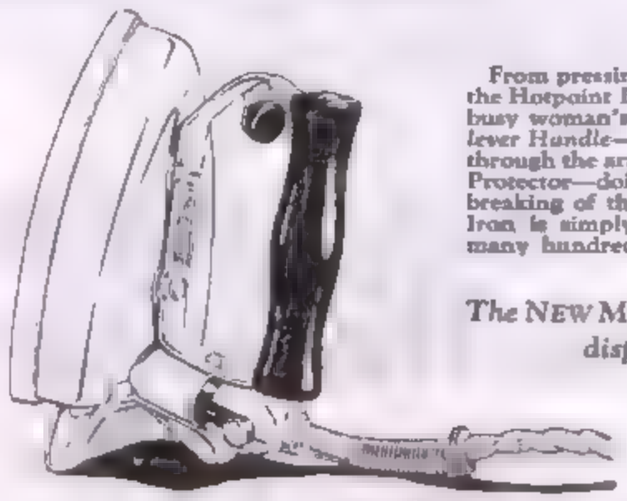
But—electricity can serve you well and economically only when applied through *scientific* equipment.

The Hotpoint Servants are designed and made for practical, economical household work over a period of years.

The result of constant testing and refinement by the Engineers of the Hotpoint Laboratories.

No user of Hotpoint Servants could afford to have us slight our high standard of manufacture, simply to compete with an article of lesser price and reputation.

And we will NOT.



From pressing a skirt to ironing dainty lingerie, the Hotpoint Iron does good work and saves the busy woman's time. The strength-saving *Cantilever Handle*—the force applied in a *straight line* through the arm and wrist. The *Hinged Plug Cord Protector*—doing away with jerking, kinking and breaking of the cord. The *Attached Stand*—the Iron is simply tilted back on its heel—saving many hundreds of pounds of lifting in a day.

The NEW MODEL Hotpoint Iron is now on display at your dealer's.

And some other helpful HOTPOINT SERVANTS

Boudoir Set
Utility Ironing Set
Curling Iron
Radiant Heater
Hedlite Heater
Heating Pad
Immersion Heater
Vacuum Cleaner

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EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., Inc.

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Disc Stove
Table Stove
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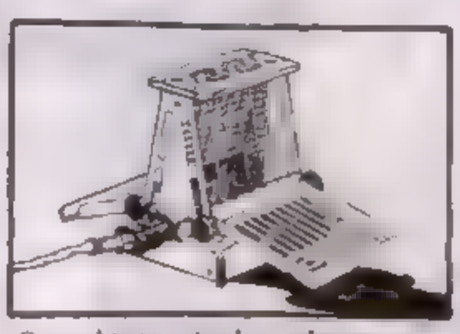
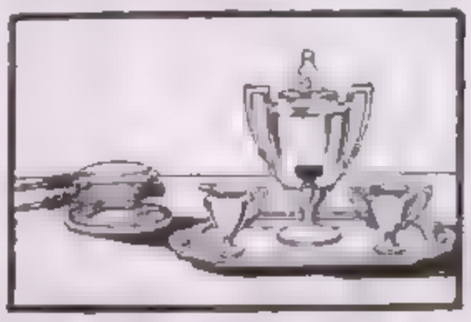
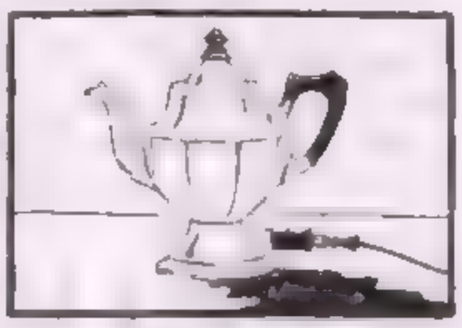
Chafing Dish
Tea Kettle
Hotpoint Hughes Electric Ranges



Crisp, thin toast is a luxury but no stranger where there's a Hotpoint Toastover Toaster—even the turning is done without hand or fork.



Good coffee and waffles—even the busiest morning's excellent breakfast quickly prepared with the Hotpoint Percolating Urn and Waffle Iron.



And tea—as she likes it, when she likes it, hot to the last drop, made with the Hotpoint Teapot and Tea Ball.

(Continued from Page 102)

were not known far back in the earliest history of the American continent. Jesuit fathers from Spain worked some of these mines for their gold and silver. Indeed the whole Southwest is covered with traces of mine operations extending from seventy-five to several hundred years ago, just as it is covered with prehistoric ruins

Copper is usually found in conjunction with gold and silver, and the early miners were not looking for copper. But even if the prospectors of the '40's and 50's, not to mention those of an earlier day, had been looking for copper they could not have got it out, for the simple reason that copper requires modern transportation facilities. Now and then a few merchants could afford to take copper out some seven or eight hundred miles to a railroad, because on the same mule backs they were taking in supplies to sell to the frontier settlements. But such operations were exceptional.

It was not until the transcontinental railroad lines crossed the desert, in the '70's and early '80's, that the copper industry of the Southwest became possible. The Southern Pacific and Santa Fe were not interested in Arizona or New Mexico when they built through the southwest territory. They were merely trying to reach their objectives, and unfortunately had to cross the mountains and deserts. There was no reason at that time why they should be interested in such wild country. Indians troubled, grades were bad, there was nothing but sand, and there was no business.

But if they had not been built there could have been no great copper industry today. Indeed it is almost a paradox that the mines could not be opened until the railroads were built, and the railroads could not prosper until the mines were opened.

Improved Processes

Now it may seem another curious paradox, but it is a fact none the less that the copper industry today although producing one of the oldest if not the oldest of the world's known metals, and from mines which in a few instances were known several hundred years ago, is one of the newer industries of the country. To develop this idea in detail would require books of technical treatment, but the essential facts can be indicated in a very few words.

Mining is new in the sense that has been suggested already. The cream has been skimmed off, the grass-root mine has gone; it is now a gigantic process of gleaning, of chicken scratching. And to make this pay there must be a continuous, steady improvement in process. That this is possible is indicated by the statements made by several authorities that milling and smelting may prove even now to be only in their infancy.

One large mine produced 80 per cent ore in its early days. It now averages not more than 7 per cent, and that is considered fairly rich. But I cannot see that the dividends are less. I sat in a mine office while the general manager and his assistant pointed to a cabinet containing specimens of very rich ore taken out in the early days. "We keep it there," said the manager, "to look at in the hope that we may find some more like it; not that we ever do, but it keeps up our courage."

Wherever one goes he hears of the poor quality of the ore, but the fact remains that more copper metal is produced than can be used, and along with it a very large amount of silver of great value and profit, and considerable gold. Dr. L. D. Ricketts, one of the foremost engineers and mining developers of the country, has estimated that in 1890 about one hundred and forty thousand tons of copper ore were treated in the Southwest, with a yield of possibly two hundred and fifty pounds of copper to the ton, while in 1920 about one hundred times as much ore was treated, with a yield not to exceed thirty pounds of copper to the ton.

One company recently spent a million dollars to install apparatus to work the dust from its smelter smoke. Possibly pressure from farmers who object to the effects upon crops of these delightful fumes had something to do with this and similar improvements. Sometimes the pressure upon industry to improve is partly economic, sometimes partly political. Never mind. Fifty tons of solid matter are recovered each day, including much copper and numerous other mineral substances, and it is said that at this rate the new machinery will pay for itself in a very few years. Yet even those who are most pleased with it admit that the recovery of by-products may well go much farther in the future.

Constant experiments are being made for the better use of smelter smoke as well as slag and tailings, the waste matter respectively from smelter and mill. Slag runs a high percentage of iron, which it might in some distant future pay to recover. As for the tailings, the percentage of copper remaining has been reduced in only a relatively few years 500 per cent or more.

Only ten or twelve years ago a big company built its plant on a specially selected site so that the waste matter would be carried away by a river. But farmers objected to having the stuff wash over their lands, and it had to be impounded. Now with improvements in the art the impounded material is a great asset to the company.

Indeed it might almost be said of copper mining, and probably of other lines as well, that the stones rejected of the builders have become the corner. This is well illustrated by a conversation with a student in one of the state mining schools of the Southwest.

"Well, I suppose soon after commencement you will be tramping the hills hunting for a gold mine to make your fortune," I said.

"No," he replied; "there's more money to be made working over old dumps."

If even the imagination of youth, and in a casual facetious conversation at that, can no longer be fired by anything more romantic than cyaniding an old dump, I think it is fair to say that mining has become pretty much a mechanized and economic proposition. A few days later I visited several of the old silver dumps of Tombstone, where scores of small operators working on lease are going over the waste, or gob, which was put back in the stopes forty years ago, and the aggregate production from the working over of which makes Tombstone today a substantial producer of silver.

This gob was yielding the merest fraction of what the mines turned out in the early days when, according to tradition at least, values as high as two thousand dollars a ton were obtained. "At the same time," said one of the operators, who seemed to be doing pretty well, "if even this small yield which you see here today were found in a new country that had never shown any surface indications before, there might be a great excitement, with stock companies formed, and all that sort of thing. Just because this is an old camp no one gets excited about it."

Locked-Up Millions

But the larger-scale operations in copper have to do with the reduction of whole mountains of low-grade ore rather than with old dumps. The fashion now is for a large corporation to spend anywhere from five to twenty million dollars before it takes out a dollar's worth of ore. In several cases whole cities have to be built in the desert before operations begin. It is not merely a case of mine shafts, crushers, mills, concentrators, smelters and the appropriate machinery, but of roads, railroads, water supply, stores, houses, clubs, sidewalks, baseball fields, swimming pools, sewerage, banks, electric lights, fuel and the like.

Consider Ajo. It is in the midst of about as desolate a desert as can be found on this continent. As long ago as 1859 a mining engineer predicted great riches for Ajo. Spaniards had worked it a hundred years before. By 1880 several hundred thousand dollars had been spent in an effort to reach the main ore body. But the terrible heat and complete lack of water, together with the low grade of ore, defeated all efforts.

About ten years ago men like Doctor Ricketts, Col. John C. Greenway and A. G. McGregor, backed by many millions of capital instead of hundreds of thousands, went in and built a plant that not only could handle the ore but included living conditions that overcame the terrors of the desert and made it possible for thousands of men, if necessary, to work and live there in comfort.

At Bisbee the Copper Queen branch of the Phelps Dodge Corporation has stripped a mountain known as Sacramento Hill, taking off five and a half million cubic yards, with thirty million more to come. By the time actual operations begin on this hill something like ten million dollars will have been locked up in the development of the property for about five years. To lock up ten million dollars for five years without

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Every time your Ford motor "misses" it is choking itself with carbon. A faulty timer is the common cause of missing—resulting in carbon deposits on spark plugs, valves, and piston heads. Then your motor is hard to start, lacks power, overheats and gets noisy.

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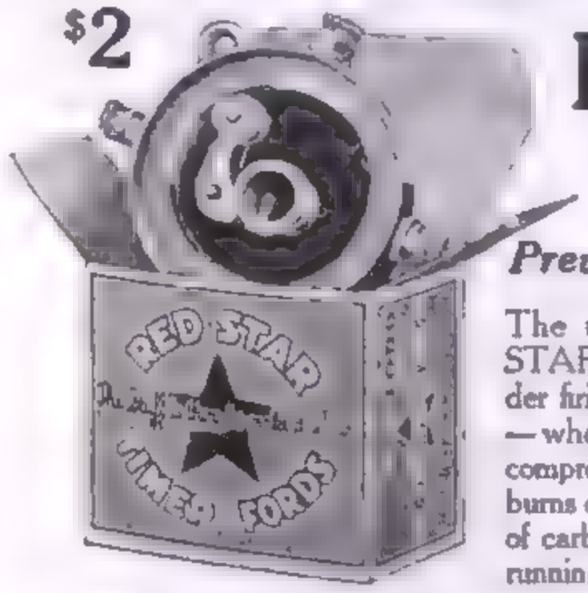

Red Star Timer

Prevents Carbon Trouble

The unfailing accuracy of RED STAR TIMER keeps every cylinder firing at exactly the proper instant—when the valves are closed and compression is at its height. Completely burns every charge, keeping motor free of carbon. Makes it powerful, smooth-running and quiet.

Buy the best Timer for your Ford

The RED STAR roller (the hardest working part of a timer) is made of 100-point carbon tool steel. The roller revolves on a chrome nickel steel bushing. Both are tempered to exactly the proper hardness. Exhaustive tests determined this to be the best possible construction.

Ordinary timer rollers are common steel, surface hardened. Surface hardening lacks uniformity. An irregularly hard roller wears unevenly, gets bumpy, and pounds the fibre race. The RED STAR tool steel roller is uniform throughout in carbon and in hardness. It wears smoothly, evenly.

The same painstaking care and attention is devoted to the selection and manufacture of every part of RED STAR TIMER—the sole idea being to make RED STAR the finest timer for Fords it is possible to produce.

Be sure you get a RED STAR TIMER—the RED STAR is on the box and stamped on the shell. The trouble and expense caused by a less accurate timer often costs many times the price of a RED STAR. If your dealer hasn't RED STARS, he can get them instantly from any wholesale house.

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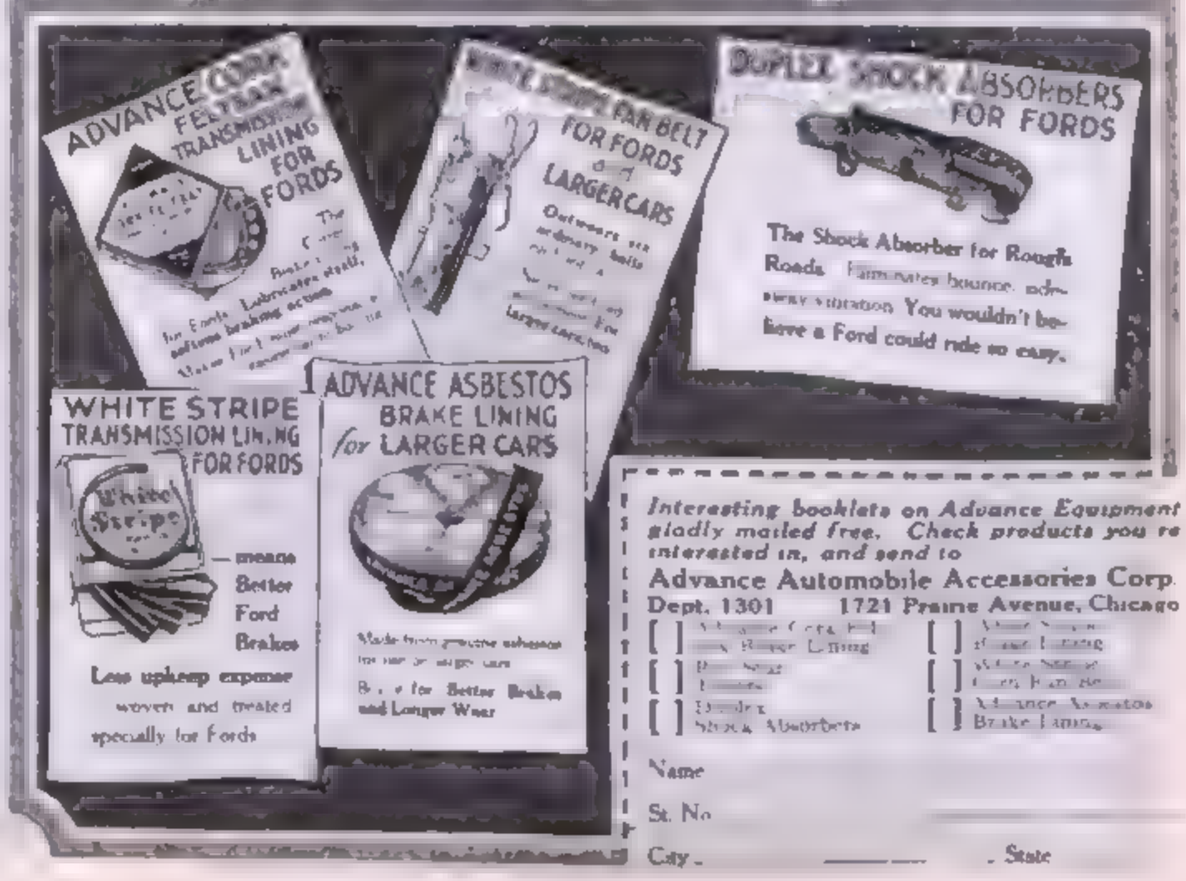
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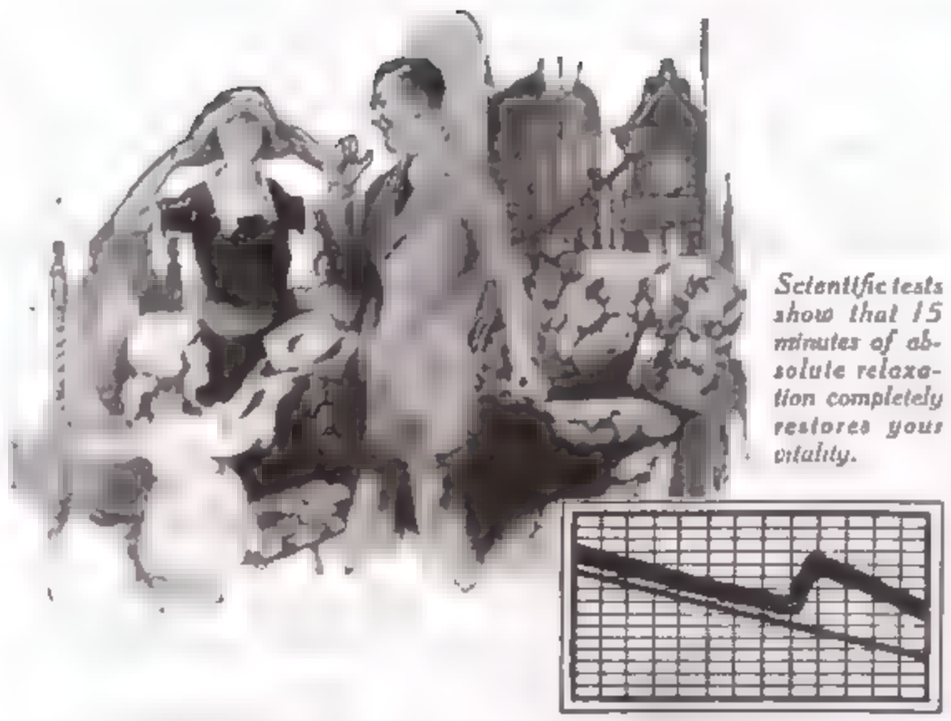

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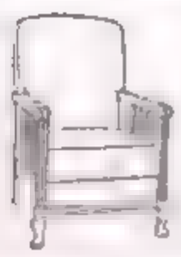

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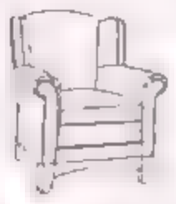

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No other chair is so comfortable. Yet the Royal to all outward appearances is just a great, inviting, loungy overstuffed chair that enhances any living room. When you sit in it, by merely pressing an innocent-looking button, you can recline at any angle that best suits your needs. It is no longer just a beautiful straight chair, but a sort of "chaise longue" with a leg rest that gives just the kind of support you want for your feet. This is solid comfort.

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Box springs are best and Royal Easy Davenport is the only one with this wonderful feature. Now sold in suites with the famous Royal Easy Chair.

No. 2007
Fireside Chair

Royal Easy Chairs
"PUSH THE BUTTON—BACK RECLINES"

a cent coming in is no slight matter. What with compound interest and amortization charges capital can eat itself up pretty fast in this manner, although, of course, the profits are large when they do come.

Although all big copper mines convey the idea of magnitude and huge investment, much after the fashion of the steel industry, the Inspiration Mine, which handles the largest tonnage in the Southwest, is perhaps the most impressive. Here the use of automatic machinery has been carried to its last point. Far underground, trains run on block-signal system, and in the vast structures where crushing and flotation processes are carried on there is a bewildering mass of machinery with hardly any men in sight. From the stones in the mine to the train waiting for its ingots of red metal headed for Raritan nearly three thousand miles away, are several miles of processes, such as seem natural to Pittsburgh but never quite at home in these grim mountains.

Obviously one effect which such methods have upon the copper industry is to prolong enormously the life of mineral deposits and individual mines. It has been said often that a good mine dies hard, but under modern conditions what were regarded as bad mines may become good enough to work. At least there is the constant tendency, already referred to, to widen the zone of operations into lower-grade ore. Expressed in another way, one must be careful in saying that any copper district is worked out.

But such achievements as these have not cheered the industry much in the last year or two. It has been going through dark days, from which it is but just emerging. For no industry went to war more thoroughly or has suffered more from the subsequent and inevitable headache.

Competition of Substitutes

The belligerent powers could not get enough copper, so that the red metal almost abandoned commercial fields. It was all needed for war. As a result, substitutes of every description came into use. When copper came back from war it found its place taken to a considerable extent by cheaper metals or by alloys or compositions, especially in the field of building construction. What the copper producers had to contend with was the fact that building costs had never been so high, and architects naturally preferred to use materials whose initial expense was smaller, even though less durable and more inclined to rust.

Practically all metals have fields they occupy to the exclusion of others, and in addition a twilight or dubious zone where competition is very keen. This seems to be true of copper, iron, steel, tin, lead, zinc, nickel, aluminum and the like. More and more the metals do not wait for business to come to them as in the past, but are going out for it against competitors. Copper, for one, has joined the contest vigorously and is going after business, hammer and tongs, by a great campaign of advertising and education. Already several new uses have been developed, and the old uses have been pointed out anew.

In addition the industry, like many others, had been producing right up to the time of the Armistice at a high cost and maximum capacity. It had the problem, common to so many lines, of tuning down. This it attempted to do by lowering costs, but about the time that this was effected along came higher freight rates, an important item to the copper producers, who are very far away from consumptive markets.

Not only do the copper companies have a long haul but, unlike the steel companies, they do not control all stages of production, but must deal with far-distant refineries or finishing mills which they do not own. Then, too, the industry had always depended very largely upon foreign markets, which were pretty well shot to pieces.

Most serious of all was the fact that copper's durability, its one great selling point, resulted in the recovery of shells and other scrap in huge amount.

At almost if not the same time that desperate measures were being taken to keep alive that sickly invalid, export trade, copper in the form of scrap, to the extent of billions of pounds, was flooding the world's markets. The industry, as a matter of fact, was being temporarily wrecked by the very durability of its product.

Future Price of Copper

But all bad as well as good things come to an end. The scrap is pretty well if not entirely gone by now, the battle is waging hard with substitutes, and the gradual increase in business activity generally means a wider use of the metal. But if anyone is looking for risk, chance and adventure I recommend to him as the finest of indoor sports an attempt to guess the future price of copper, and the volume of production and consumption. Apparently most of the big insiders in the business have usually guessed wrong, and I, for one, have no desire to emulate them.

Certainly it would seem to the mere outsider that no other commodity is relatively so low at present as copper. Of course a substantial advance would bring into production many small mines now idle, and no one knows exactly what the future has in store in the way of competition from South America, Russia and the Belgian Congo, with their cheap labor. On the other hand large South American mines and deposits are owned to a considerable extent by the same interests that control the big American concerns, and the whole history of copper is one of fear of what newly developed mines would do to the industry, followed by a sufficient increase in consumption to take care of them.

Whatever the future production and consumption of copper may prove to be, it is fairly certain that the increasing electrification of modern living, in the form of telephones, radio, light, power and transportation, depends very largely upon a sufficient supply of the red metal.

This pertinent fact, together with such a history of ups and downs of fortune, may make it worth while to go into the remote mountain fastnesses of the Southwest, where so much of the copper is produced, and see what the mines are like, what manner of men are there, how they work and are managed, under what conditions they work and live, how they like it and, most significant of all, why they are leaving these places so fast.

Colorado River Bridge, Grand Canyon, From South Approach Trail

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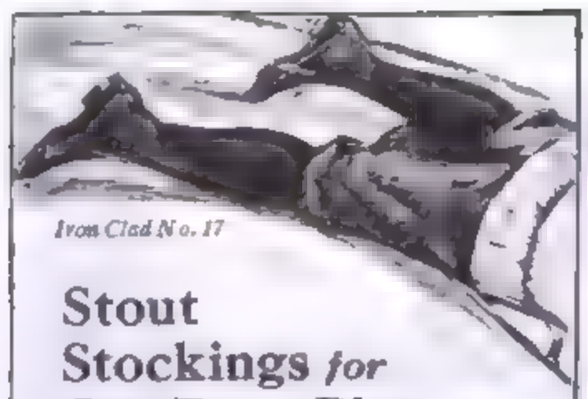

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Prices: 50c a pair, sizes 6 to 10; 60c a pair, sizes 10½ to 11½ (East of the Rockies).

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Pain Stops Instantly

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AGENTS $6 A DAY

Men and Women

American Products Co.
7644 American Building, Cincinnati, Ohio

AN INTERLUDE

(Continued from Page 15)

on the queer change that had come into her expression as she had looked at him. She had been laughing when the car drove up, but as he stood there something else had stolen into her eyes. Was it pity for his plight? Elon concluded it was not pity. There had been something like surprise first; then appraisal, then thoughtfulness—a strange, weighing deliberation. She had eyed him from head to foot, and had kept on eying him.

As they passed on and Elon had crossed the road and lowered himself to a hewn log to quiet the angry trembling in his limbs, he realized that she had turned her head to look after him, her face a white blur against the kaleidoscope of sports' colors. Something—something about him had interested her. But she had not pitied him.

Elon considered the thing for some time, sitting on the log. Varied emotions wrestled for possession of his soul. Tremors flitted through him—that little red-serpent thrill of some moments earlier multiplied into a Laocoön tangle of entwined cobras that crawled down his arms and set his hands tingling. He wanted to hit somebody; he wanted to go after the car and its impudent cargo and take it—take all of 'em apart.

He had been made a fool of, mocked at. He, Elon Llewellyn, a high-school graduate, not unread in the simpler classics, not incapable of balanced thought, and living by the highest possible ideals—Elon Llewellyn, with a red-blooded ancestry, whose forbears had mastered this whole country and conquered by sheer aggressiveness—he must stand in his simple country dress and be called Rube and Jake, and bear it.

It took him some moments to conquer himself, to call out of his soul the forces of inherent superiority, the tenets of essential aristocracy by which he had been reared. It took some moments more for the awed Polynesians to remind him of their presence; and Elon, sighing, rose and went about his duty of finding them raiment.

But his spirit had been hurt and bruised. It took the rest of the afternoon to clothe himself in a fresh armor of self-respect, of lofty half pity for worldlings who knew no better.

When, just before supper, the long gray car nosed suddenly back into the village, Elon, at work in his shop, turned a deliberate shoulder. He even broke out in a line of the hymn for tomorrow. The gray car was nothing to him, nor its contents.

"I—know not—where—His islands lift—
Their—fronded—palms in air ——"

Nothing at all. A gulf between himself and such people; nothing to him. He would never see them again.

He was mistaken. There was the lightest possible tap-tap of feet, and when he turned around the green one stood before him, with something dark and jingling in her arms, which she brought forward and laid on his counter.

"It's my saddle," she confided. "I'm Carita Rogers from up at the Castle and I've torn my saddle. They tell me you can fix it—oh, please will you? Lobster, my horse, rolls, and he rolled with my saddle on, so it's got to be fixed or I can't ride tomorrow. I think the stuffing's trying to come out here; what do you think?"

She looked not at all at the saddle, but at Elon. She shot him a glance. The phrase is deliberate. She leveled both blue barrels of her fine trained eyes and pulled the trigger as remorselessly as a man invokes the unwritten law. Elon received the charge into a completely unshielded breast.

He was not a habitué of the movies. He was not accustomed to coquetry. He had lived his life among simple, sincere people. He was unaware of what the silver screen, superimposed on, alas, natural instinct, has done for the American female eye. He was unaware of the effectiveness of mascaro, of the poignancy of penciled eyebrows, of the wistfulness of liquid pallor.

He only knew in his inarticulate country-poet's soul that the slow fawning movement of this Carita Rogers incredibly long, dark and tip-tilted eyelashes, now hiding, now revealing the lucent glow of those organs consecrated originally to the function of vision reminded him of languorous slow-winged, dark-hued autumn butterflies alighting on fringed blue gentians.

Then as he realized that she awaited an answer, in her intervals of sharpshooting and winging, he said, "Yes, I guess you are right. It's got to be fixed."

"Oh, I thought so. So I brought it right down to you. It's unfortunate that Lobster rolls." She leaned nearer; there was a delicate whiff of perfume. "I didn't see anything funny this afternoon when we passed you. Our crowd's just a lot of fools. We're bored, you know—and anything for a lark. You don't know the stupid things we laugh at. But it wasn't funny today—meeting you. It couldn't be. You look—too interesting. I asked about you right away. They told me you're a Quaker. Is that right?"

Elon stiffened slightly.

"I belong to the Society of Friends," he said quietly.

"I think they're so sweet," said Carita Rogers. "I mean the language—the way they speak. But you—you don't say thee and thou ——"

"We use it among ourselves," said Elon simply.

"I should love—to hear you say it to me. It's so pretty, and the names are pretty too. Yours, over this shop—Martin Llewellyn."

"That was my uncle. My own name's Elon—Elon Llewellyn," he explained with dignity.

"Elon! How lovely! Elon Llewellyn! Why, it's like music!"

Oh, Scoggins the grocer and Harry Pike were wrong! There was nothing here to fear—no razzing, no devilment, just a young eager girl with butterfly eyelids and a vivid face above her shapely purple and gray; a girl who brought you her wounded saddle to fix; a girl who said your name was music. She herself was not unlike a phrase of music.

Elon stood looking at her with a sense of obscure, mounting emotion—shame of his bigness, his uncouthness, his poor clothing, the crowded squalor of his little shop, of its unsuitability, of the girl's beauty and generosity and interest. She stood looking back at him from under those incredible eyelashes. She would return, she said, in the morning to get the saddle.

It was the saddle that recalled Elon. That vaguely troubled him. No horse that ever rolled had made a wound like that. Lobster and his exploit was as neat and deliberate a lie as the tear was the neat and deliberate cut of a sharp, clean-bladed knife.

Now why had somebody—could it have been Carita Rogers?—cut up a perfectly good English saddle so that it must be darned? Elon could not solve it. But a sense of impending trouble, of foreboding came upon him like a beating flutter of bat wings about him.

He felt a sudden need of anchorage, of something to hold to. The little shop had taken on an indefinable quality of strangeness. There was a trembling in its air, a previsión, an omen of something to come, at once pleasant yet discomforting. Elon took out his handkerchief and wiped his face in a perplexity of feeling. Then all at once his uncertainty faded and his anchor emerged, secure, serene.

It was the face of Mary Travers, inscribed upon his mind. Mary Travers was the anchor. Strange he had not summoned her before. If he kept the thought of Mary before him—of course! He resolved to go to see Mary after supper.

It was perhaps high time that Elon Llewellyn should think of Mary Travers, that he should consider going to see her. Mary Travers was Elon Llewellyn's sweetheart. She received him in white dimity, in a little vine-hung porch, and offered him a plate of homemade fudge. And if Carita Rogers was black butterflies and blue gentians Mary was the evening star. Mary was the sweet contour of the homeland hails to the returning traveler. Elon bathed in her gentle presence and watched the pensive sweet oval of her gracious, wash-able face, the depths of her wide-set lovely gray eyes, the ripple of her dark unpinned hair over her temples, and ate lavishly of her fudge, and said—not one word about the gray car or the lady and the sad he

But he talked of going to Germany to do reconstruction with the Friends there, and of the dullness of the little town and the harness shop, and of the trials Matthew inflicted on him, and a little of the manner of men those early Llewellyns were; and, at Mary's urge, of a local fair, a carnival, that was due in a few days, to which he was taking her. And when it came time to part he kissed Mary good night on her soft, cool sweet cheek. Perhaps there was something about the kiss, for ——

"Elon," Mary asked, "does thee—does thee like me tonight as—the way thee always does?"

"I always like thee, Mary. Thee knows it," said Elon heartily.

Going home past the misty evening fields, Elon saw a vacant lot on which some scaffoldings had been set up. It was the local fair grounds, the place where the carnival was due.

In two days more it would be quite a different place. He and Mary would have a wonderful time there.

Life had many sweet things in it, Elon reflected. The scent of evening herbage washed in night dew, the colors of night under a moon and a softly cloudy sky, simple pleasures that came now and then—a carnival now, all sparkle and glitter, with Mary on his arm; his work, his strength—and Mary.

Mary was the dearest of all. Something pricked him, some recent distraction, some absence of mind during the evening. What did he mean by giving the least thought to outlanders, to heartless strange gods that meant nothing to him? He knew a little about the young girls who lived in the world. Their legend had faintly penetrated even into Elon's town, and you could catch glimpses of them in the gay magazines in Harry Pike's drug store. They were said to have bad manners, to color their faces, to wear too little clothing. Remembering the carful of teasing youngsters of the afternoon, Elon felt he could testify to their poor manners. As to clothes ——

There flashed up an image of the green one, in the little ruffled bathing suit, with the graceful bare legs—and something stole through Elon reminiscent of his peculiar alchemic state earlier.

It was not that he approved of the green bathing suit—not in this world—but his disapproval, its structural elements, its points of departure, gave him a not unpleasurable thrill. Resolutely he drove the green one from his mind and introduced Mary instead; and the coming carnival and the excellent times he meant to give Mary.

II

THERE are two mathematical computations I should not care to solve this year. The first is, just how many radio aërials sticking up from earth's crust can be counted through the high-powered telescopes on Mars. The second is, the number of carnival doll babies being offered as the prizes of valor of various sorts in the country fairs and local charivaris of these United States.

I refer to those round-cheeked, rosy-lipped, pop-eyed toy sirens, half bathing beauty, half kewpie, that, clad in purple, cerise and parrot-green satins bedewed with Christmas-tree tinsel, fill our booths of chance, rank upon rank, by the hundreds—yes, legions—calling to the capable, the skilled, the virile, to put the shot or toss the ring or fling the cork dart in their behalf.

Gone is the day of the virile thimble rig and the shell game, where a man could pick up a little nimble money—the same man. Gone are their milder successors, those sports of wit and skill whose fruition bloomed into long black cabbage-leaf cigars, into chunks of plug cut, a whistle, a whip with red-white-and-blue handle, a bandanna, a bead moccasin or a handsome conch shell with the legend Souvenir. Such spoils await no longer the expert flinger of bodkin javelins, the skilled roller of balls in the numbered alleys or the adept slayer of the much punished nigger fastened in his stall. Today strong young men contend together, bending their backs, curving their arms, matching virile wits for dollies.

It may be this is a proof of our growing effete condition—was it not in the last year that in popular fiction a dolly with a cryptic smile sent a poor man, hungering for the siren, upon the rocks? Strange potency may lurk in a bit of china or plaster, sewed into scraps of silk rag. Or does this passion for the doll indicate but the insidious advance of a more complete feminization of fields formerly preëmpt to men? Certainly that young female human is happiest at

(Continued on Page 111)

TYPED WORDS ARE WINGÉD WORDS!

In the building of the bridge, words—surely as steel—have their part.

In every field of life—the boy's study, the man's work, the woman's social activities—*words* play a leading rôle.

Let them be *wingéd* words—typed on the responsive keys of the Underwood Portable. Then they are words easily written and pleasurably read—words that are forceful, accurate and clear.

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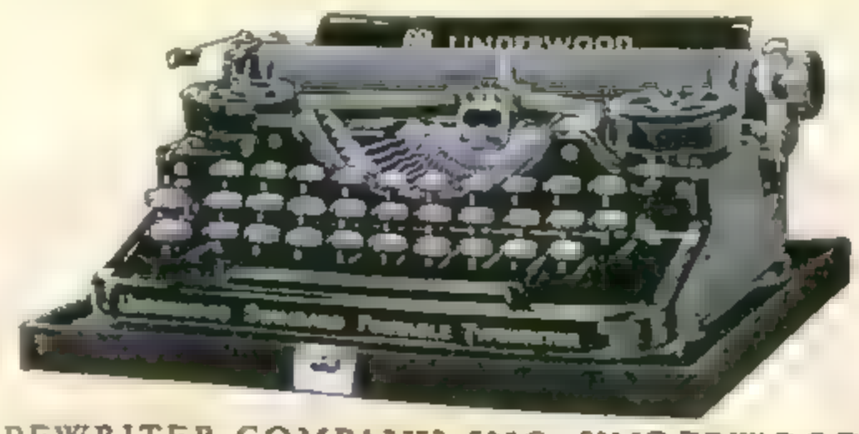

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"Giving Wings to Words"
an illustrated booklet fully describing the features of the Underwood Standard Portable.

"The Machine You Will Eventually Carry."

UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER COMPANY, INC., UNDERWOOD BUILDING, N. Y.

UNDERWOOD PORTABLE

"I'll save hubby this job".

This "hubby" individual has been known to let the car go all winter without changing the oil. He's liable to be as careless about that as he is about remembering anniversaries, dropping ashes on the floor, or turning out the cellar lights.

But you have learned a lot about the health of the family car. You go out in it nearly every day and drive almost as many miles a season as your partner of the self-satisfied sex.

Whether it's to take the youngsters to visit Grandma, or to go to town shopping, or to play a rubber of bridge—the go-getting lady of today wants to know, especially in February weather, that when she starts somewhere she will get back surely, safely and quickly.

So she does this. She periodically drives down to the dealer's and has him drain out the dirty, diluted engine oil from the car and replace it with new, fresh Veedol motor oil.

Then she does this. She jots down in her memo book the speedometer mileage and makes a note to do this very important job again when the car has been driven another 500 miles.

By keeping the car lubricated with Veedol motor oil you can always get away to a snappier start—a quicker pick-up. You can follow slow traffic with few gear-shifts. You can conquer poor roads and flatten the hills. And all the time you will be saving many a dollar that otherwise would go into gasoline and repairs.

To be absolutely sure that you are getting Veedol buy it in the sealed package, the way you buy soda crackers. A big 5 gallon sealed can of Veedol will assure for the family several thousand miles of new riding comfort, and an entirely new economy in motoring.

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Veedol oils and greases are sold throughout the world

Resist deadly heat and friction

VEEDOL

Motor Oils and Greases

(Continued from Page 108)

fair time whose proud escort can win her the greatest number of dolls.

And on a certain balmy afternoon at a small fair in the back country there was no happier girl than the one who walked flamingly conspicuous by the side of tall young Elon Llewellyn. Mary Travers it was who flamed thus, not so much by right of natural heritage as by the acquired and glittering spoils with which Elon Llewellyn had loaded her. She carried in her arms four carnival dolls, and Elon bore a fifth. One was pea-green, with a lamp under her petticoat; another had a skirt that was a hula fan of rose feathers; two were plain dolls of pale blue and royal purple. Elon's, slightly smaller, was of lemon color trimmed with gilt.

It was impossible even for the gentlest heart, the least worldly, not to feel elated. Mary's arms were filled with the proofs at once of Elon's love and skill. He had moved, in his slow grave strength and shapeliness, like a courteous but implacable Visigoth upon the little Midway Pleasance; and though he had spent but a frugal dime in each case in each case he had equally and inexorably extracted from the booth keeper a doll for his Mary.

The day was sweet, the heaven brooding, cloudless; the first leaves of sumac and elm were turning red and yellow. Under a grove of locusts a row of country vehicles was tied, a country pleasure-seeking crowd moved through the carnival lanes in a sifting of paper scraps, confetti, peanut skins. Balloon and whistle venders moved about, men offered ice-cream cones and hot dogs, and wherever the couple moved there was a trail of candid admiration, swift glances at Mary's burden, at tall Elon with his bright, fine head. Mary's heart swelled with gratitude, with secret pride and thanksgiving as she raised a cramped hand occasionally to nibble at a cottony tuft of spun sugar on a stick Elon had bought her. There were no people in this world, she felt sure, so happy or so lucky as she and Elon.

Elon's state of mind would have surprised and shocked her.

Now and then the crowd drew aside as a motor car, honking, pushed its way through. On these occasions Elon drew Mary aside and carefully looked elsewhere. But there came a time when he napped a little. He could not evade the spectacle of the big gray car from the Castle pushing—very ruthlessly—on its way to a parking place. Its bright covey filled it as usual, and Elon saw that the youth of the big shoulders, with the thistle breeches, was driving.

He swung Mary around at once. Bought her an ice-cream sandwich and took her in to see the wild man. Here he got out the handkerchief he used in perplexity and suddenly wiped his face again. He knew at once two curious warring pangs—a pang of distinct, almost terrible delight on realizing that the green one had come to the fair; in the moment when he saw her in the gray car the whole fair blossomed and grew suddenly brighter, even the dolls; a second, equally sharp and imperative, of sheer distaste and terror lest he meet her. She had been three times to his shop in these two days.

He loitered now beside the wild man until Mary expostulated, and going forth, by ingenuity, he managed for twenty minutes to evade contact with the Castle group.

It came at last, inevitably, in front of the hammer machine. A sharp-faced youth in heather browns had drawn off and leveled a blow on the registering machine, and as Elon and Mary approached, the big youth in gray was about to succeed him. A ring of spectators had assembled, and in the immediate circle the house party, with its running fire of verbal crackle:

"Go to it, Purdy!"

"Go get his goat, Steve!"

"Say, Alimony Ike, you can't trim Purdy—not without help. You're short two cocktails, you know."

"My money—if I had any—on Purdy. Now, big Purdy Lowell, you hit it a slap on the cabeza and show the hicks here how it's done."

Elon would have been less than human had he not rejoiced to see only two dolls in the arms of the female end of the party—and none at all in the keeping of Carita Rogers. But he was hardly prepared for the effect of Mary's appearance with her blazing cargo. The gray youth stared and lowered the hammer.

"Wow!"

"Hot baby! Will you look at that!"

"Why, he's Bosco! He eats 'em alive!"

"Say, William Penn, did you win all those babies, or are you sellin' 'em?"

A girl flashed out, smiling, like a lovely sword blade, like butterflies and gentians.

"Of course he did!" she cried. "It's Elon Llewellyn. Hello, Elon Llewellyn!"

Mary drew herself and her dolls up haughtily and looked at the girl, then at Elon.

"Why, she knows thy name, Elon!" she said coolly. "How comes it she calls thee by name? Thee didn't tell me thee knew anyone who stays at the Castle."

"Oh, Mary," said Elon, "I don't know her, but she knows me. In the shop ——"

"Thee didn't tell me."

The green one flashed toward Mary.

"Did Elon win all those for you? All those dolls for one girl? Why, I haven't even one!"

The butterflies flashed very busily above the gentian eyes, in Elon's direction.

"Mr. Llewellyn won them all," said Mary with formal composure. "Mr. Llewellyn has won every time."

"The hell he does!" the brown youth drawled. "Well, I'd like to see him try to beat big Purdy here at the machine."

"Yes, Purdy, I guess you could show him!"

"Could he?" cried the green one shrilly. "Why, Purdy's tried three things already—all of you have—and only got two dolls among you. I'd like to see Purdy beat Elon Llewellyn at the hammer! I'd really like to see it!"

"Come on! Let's go to it! Let's see 'em against each other! Purdy to the bat first, then Bill Penn."

"And I'll tell you what"—the green one raised her arm commandingly—"they shall do it for me. Elon and Purdy are both big, strong cave men and one of 'em's sure to get it—and it shall be my doll. Only it's got to be a special doll. Have you got a special one, hammer man?"

"Lady, I have. I got a doll here I was saving for Nimmonsburg fair. I'd put it up for five out of six shots apiece."

He dived under his machine and produced a new doll. A ripple of admiration broke. The doll was a bride. In sparkling white satin and silver, with a frosted tulle veil, she put out the eye of the sun.

"Elon," said Mary gravely, suddenly stepping forward, "if thee wins that doll, will thee give it to me?"

The blood poured up in Elon's face. There was a pounding in his ears.

"Mary," he asked, "how many dolls does thee require?"

"It is not for the doll, Elon," she answered weighingly.

"Oh, it's my doll!" the green one cried impatiently. "Mind, one of you get it for me! Purdy, if you can't, Elon will! If you don't—you go first, Purdy!"

The gray youth picked up the iron hammer and drew off once more.

The scene had grown dark before Elon's eyes. The dual forces that tore him now moved in one overpowering furious impulse to show these people, to show the green one, to show anybody that he could best this rival, this big creature who put his hand on a girl's back like that.

His own hand was ice-cold as he picked up the hammer in his turn and whirled it, but he was hardly conscious of the awed outcry as the machine clanged and recorded his power. And five times more, in a maze of physical striving, he struck his blow against the big Purdy.

Like one in a dream, then, he saw the machine man approaching with the bit of silver dizenment.

"It's yours, young man, and Lord knows you won it."

Elon faced about. Across the circle of spectators he saw Mary standing out clearly, looking at him—a look that was more potent than a dictionary of words. But Elon evaded her eyes.

He turned toward the green one suddenly, muttering, "Well, you asked for it. So it's yours. I didn't start this thing."

He thrust the doll into her hands. Her fingers, warm and soft, met his on it.

"I think you're wonderful, Elon Llewellyn. I've never seen anyone like you. So big and so strong!"

Across the circle he saw Mary abruptly turn and leave. He would have made a move to follow. Something in him ordered him to follow—he wanted to, but soft fingers still held his. Something like a net, silken-sweet and soft, inclosed him.

"Elon"—it was a face of exquisite sweetness—"Elon, I'm so proud to know you. I never knew anyone like you before."

"Well," a voice cried, "let's take William Penn and Purdy on to the next booth and see how they stand. Bet you Purdy'll throw him yet."

"Come along, Elon"—the green one still held him—"carry my doll for me. Your—your friend will come along and watch you."

"She won't come along—she's gone!" Elon's heart cried.

He knew Mary. But though his heart spoke, his lips did not. The big gray youth came close to the green one.

"Lay off with fooling with this rube, Carita. What's eating you?" he cried roughly.

"Mind your business, Purdy," she flashed back. "It's good enough for you."

The give and take was beyond Llewellyn, but the tone of the gray youth was insupportable. He took the bride doll out of the green one's hand. As they swung to the next booth he found her in front of him, and something moved him to place his hand lightly on her back. She leaned against him immediately, giving him her weight, and a sensation stifling sweet arose in Elon. He felt a savage longing to protect her, to take her away, to kill this Purdy.

Had he followed Mary to the edge of the group, he would have seen that she was crying. More, when she reached the edge of the grounds she raised her arms in a bitter gesture of repudiation and flung the five doll babies into the bushes.

But Elon did not follow.

Do not forget that Hercules sat like a silly ape holding the distaff of a sly Omphale; that Samson loved the thridding feel of Delilah's slim fingers in his hair.

Elon had gone insane. He knew it. As he climbed the face of the mountain this Seventh Day afternoon, wearing his best clothes, a handkerchief tucked into his collar, he knew that he had taken leave of his mind, and sold his soul to the devil besides.

He had quarreled with Mary, and he was going for the third time to meet Carita Rogers on the mountainside. He was carrying a pocketful of Indian arrowheads of white flint to show her, and ostensibly he meant to talk at her suggestion about the early history of the place, its legends. But he knew that this was only pretense.

He was actually going up into the little glen to sit with her and hold her hand. He had held it all of their last meeting. Not deliberately. It had somehow happened, and a pulsing rhythm, a systole and diastole of sympathy had bound them together. He had held her hand and looked into her eyes and she had told him he was beautiful!

That, in itself, was a thing that caught and fixed his attention; that a man's personal beauty should at all matter—should exist; or that, existing, its acclaim on the lips of a young girl should yield a pleasurable sensation.

But here all the ordinary poles of his orientation had failed him. He had become, at the behest, at the compelling desire of this worldly girl, a being thrown completely out of his ordinary channels. He had become in some crude fashion—he realized it—a Llewellyn instead of a Friend.

And this brought a curious mingled pang of humiliation and delight—shame that a man of his upbringing and stability should follow the beck of a girl who went about in bathing clothes, or, urging her horse Lobster down over the mountain's face, confronted him in the graceful bifurcation of Conduit Street doeskins; pleasure that there should be some rapport, some affinity between himself and such a girl; a girl who moved in her careless group with a cigarette case and a tiny silver flask on her hip; who, catching her foot in her stirrup, said "Damn" roundly.

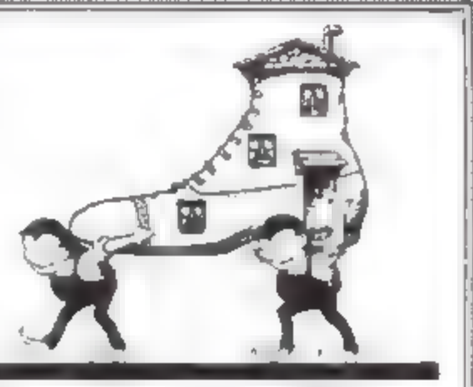
Elon had reproved her sternly out of that superficial layer that had been created in him; but, deeply, some potent black atavism had thrilled. Here was wickedness, godlessness to sway the senses.

Not that he hadn't tried to salvage himself, to clutch at some fleeting tag of reason before this debacle of his spiritual destruction. He had stopped Mary coming out of the post office the day after the fair. Mary had not turned her other cheek.

"Thee need not speak to me. Thee can just go follow thy—she devil," she had burst at him bitterly.

A transformed, a changed Mary; but not more changed than he. Only the next morning he had agreed, when Carita dropped into his shop, to go up to the glen and talk with her. That had marked the

(Continued on Page 113)



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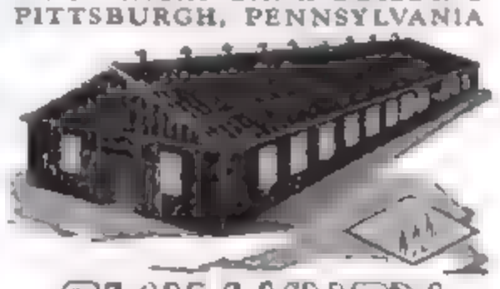

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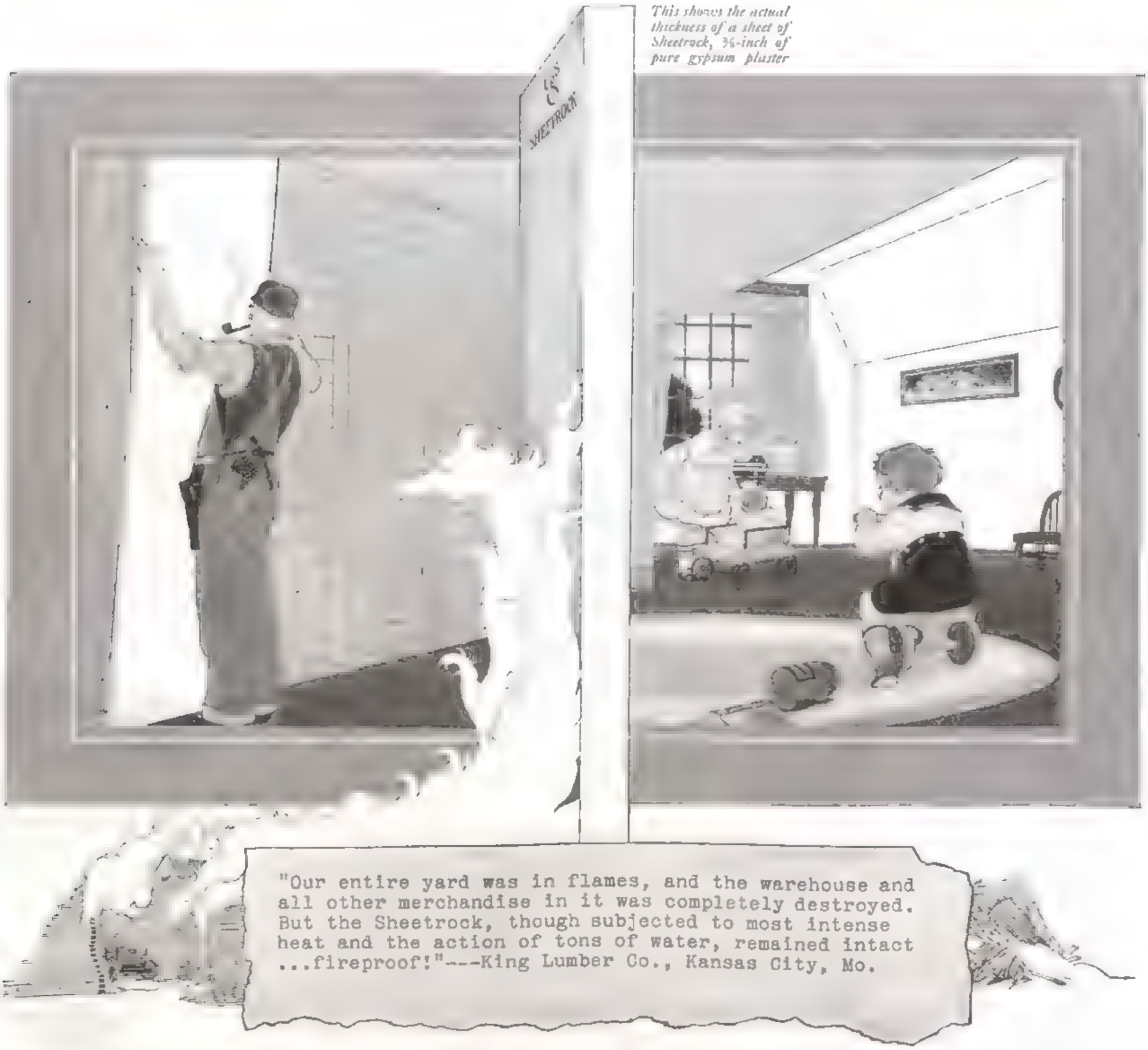
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(Continued from Page 111)

beginning of his definite insanity; the insanity that led him up the mountain; that led him past Mary's home with a now averted face. To what end, to what dénouement, Elon could not foresee. In the nature of things the house party would not stay on. His present obsession could be of the briefest tenure; and what then?

But here Elon, under the pressure of the new wildness in his blood, did not analyze. He knew only that something compelled him to go on—a thing at once terrifying, hateful, sweet.

When he reached the glen he crawled under the cover of young chestnut shoots and tall brakes, and sitting on a carpet of mosses and huckleberry tufts removed the handkerchief from his heated throat, sat staring silently up into the stippled blue above the tree roof, where a fish hawk, moveless, predatory, beautiful, hovered on silent wing, and waited.

She came after a considerable interval—on foot, in jacket and knickers of some woods-speckled stuff. She plumped down, fragrant, feminine, beside Elon and let her hand home into his. Elon's closed over it.

"You were long in coming," he said simply.

"It was Purdy. He kept me and kept me. I thought I'd never make a get-away. I get so sick of Purdy."

"And what does it matter—about Purdy?" asked Elon.

"Oh, plenty—when he sets out to be disagreeable."

"You—you don't care for Purdy?"

"I think I nearly hate him most of the time. He's such a bore, and besides he's smitten on Blanche Farris. She's the girl who wears orange in our crowd—she's in the movies. And then to begin to bother with me! I'm so hot and tired. I want to be cheered—and petted, Elon. Say something to me—say something nice to Carita."

"I have brought you the arrowheads," said Elon gravely.

"Well, that's nice—but not exactly what I meant, Elon dear. Oh, Elon, you're so shy and so primitive! I do love a primitive man; especially when he's handsome—like you."

"'Handsome is that handsome does,'" said Elon gravely.

"I am sure I do nothing very handsome, Elon; but men tell me often that I am handsome—to look at. But you are truly. I'd like to show you to people. You're quite the best-looking man I've ever known, only you don't realize it. If it was Purdy he'd have all the tailors in New York and London at work on him. Just now—I'm completely angry at Purdy. I'd like to do something really spiteful if I knew what—oh, little things. Something like this: I wish he could see this."

She freed her hand, fished into the pocket of her knickers, brought out a flask, opened it and dribbled its contents into the herbage.

"That came up from Cuba three weeks ago, and there's none better. If Purdy Lowell could see that he would simply cry—out loud. There, Purdy Lowell; there goes a good fill of your precious hooch, because I'm cross at you and because Elon Llewellyn doesn't approve of it, anyhow."

"If only," said Elon, "you would give up things like that—for always, Carita. They only hurt you. You are too—too——"

"Too what, Elon?"

The sun, shining in under the trees, caught in Carita's eyes, in her hair.

"Beautiful!" Elon exploded.

"I'm afraid you are a vampire, Elon," Carita laughed, then suddenly replaced her hand.

"You may have it again—if you want it. Is it a nice hand, Elon—do you think it is? You may kiss it if you like."

"Kiss it! Your hand!" said Elon.

This pretty cavalier homage was not in his simple curriculum.

"Yes; why not?"

"Because," said Elon suddenly, choking a little, "I would rather—kiss your face."

He had not spoken the words; they were spoken for him. Grandfather Llewellyn had pushed them out of his throat; but they seemed to Elon to hang palpable, tangible in the golden air between him and Carita.

He looked at her in sheer horror, expecting annihilation; but Carita, lying on the carpet of fern and checkerberry, only seemed amused. She had plucked a grass blade and reached up now and touched the end of his nose with it.

"Listen," she said softly, "and I'll tell you something, beautiful Elon. If a man, a really successful man, thinks about kissing a woman and wants to kiss a woman, he never talks it over with her—till afterward."

III

IT WAS not possible that Elon's state should escape notice at home. On the fourth evening after this, Matthew leveled a shrewd eye and a pointing finger at his big brother.

"Thee isn't eating right, Elon: thee's put thy knife in thy coffee twice, and thee's taken only one helping of pie."

"Will thee be silent?" Elon replied coldly.

"Yes," said his Aunt Martha, "there is something ails thee. Thee's refused thy raspberry shrub for two evenings, and I see no reason for locking the shop and leaving it in mid-afternoon for more than an hour every day. Thee told me thee delivered those fly nets to Frederick Peters yesterday, but Frederick came by last evening and told me thee'd scarcely been a minute with him."

Elon swallowed thoughtfully, stared at the tablecloth.

"Frederick Peters is no judge of time," he said slowly; "and for that, Aunt Martha, I've never liked the shop. I sometimes want a change. Thee knows I want to go to Germany for reconstruction ——"

"Go if thee will, but not in the middle of the afternoon. Thee has a duty to thy business. Besides, thee'll want to take with thee more than thy best suit and shirt."

Elon rose heavily and went out on the back porch. Before him was the pleasant little garden, with its ribbon of portulaca and zinnia beside the walks, the chicken run with fowl houses, and plump Leghorns pecking peacefully. A rustic seat offered beside a huge castor-oil plant, and beyond the garden a floriate sunset painted the heaven; but Elon's heart hung heavy as iron within his breast. There was a confusion, a smoke over the vista. All his spiritual landmarks were now vanished. He had outlawed himself from his simple routine and custom, and the hour of painful reckoning was at hand. For he had been with Carita in the afternoon, and she had told him that the house party would dissolve in a few more days.

What, exactly, would face him then? What insupportable desolation in a world grown now masked and unfamiliar? What reckoning could he make with his new obsession? Could he follow Carita? She had not asked it, but the thought obtruded. Or could he, flinging all aside, follow his plan and go to Germany? But in his present pain and indecision the mere thought of an ocean separating him ——

He turned irresolutely into the little shop and sat down on the stool behind his counter. He was aware immediately that the gray car had poked its nose into the square once more. It was occupied solely by the big young man Purdy Lowell.

To Elon's surprise Purdy dismounted from the car and crossed to his shop door. He came through the low door, wearing the gray regimentals Elon had noticed first—the whiskered knickers, the gray golf coat, the big *cabochon* amethyst.

Elon rose to face him, and truly now the little room was suddenly compact with young male energy, with full-blooded muscular energy, as the two tall blond young men eyed each other.

"I am told," the newcomer said curtly, "that you go up on the mountain every afternoon. I have come to tell you to stop it."

The blood burned to Elon's cheek, but his nonresistant training held.

"The mountain is free," he said courteously.

"I think not. It belongs to me. I hold the deed to it. It is mine—along with the Castle, which I recently bought."

"There has always been a right of way across the mountain."

"Not to the glen. I am told you go up to sit in the glen. That's why I'm telling you to quit."

Elon knew now. It was a fight about a lady. Instinctively one didn't name her. One seized a subterfuge—anything—but one fought for a right to her, notwithstanding. He, too—his heart knocked like a trip hammer in unwonted excited blows.

"I shall go to the mountain—if I please," said Elon haughtily, "and you may throw me off if you can. It may be yours to buy—this land. But it is mine to walk on. That much is mine. My people owned it once. The name's above my door—Llewellyn."

The big young Purdy Lowell eyed him coldly.

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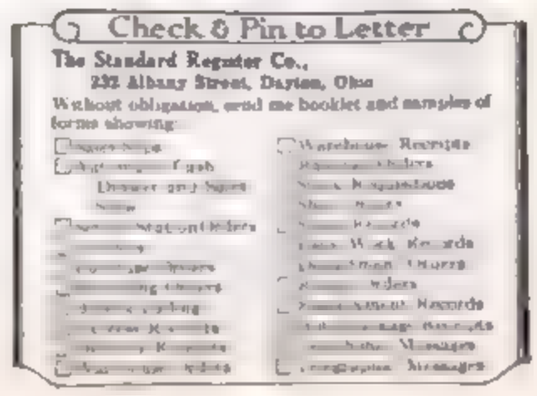
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"I've noticed it," he said; "but I didn't think—why, if you think that's a claim, your name's the same as my own! If you mean old Jacob Llewellyn, who settled on the mountain he was my great-great-grandfather. It was my grandfather who changed our name -in a tight place, I guess. But, anyhow, we decided to come back here."

Elon spread his big hands on the counter in his excitement and forgot the primary subject.

"Why, that," he cried "oh, why, that would make us kind of -kind of cousins! My great-great-grandfather was a brother ——"

"It may make us anything you damn please, but I'll make it hot for you if you come up there any more!" cried Purdy.

"I will give you the chance to try," cried Elon bitterly.

"When?"

"Whenever you like."

"I've got a car outside ——"

"I'll lock the shop," said Elon, and he took the big iron key off the wall.

"There's a place beyond the chestnuts out here ——"

"It's good enough!" cried Elon.

His breath whistled in his chest, the key rattled unsteadily in the lock. He heard Matthew at the door behind, but gave no thought. He jammed his big straw hat over his eyes and walked drunkenly behind the big Purdy toward the waiting car. Harry Pike looked out of his shop. Harry Pike had two heads. The whole street was unfamiliar, lost in fog. Something like a red pin wheel exploded before Elon's eyes.

As the big young Purdy raced his engine and tore down the street every fiber in Elon's pacific body lusted for battle. A madness for physical power rushed upon him; his big hands craved the sweet taste of his adversary's body and old atavistic forces broke unsuspected gates of repression and poured into his consciousness. If he had known how, he would have cursed with ribald curses, sung wild demoniac songs out of the Harlech country. Quite suddenly they had reached the grove of chestnuts, had stopped. Both youths flung out, Purdy peeling the gray golf coat, Elon his coat. With a roar like a young bullock, Elon Llewellyn rushed to meet his kinsman.

Some while later, when the earth had been sufficiently clawed and torn, when two mulling young creatures had sufficiently tried to dismember each other, Elon found himself squatted on the spent body of his fellow Llewellyn. His vision was not quite clear, and areas of his body were completely paralyzed; but a vast sense of delighted power, of restful peace, was upon him. He bent solicitously over the blood-drabbled face of the other Llewellyn.

"Tell me," he said courteously though breathily—"tell me that I have the right now to go up to the mountain. Tell me now that you will not throw me off."

But the big young Purdy was, as we have said, of fighting blood.

"You may go to the mountain, but I'm damned if you'll stay."

"That," said Elon, "requires me to kill you further."

"You may kill me as far as you please, but I'm damned if you'll go up there and—meet my wife," said the other Llewellyn, and fainted.

Elon's hold dissolved like sugar under water. He froze suddenly. Then he went to a little stream near, filled his hat with water and poured it over the big young Purdy's face.

"Will you," he asked in a strangely breathless voice as Purdy opened his eyes—"will you say that again? The part about your wife?"

"Certainly," said Purdy with difficulty. "You go up to the glen to meet my wife. She's been makin' a fool of you. You idiot! Got to quit it."

"I know a girl named Carita Rogers——"

"It's the same. We've been married eight months. My God, you've broken my neck!"

"Your name's Lowell, and her name——"

"Lots o' married girls keep their own names nowadays, you poor God-forsaken fish!"

Elon's head dropped forward to his chest. He leaned against one of the chestnuts, and it seemed to him something mocked, leered at him. He had thrashed a man out of his righteous prerogative; he had championed a lost cause, a worthless cause. He had been fooled; more—all that was virginal and passionately pure in him rose in sick horror—he had kissed a married woman!

"That's right! Stare like a stuck sheep, you big boob butcher! Don't you know enough to keep in your own back yard?" roared Purdy. "Don't you know you're no match for Carita's kind of vamp -when she's got a mad on her and wants to pay a fellow out? Didn't I see you out with a little Jane of your own? Threw her down for Carita—well, Carry's a fast worker. Oh, hell, walk anywhere you want on my mountain, Cousin Reuben."

But reaction had struck Elon. Purdy had been jealous—that was it.

"You're lying!" he cried.

"Ask the Jane herself! Ask Carry! Oh, you don't know these pacers, Reuben! Carry's fooled me, too—in the beginning. And there isn't anybody, at that, I'm crazier about -only there's always a hell to pay in our gang, and nobody sticking to anybody."

But Elon wasn't listening. He turned and rushed palely, furiously down the road in the direction of the mountain. He had won right of way over it, and he meant to use it—straight up to the Castle.

For if this thing was true—why, it was incredible! Carita had come at him—made straight for him, used every means. She had courted him, invited him, appealed to him. Yes, now it was claimed, lied to him, cheated him vilely. If it was true, he was soiled, stained forever.

Perhaps if the Castle had not been so far away Elon might have fallen on it in the first rush of hurt pride and humiliation like a young berserker. But the long ascending walk tempered his fury. He climbed the last concrete path in a maze, came around the corner to the open terrace, spent and winded.

Young people in bathing and riding clothes were disposed carelessly upon it. There was a table with a curious concave wheel on which a ball reposed, and strewn before it some piles of chips and folded bills. On a stand was an assortment of glasses and decanters, and a young man was holding a silver object—unfamiliar to Elon and not unlike a pair of juxtaposed truncated cones—methodically tossing it up and down to a vocal refrain. At the foot of the steps stood Carita Rogers in her gray doeskin breeches, tapping one leg lightly with her riding whip.

It was the sharp-faced youth in the party who discovered Elon's presence.

"Oh, I say, Carry, here comes your little Quaker friend all of a quake to see you," and Carita turned around.

"Elon Llewellyn!" she cried. "What are you doing up here? And what makes your face so purple? And where did those lumps on it come from?"

Elon commanded himself with difficulty.

"I have been fighting," he said. "I have just fought Purdy Lowell."

"You and Purdy Lowell fighting! How interesting! I suppose you thrashed Purdy. It will be good for Purdy's conceit—if you didn't go too far."

"If—if what Purdy Lowell says is true, I'm sorry I laid a finger on him—ever touched him!" cried Elon hoarsely.

"And what did Purdy say that worries you, beautiful Elon?"

"Stop that!" roared Elon. "He says—Purdy says you and he are married."

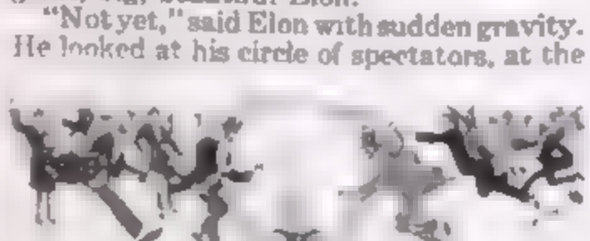
Carita's delicate brows shot upward.

"Oh, I see. You didn't know that, Elon? Why, yes, I suppose Purdy's right—if you can call the cat-and-dog life we lead marriage. Oh, Elon, you field flower! You're so simple, so primitive!"

"Stop that!" commanded Elon. "You mean that you deliberately—that you—you wanted to make a game out of me—come between me and my girl—coming into my shop ——"

"Oh, Elon, haven't you had a good time really? Haven't you enjoyed yourself? You mustn't blame Carita if Carita's bored and needs amusement. It's good for Purdy, you see—and now it's all over. Carita's going, and you must go, too, you great, big, beautiful Elon."

"Not yet," said Elon with sudden gravity. He looked at his circle of spectators, at the roulette wheel and decanters, the youth with the cocktail mixer, the girls in their brilliant colors, at the green one facing him with her languid amusement. "Not yet," said Elon.



Suddenly his values righted. A sense of coolness, of power, seized him; that inherent superiority of feeling in which he had been trained. He felt a great, scornful pity for these worldlings.

"Not before I've finished," he added coldly. "You're a right proper kind of woman, aren't you? a nice kind of wife for any man. And you're all alike—the whole crowd of you. Not an ounce of brains among you; not enough decency to make a rag to dress one of you. I'm sick and sorry for anything I've done with you. But that's not enough. You made a fool of me—and there's a price on that. Oh, you tried to make Purdy pay! That won't do! Now, Purdy Lowell," said Elon, stepping closer, "has proved that he's my cousin and it seems that you're his wife. That makes you and me kin too. I guess," he added unemotionally, "a cousin may chastise a cousin if she needs it."

Before the green one could move, or any of the transfixed group guess his intention, Elon seized and lifted his new-found kinswoman in his arms. With a single deft movement he inverted her over his capable knee and lifted his powerful hand. Then he let it fall. And five several swift times he let it descend thus upon the carefully tailored seat of the Conduit Street riding breeches—and not over lightly. And when he had done—and the whole action was incredibly swift—before the torrent of fiercely angry shrieks in her throat had broken bounds, he righted the green one carefully on her trembling feet, reset her balance with a sure but contemptuous shake.

"That, cousin," said Elon to whom it might concern, "makes us square, I guess. Now," he said, sweeping a last cool glance over the house-party crowd—"now—laugh!"

But there was no laugh, no sound, as Elon turned haughtily and without a backward glance plunged into the brush.

IV

OH, BUT not to any immediate peace or sense of triumph. He walked for miles and he walked for hours, forgetful of the green one's share in his plight, remembering only his own baseness. Where could he go now? And what should he do? How get back his self-respect? He reviled himself and drank to the lees the cup of repentance.

But that was not all. He wanted a port—a place of harbor.

And where was it to be found? Oh, where does the traveler in the flatlands return after long journeying but to the evening star in his native heaven—but to the sweet contour of the homeland hills?

Elon went to Mary Travers' back door and found her inside the screen baking molasses cakes. She was a little pale from weeping and pondering overmuch lately, and her stricken face was like a fiery dart in Elon's heart. He stood humbled before her and uttered the age-old cry of the folly-stricken male wanderer.

"Mary Travers," he cried, "I have been one of the Lord's fools. Will thee let me come back again?"

And Mary, loving him much, made an immemorial answer.

"It's all right, Elon—if only thee has truly come back."

He took her in his arms, smelling a little of brown sugar, starched gingham and sweet young femininity; and his tongue was loosened to unbelievable eloquences. He told her how he loved her, and that she was beautiful, and that he meant to go away for reconstruction at once and take her with him, and none other. And quite suddenly he kissed her little floury hand, nor would he let her go.

"I'll tell thee something more, Mary," said Elon out of a strange content, a wonderful placidity and beautiful physical relaxation. "I'll tell thee a secret. It has long been in my mind to fear that I am not a true believer in the doctrines of the Friends. There is other blood in me, and I have sometimes known dissatisfaction and a wish to be otherwise. But I will never feel so again. There is nothing I respect so much as our faith, nothing so beautiful to me as the principle of the nonresistant life." It was here that Mary, blinded heretofore by happy tears, asked him gently, "Oh, Elon, Elon, how did thee fall and hurt thyself so terribly?"

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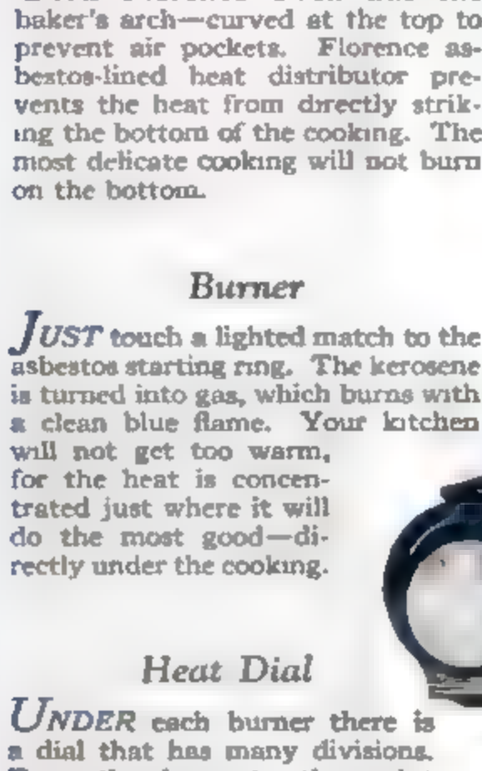

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FLORENCE

Oil Stoves *and* Ranges

EUSTACE, F. O. B.

(Continued from Page 17)

I goes to the dressing room to take a look at my horse. Eustace is lying on a bench, reading.

"Training to the last minute, eh?" says I. "Ain't you afraid you'll go stale?"

"This is poetry," explains Hargardine. "I always taper off on it."

They is a knock on the door.

"Come on, kid," says I. "The slaughter is about to start to commence. Any last words?"

"Yes," he tells me. "Remind me when it is nine o'clock, will you? I've got to leave the ring then."

Well, we gets a good hand when we parades into the arena. We is first in the ring. Eustace flops in his corner, pulls that book of poetry out of his bathrobe pocket and begins reading. The crowd yells and gives him the razz, but he don't pay no attention until McGurk shows up. Then he drops the book, walks across the canvas and shakes that baby's hand just like he was some college chump he ain't seen since peace started. From where I am I can only get a part of the chatter he turns loose, but what I does get goes something like this:

"You're looking fine, my boy," says Eustace. "Wonderful shoulders. Pleasure to be in the ring with you. We must get together some day for a nice chat, eh? Wouldn't wear black trunks. Retains heat, you know. Just a friendly hint, my boy. Look out for my right and that point in back of your ear. Bad place, that, but it's kinda weakness of mine to hit just there. Try not to do it hard though. Sort of like you." And so on.

McGurk listens with his mouth wide open, but don't say nothing. I guess he figures my boy is nutty and I about halfways agrees with him. Eustace comes back to his corner and starts again with his reading.

The bell rings. Hargardine hands me the book. "Keep my place open," says he, and hops to the middle of the ring. His arms is hanging by his sides. You'd thought he was going for a stroll instead of into a milly. McGurk don't seem to know what to do but Eustace tells him.

"Lead with your right," says he. "That's it," he goes on when Swag's kid cuts loose with a mean swing through the air. "Do it again, but don't send me a night letter next time."

McGurk don't know what to make of it. The crowd don't neither. Eustace keeps up with his chatter, stepping this way and that to get out of the wild swings and jabs. He don't hardly lift his hands and he don't even move fast. All the time he's talking, mostly telling McGurk what he's going to do next—McGurk, I mean.

"I wouldn't try that left hook again," says Eustace. "I know it's coming. Now, you see. Just as I told you."

By this time half the gang is laughing and the other half giving my boy the razz for not fighting. McGurk is wild with rage and is swinging and rushing all over the ring. He don't come nowheres near hitting Eustace. On account of the noise I can't get all the stuff F. O. B. is spilling, but he's got the other boy so dizzy with his tip-offs on what's coming that the kid's actually doing just what Hargardine is telling him to do.

I've seen some fighters in my time that was fast in the head and pretty nearly knew what the other guy was going to do, but Eustace don't never miss no bets a-tall. He talks McGurk off his balance and when he gets that cuckoo all balled up he just walks away, leaving the flathead to untangle his feet. The crowd is laughing itself sick and helping Eustace to slip advice to Hennessy's lad. What do you think this baby of mine was doing near the end of the round? Telling McGurk a funny story—something about a traveling salesman and a porter.

When the curtain drops on the first act of the farce Swag's kid is puffing like an engine and he's got a look in his eyes like he's just seen a bunch of blue elephants climbing into his bed. He ain't come no nearer hitting Eustace than I come to being the champion checker player of Africa. During the whole round Hargardine ain't hardly used his hands except once or twice, gentlelike, to keep McGurk from falling on him.

Eustace comes to his corner under wraps. His hair ain't even mussed. He just gives me a grin, flops on his stool and grabs for his book. I starts to say something to him when I sees Swag busting over my way.

"Say," says Hennessy, "don't this bozo of yours never do no fighting?"

"Does McGurk?" I comes back. "I ain't seen him do nothing yet but use the air for a punching bag."

"He ain't got no chance," yelps Swag. "This cuckoo don't do nothing but talk. What does he think this is—a debate?"

"What does your boy think it is?" I asks. "Shadow boxing? They ain't nothing to stop him from running Eustace into a corner and knocking his block off, is they?"

"Nothing," butts in Hargardine, "but the old bean."

"We'll get you yet!" snaps Swag. "You'll talk yourself outta breath pretty soon and you won't have nothing to fight with."

The second round ain't no different until near the end, when the referee stops the fight and calls the lads over to him.

"Say, you," he tells Eustace, "get in there and fight."

But the crowd don't let him say no more. They is having too much fun watching McGurk trying to hit Eustace. It's only a prelim, anyways, and they is having something new pulled on them. "Let him alone," they yells.

When the noise kinda dies down Eustace shouts over to me, "What time is it?"

"Ten minutes to nine," I tells him.

He says something to the referee that seems to satisfy that bird and the fight starts again. The boys gets over near my corner and I hears this spiel from Eustace.

"I got to go now," he tells McGurk. "Promised to meet some folks at the theater. Would you rather quit or have me stop you? . . . All right. Watch that place in back of your ear." All this time Swag's ham is swinging and rushing, and without no effort Hargardine is keeping outta reach. "I'll be as easy as I can. How many times have I told you not to telegraph that left? There, you see, you wasted it."

McGurk makes a wild dash to run Eustace off his feet. F. O. B. just smiles, steps aside and lets the boy crash by. Then calm as you please, he lifts up his glove and taps McGurk behind the ear. The kid is looking kinda foolish for a second, then he topples face down on the canvas. The blow didn't look hard enough to ruffle the wings of a fly. Me and the crowd figured the same thing—that McGurk just got tired of fanning the air and was taking a rest. They is lots of hissing, and shouts of "Yellow!" and suchlike, but Eustace shakes his head.

"They're all wrong," he tells me. "The boy is just as much out as if he had been hit by a pile driver. I struck him easy, but he won't wake up for twenty minutes. Nerve center, you know. How do you like the old bean?"

"Looked all right against that hop head," I admits, "but what you gonna do against the brainy lads? Some of these box fighters has got enough sense to give you the horse ha-ha. You don't think they is all going to fall for your tongue bunk, does you?"

"The smarter they are the easier they fall. The old bean is at its best when it's got something to go against," comes back Eustace. "It takes everything I have to handle a fellow like McGurk. He hasn't anything for my brain to bounce off of."

"Tell me some more," says I. "How did you work your stuff against McGurk?"

"That's simple," says he. "I told him what to do and he did it most of the time. You know, I saw him in training. After watching him a few minutes I could tell by the set of his feet, the movements of his face muscles and the look in his eyes what he was going to do next; what was going on in his mind, just like I can tell what you're thinking about now."

"Well," I says, "will you?"

"Yes," he comes back, "for three months. That's as long as I care to stay in the game, but I'll take on anyone you say in that time and divide the profits fifty-fifty."

"I'm damned," I gasps.

"Not you," replies Eustace, "but the beef market in pugilism is."

IV

I EXPECTED the newspapers would have something to say about the funny row, but what they did to it nearly knocked me off my dogs. The sports pages was just jammed full of it. This baby Eustace, just like Benson told me, had pulled some of that paralysis stuff of his before and was pretty well known. They all dubbed him Brains Hargardine, which was the moniker they rah-rahed onto him in college.

One of the rags has a yelp from Swag Hennessy in which he claims that my boy was no fighter and had no business in no ring, to which one of the sporting writers comes back and says if brains ain't got no business in the ring, then he didn't have none. Another rag gives me a puff for trying to elevate the game, which don't make me sore. If they is any jack in elevating, kid, I'm willing to be a elevator. This same sheet has a article by a bird named Satterwaite, who was one of Eustace's teachers in this psychoparalysis sketch, and he explains just how the trick is pulled; but he might as well of done his act in Chinese as far as he gets over with me. I make out that the gab turned loose by Hargardine is the important part of the proceedings. Some way or other the bull gets into the back of the other bozo's head and makes the front part of it, where I guess the motor is, kid the arms and legs into doing things they ain't had no intentions of doing in the first place. It's something like hypnotism, but it ain't.

The next afternoon they is a interview from F. O. B. hisself in which he tells the world he is willing to take on Dempsey, Siki, Leonard, Kilbane and a few other weaklings, all in one week, and will guarantee to knock 'em all cuckoo in less than three rounds. He kids all the topnotchers, calls 'em a lot of hams that is dead from the neck up, and says he expects in a few months to make them the laughingstocks of the country. It's a fine lot of swell-headed blah, but it's printed all over the United States. It ain't so much the McGurk fight that gets my baby the limelights, but the row made the newspapers remember some of the other tricks pulled by the lad in his college days. Besides, his old man's got a lotta jack and his folks come to this country with the Mayflowers, whoever they is.

In the next three or four days we get challenges from every box fighter in the country, and Eustace is after me for a scrap. He's ready for a mill every night, but I kinda stall him off to keep the smoke going. I don't figure Hargardine is half as good as he thinks he is, and when he leastest experts it some flathead will either double-cross the old bean or let loose a wild swing that'll knock the psycho clean outta the paralysis. I can see some jack in nursing F. O. B. and nobody ain't accused me yet of neglecting my children.

I stalls as long as I can, but finally I has to give in. Me and Swag arranges a row with Doughface McGinley, the lad that was in the main go the night McGurk lost on a talkout. Hennessy is keen about the jack that's in sight, but I can see that he's still sore on Eustace, and hopes Doughface will cave his map in.

They ain't no use going into no round-by-round details. McGinley makes the mistake of thinking he can outguess Hargardine, but he's got just as much chance as I got of outguessing a boa-contractor in a snake cage. Doughface is even more of a sucker than McGurk was. That kid, anyways, gives all his time to trying to hit Eustace while McGinley thinks he can think as well as fight, which ends up by him showing that he can't do neither.

Hargardine don't bring no book to the ring with him this time, but he's got a new act. After the first round instead of going to his corner he stands in the middle of the ring and raises his hand for silence. The crowd goes mum and F. O. B. pulls this spiel:

"Gentlemen," says he, "in the next round Mr. McGinley and myself will give a demonstration of how easy it is for a man of brains to make mere brawn ridiculous in close fighting. Mr. McGinley will attempt to rush up to me and strike me in the body. Watch."

This is too much for McGinley.

"You're a liar!" he yells, jumping up.

He rattles off some cusswords, but the gang is laughing and shouting so much that it don't go over. When the bell rings he's so mad he's frothing at the mouth, all of which is duck soup for Eustace.

F. O. B. starts kidding him and telling him what to do, and the first thing you

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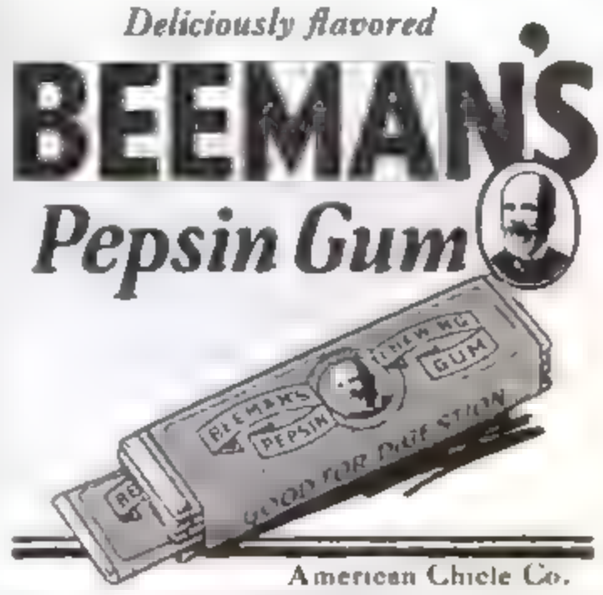

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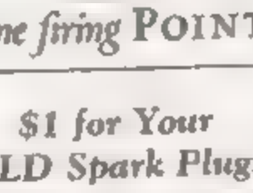

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know he's trying to do what Eustace said he would do—shoot for the body low. Well, the row goes on for three rounds and that's all. Hargardine finally taps McGinley over the heart and Doughface goes to sleep without leaving no call.

To make a night of it Eustace sticks around for a amateur bout that tops off the program. One of the babies in this milly is being slaughtered and is about all through at the end of the second round when Eustace climbs into his corner and whispers in his ear. He talks to him for maybe half a minute, but the kid don't seem to make him. In the next spasm the lad that was going good acts like he's afraid and is knocked all over the ring. In the fourth the boy Hargardine's been talking to catches the other amateur in the breadbasket and everybody goes home.

"What did you tell the kid?" I asks Eustace.

"A bedtime tale," says F. O. B. "As a matter of fact I wasn't talking to him at all, but to the other boy. Understand?"

"No, I don't," I admits.

"You wouldn't," he comes back. "After the third round the lad that was finally beaten was fighting both of us. It was too much for him."

"Just like you are for me," says I.

V

IN THE next coupla months we stage a half dozen rows, but they is all so much alike that they gets monotonous.

Hargardine is getting tired of the game by this time and is ready to run out on me. He figures he has put over the idea that brains is the stuff, but I talks him into one more fight. I'm kinda glad he's getting ready to beat it. Of course I drag in a lotta kale with the baby, but he's such a puffed-up swellhead that he's got my goat. To hear this cuckoo talk you'd think that brains was something that he invented and only made one set of. I figure on one big clean-up with Eustace and then the gate.

"That's all you think of," says F. O. B., "money."

"Thanks for the compliment," I comes back. "That's the first time you admitted that I could think."

"Don't forget," says Eustace, "you've been near me for several weeks."

Me and Swag get together for the final row. Hennessy hates Hargardine so much that he almost throws a fit every time I pull his name. But jack is jack, and Swag ain't got his moniker from throwing away dough for sweet revenges.

We hires the convention hall, which can hold about five thousand, and Hennessy gets Tip Palmer for the row. This lad is about the second-best welter in the country and he's only second best because the lad with the title ain't ready yet to let go. Swag figures if anyone can put Eustace on the hummer it's Tip, but we don't never get no chance to find out.

They ain't a seat left in the hall by the time the first prelim is begun. When I arrives I see Swag walking around in front with a grin a mile wide.

"Grand house, eh?" says I.

"Big night all around," he says, rubbing his hands.

"What's on?" I asks.

"A fat hen," he comes back with a funny look. "One that is going to hatch out that egg of yours."

I don't make him, but he beats it before I got a chance to pry any info outta him. They don't nothing else happen until about ten minutes before the main go is due to go on. Then Swag busts into the dressing room.

"Tip can't show," says he.

"What's the matter?" I asks. "I seen him here a couple hours ago."

"Yeh, I know," says Hennessy, "but he just got a telegram that his mother is sick and he beats it."

Eustace gives a sarcastic laugh, but don't say nothing. He don't have to. I'm kinda getting hep to that psychoparalysis myself. He supposes Palmer is scared of him, which I think is maybe the truth.

"Well," I asks, "what's the answer? Do we have to call the works off?"

"It's up to you and Useless over there," comes back Hennessy. Useless is as close as Swag tries to get to Eustace.

"Meaning what?" I inquires.

"Meaning," answers Hennessy, "if you and your horse is willing I'll send a boy against him I got working out over at my place, a lad just in from California."

"All right with me," butts in Hargardine. "I don't draw no state lines on hams."

"Who is this bird?" I wants to know.

"Rat Mullens," says Swag. "Ever hear of him? He's a comer. Cleaned up on the Coast."

"Name sounds familiar," I come back, "but how about the mob? Will they stand for working in this lad?"

"What else can they do?" snaps Hennessy. "We got the jack in, ain't we?"

"They might," I suggests, "tear off the roof and jam it down your throat."

"Don't worry," says Swag. "The crowd's here to see Useless and they don't care who the other baby is."

"Certainly," agrees Eustace.

"Let's go," says I; "if it's all right with you it's O.K. with me."

Hennessy gives me a look I don't like and then breezes outta the place. Me and Hargardine gets ready to go into the arena.

"How's the bean tonight hitting on all cylinders?" I asks.

"Better than ever," says Eustace. "I think I'll end it in a round. This stuff is getting monotonous. Did the boy get my sleeper?"

We draws our usual hand when we pops into the ring. After that dies down Swag gets up and spills his piece about Tip. The gang ain't crazy about the idea of having an unknown switched in on them the last minute, but when Hennessy invites them that don't like the idea to go out and try to get their jack back they don't nobody move.

"I promise you get your money's worth," finishes up Swag, and hops out.

Hennessy's acting so mysterious he's got me up in the air, but I ain't got the slightest idea what he has in his head if anything.

Just then the boy from California climbs through the ropes. He's built like a fighter and moves like one, but I never seen such a blank face on a guy in my life. Eustace greets him with the usual line of bunk.

"Ah," says he, "from California, the land of flowers and sunshine. Welcome to the defeat East," and so on.

This baby Mullens has been coached. He acts as if he ain't listening. His face just stays blank.

Blang, goes the bell. Just as the lads get ready to mix in the middle of the ring Swag comes over to my corner. He's wearing a mean grin.

"Know who that kid is now?" he asks.

"Who?" I comes back. "Mullens?"

"Mullens, hell!" says Hennessy. "That's Gabby Traynor."

I sure has heard of him, though I ain't never seen him. He's rated a great scrapper even if he has some peculiarities which most biffers ain't got.

"You can't make me mad," I says with a smile, and turns to look at the show.

Eustace is pulling his stuff in great shape as far as words goes, but they ain't no action because Traynor ain't doing no leading. He's kinda looking Hargardine over, which don't tell him nothing because F. O. B. ain't even put his fists up. It looks like Eustace figures he's got the other bozo scared to death and all balled up and just getting away with that psychoparalysis stuff in great shape. But if any ideas was being talked into the back of Traynor's head they musta been all wrong.

The native son suddenly stops stalling and lets loose with both fists at the same time. One of them catches Eustace in the tummy and the other sideswipes his jaw the first wallops that has landed on this lad since he bust into the fight game. Hargardine is shook to pieces, but he's got a game streak. He raises his fists and tries to fight just like the regular hams he's been giving the razz to.

It's a joke. He don't know no more about box fighting than I do about the habits of the flu-flu bird.

Traynor knocks him all around the ring and just before the round is about to end cracks Eustace one on the jaw that sends him down for a whole flock of counts. The crowd is dazed to know what's happened, but me and Swag knows and exchanges grins.

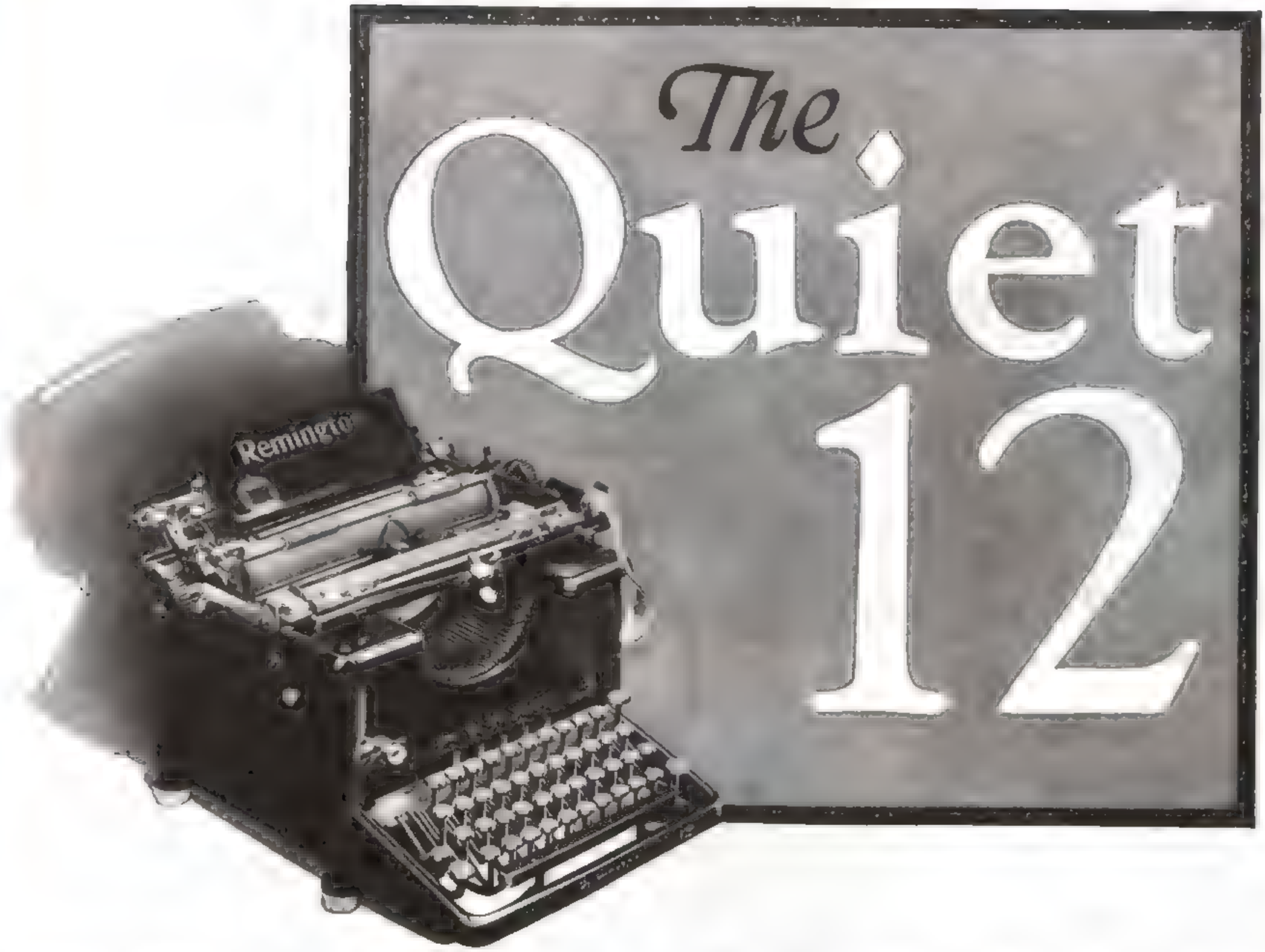
I carries Eustace to the dressing room and it takes about ten minutes to bring him to.

"What's happened?" he asks. "Was my train wrecked?"

"Yeh," says I. "A coupla ideas of yours had a collision on that double-tracked mind of yours."

"It never failed before," mumbles F. O. B. kinda to himself.

"Bull," says I, "to be appreciated must be heard. The cuckoo that knocked you for a gross of bruises is deaf and dumb."



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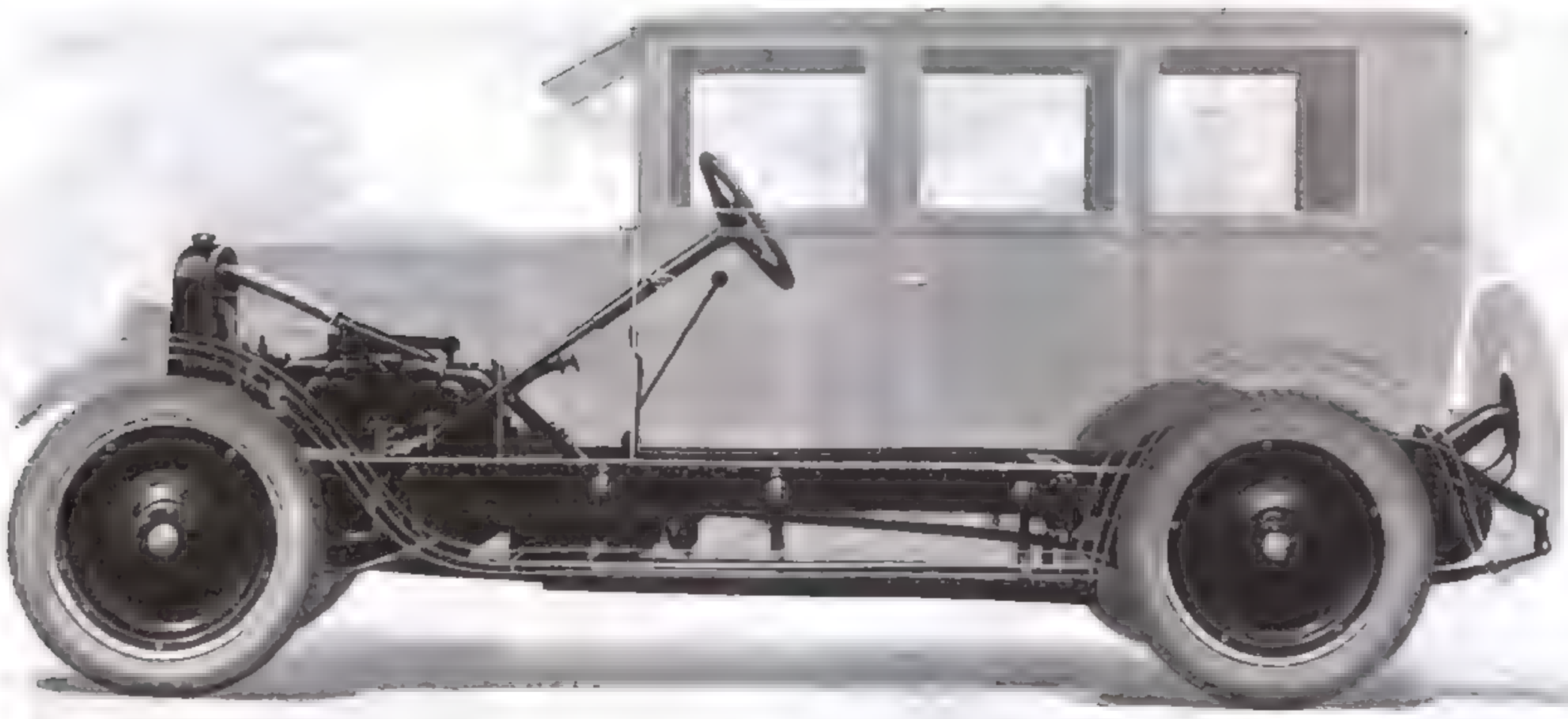

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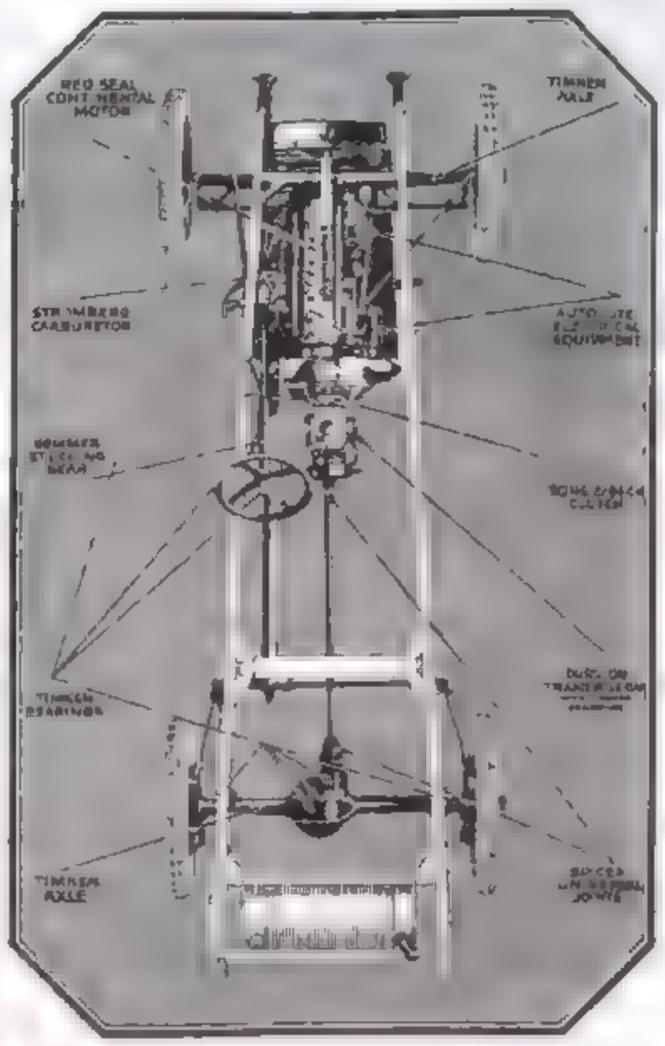

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MY DIPLOMATIC EDUCATION

(Continued from Page 9)

study seemed unlimited; but the subjects were immensely interesting

The French teacher tried me out and no doubt found me discouragingly lacking in any real knowledge of his language; but he proved as practical as his nation is justly celebrated for being. He said there were ten questions which would very likely be asked me in the examination and that it would be advisable for me to prepare answers to them, learn them by heart and be ready with my replies when the crucial moment arrived. The first question very likely would be "Where have you learned French?" He asked me to reply to that, write it in the French I knew, and that he would then put it into colloquial French, which I could repeat to him each day.

How well I remember that question and my reply! I can shut my eyes even now and roll it out—or let it roll out of its own accord:

"*J'ai appris le français dans mon enfance parce que ma ville natale était près de la Nouvelle-Orléans, où l'on parle français plus que n'importe quelle autre ville des Etats-Unis d'Amérique.*"

It always seemed to me that the really French touch to this phrase was the "*plus que n'importe quelle autre ville.*" That had a flavor that was far beyond tourist French. Each time I said it I felt that I had really mastered the intricacies of the language; and in the end I got to a point where I could really let the whole sentence slip out—even rolling the r's—with all the aplomb of a spirited linguist.

Of course besides these questions and replies I did translations, both into and out of French. And as for diplomatic usages, the chief of the diplomatic bureau had given me a slender little volume bound in much-thumbed calf which he assured me covered the whole subject.

The Dread Day Approaches

Soon after I had got started on my studies my first official communication from the State Department arrived, stating that I had been assigned for examination at a date about two months later. Somehow this document gave me the feeling that I had burned my bridges; there was no turning back now; and there was no failing to be thought of—I made up my mind to that. It would be too hideously mortifying to fail! This thought had been particularly ever present after I had received a letter from one of those so-called good friends, who had written that he thought I had gone off my head in trying to enter the diplomatic service, that it took years of preparation, that he had never known anyone to attempt it who had not spent at least two years at the Ecole Libre des Sciences Politiques in Paris. Even if I had been prepared for it, he went on, I hadn't a sufficient income to lead a diplomatic life. The salaries for secretaries were nothing—a mere two thousand dollars; it would cost at least ten thousand dollars to begin to do what was expected of a secretary.

Of course this sort of letter is discouraging: but it did me a great deal of good. It increased determination. And as for the statements about necessary income, the secretary I had met that first day at the department scouted such statements. He assured me that nothing was expected of a bachelor in the way of entertainment; on the contrary, a single man could make himself easily persona grata by only accepting and appearing at all the dinners to which he would be invited. Popularity in diplomacy, according to him, consisted solely in giving oneself.

I had never studied so hard as I did those two months; I probably never shall again. Beginning at six in the morning I ended at any time of the night. I worked on and on, hardly aware of the place I was in. Now and then someone I knew would ask me to dinner or luncheon, and once I went to a reception at the White House; but such diversions were entirely unreal and hardly helpful. During a long dinner party I would often catch myself looking fixedly at the center piece of flowers and imagine it a fishing boat caught within the three-mile limit; or it might become contraband, risking the penalty of capture; and one day I remember asking a very charming lady where her domicile was located—all of these, mind you, subjects which had been particularly difficult to solve that day. Nothing really existed for me during those two months but international law and French; they held every waking and sleeping thought.

The morning of the fatal day came on one of those delightful balmy days for which Washington is justly famous. The streets were lined with trees of sparkling green leaves; Dupont Circle was a mass of gorgeous flowers; houses were covered with wreaths of wistaria; and in every direction were vistas of pleasing freshness. Washington in May is one of the most beautiful cities in the world; even Paris, with its magnificent boulevards, is not quite so intimately lovely. And the White House, shining in early morning sun, surrounded by trees and sparkling fountains, becomes, on such a day, worthy of the title which Arnold Bennett gave it—"that distinguished little building."

I was up early and sauntered down Connecticut Avenue repeating every step of the way "*J'ai appris le français.*" Finding myself in the vicinity of the ominous gray building in which my fate was to be decided, I looked at my watch. It was only half past seven; the hour fixed for the examination was nine.

The Climax of Agony

I sat down on a bench in a park and tried to put all thought of the trial out of my mind. I forced myself to look at the people passing to and fro, and to speculate upon where they were going and what sort of professions they were following; and while I did this a man caught my attention and held it. He had passed me several times and appeared to be talking to himself all the time. Again he came near me, and I fancied I caught a murmured French phrase. I threw back my head and laughed. Was I imagining all this? Was I so concentrated on myself that I was seeing a sort of reproduction in others? The man passed again; and when I rose and went towards the forbidding building, ten minutes before nine, I found him going in the same direction. Then for a few minutes I lost sight of him.

I climbed up the two flights of steps to reach the floor of the State Department and was soon shown to a corner room in which the applicants for the diplomatic service were to assemble. Four men were already there. Their appearance, or differences in age, surprised me. One looked about twenty; another was rankly fat and forty; the third was surely sixty, judging by his gray hair and lined face; and the fourth was very much of the country type which goes to Washington to see the sights. They apparently had never met and were sitting upright in uncomfortable leather chairs—for all the world as if they were attending a funeral. The next arrival was my friend in the park. I felt very much like going up to him and exchanging French phrases at once. He took a seat in a far corner and continued mumbling, quite unconscious of his surroundings.

Soon others came in, and finally a group of four, who were evidently friends and were obviously not in the least preoccupied with what was before them. But even these could not lift the atmosphere of gloom that hung over the entire twenty-six gathered there, a gloom that increased as the minutes lengthened into an hour. The idea of a funeral became accentuated; the solemn faces, the stiff positions, the careful dressing, the silence, the awful waiting—all of it was exactly like those moments when one waits in a darkened parlor for the corpse to be brought in.

At last the climax of agony was reached. A pleasant-faced young man—entirely too pleasant for such a moment—came in and announced with a smile that the examination would not take place that day, that it had been postponed until the next morning at nine o'clock, at which time we would be expected to be at the Pension Building to take the written examination in international law. An audible groan went up from everyone in the room. To prolong agony twenty-four hours was more than mere flesh and blood could stand. We filed out in dead silence and separated in the dismal corridors of the building. Twenty-four hours more of waiting! It was too horrible to believe! It was unfair—cruel—heartless!

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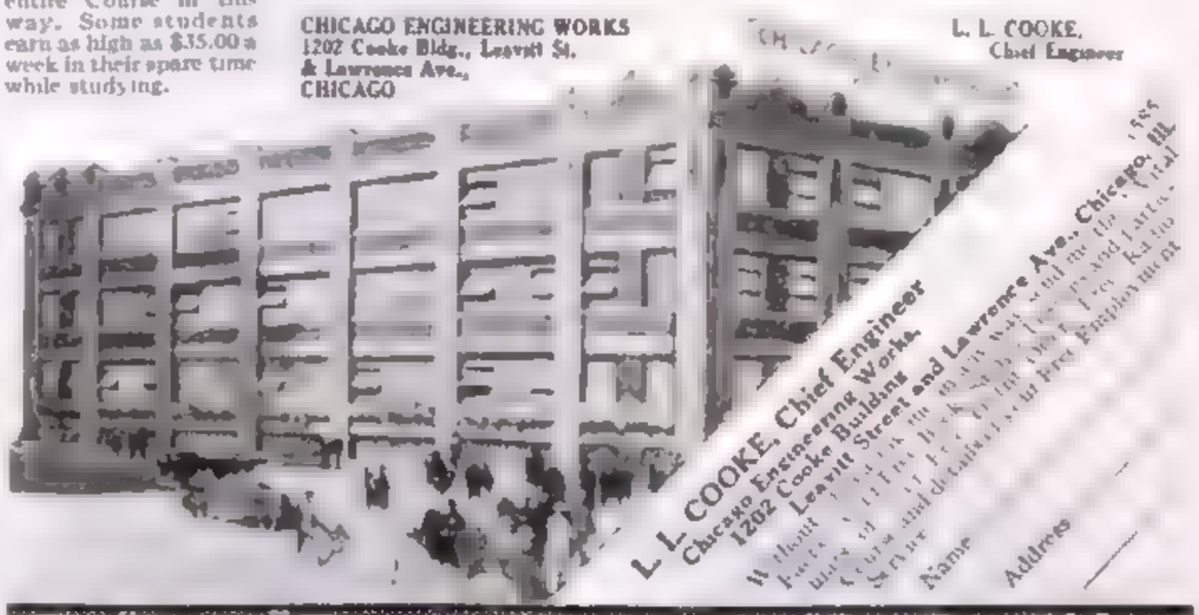

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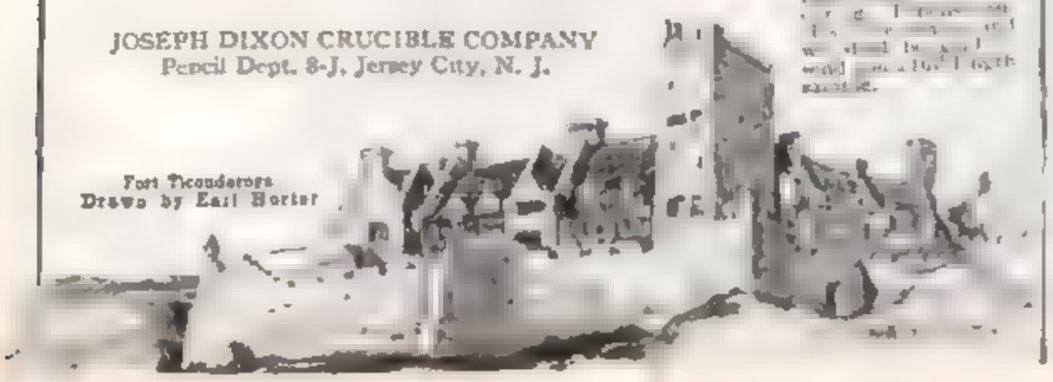


Fort Ticonderoga
Drawn by Earl Horter

The Pension Building is a rather gay structure of red with a yellow frieze of Greek design running round it. At least I always thought it gay until I passed four hours in it. Since then I can hardly pass it without a shiver. We were shown to desks in one of its large rooms; pen and ink and reams of paper were given us; a short address was made by the same pleasant-faced official, whose insistent pleasantness became more and more irritating. It seemed so heartlessly out of place. He told us that as gentlemen we were placed on our honor not to communicate with one another, not to discuss the questions in the examination papers and not to give or receive aid. He then distributed sheets on which were printed twelve questions of international law, each question being divided into three parts, thus making really thirty-six problems. We were given four hours in which to write out decisions on these cases.

I ran hastily over the list to find out how many of the subjects were familiar, and decided almost all of them looked unfamiliar; then I deliberately took up the first question and began writing, regardless of time and subject. What I didn't know in theory I covered up with quantities of words. The four hours were the shortest I ever spent; they were finished before they had begun. It seemed impossible that they could have passed when the same official appeared, announced that the time was finished, and went about collecting what we had written. After this he announced that we would be expected at the department the next morning to take an examination in languages. Another sigh of protest went up. Were they going to prolong this torture for weeks and weeks? Why not go through the whole thing in one day? Why keep us continually on the anxious bench?

Next morning's examination proved to be one in written French or the language that had been chosen. The selection was left to the individual. We were given official notes in French to translate into English; we were also given a treaty in English to put into French. Put a treaty into French! Ye gods—that was beyond anyone's power—even a Frenchman's! Who under the sun could be expected to know technical phrases in French? The man sitting next to me gasped. He was the one I had remarked the first day as being fat and forty. I heard him groan and curse and complain in gasping breath.

Sufferings Long Drawn Out

Then, when the pleasant-faced official—he was eternally in evidence—had gone out of the room he leaned towards me and whispered, "How do you write August in French?"

I glanced furtively towards the door and whispered back "Oooo."

"Oooo!" His voice showed frank distrust of me. "How in the devil do you spell Oooo?"

"A-o-u-t—with an accent circumflex."

"Where does the accent go?"

"Either over the 'u' or the 'o'—I'm not sure which."

I heard him mutter the letters as he wrote them down. "A-o-u-t. Are you sure that's right?"

"I'm not sure of anything today."

"It doesn't sound a bit familiar to me."

The watching official returned before the argument brought on further ill feeling.

After the French examination we had another free afternoon. Most of us gathered at the Shoreham, in the grill, and spent the whole afternoon there exchanging opinions and arguing points in the subjects we had already essayed. By this time a feeling of friendship had sprung up among the twenty-six. Misery loves company. Even the four casually acting ones had begun to grumble, and complained bitterly of the way we were being delayed. One—quite English in accent and appearance—raised his high voice in poignant plaint:

"My dear grandmamma is awaiting me in France, you know. Quite shocking—my keeping her this way. We are going to do the château country in motor—awfully jolly, you know—but I ought to be on my way to her now. Beastly—I call it—this hour-by-hour affair. Only ran over specially to get through this tommyrot. Thought it would take about a couple of hours. Why can't they see whether we are suitable for the dip without all these stuffy exams? I say—it's all poisonous. Do you get me—what?"

Another maintained an impressive silence and a patronizing attitude. The other two tried to cover uncertainty with amusing remarks. One, who had been private secretary to an ambassador in the Orient, gave a long dissertation on the special duties of a secretary, which comprised—so far as experience had taught him—spending every day in a motor distributing the ambassador's cards; he confessed that he had never had time to do anything else—not even sightseeing.

These four men interested me particularly. They had had all the experiences I had not had; they had lived some time in Europe; one had been educated in England; and all four of them had taken a course at that famous Ecole Libre des Sciences Politiques. In a way they appeared very well fitted for diplomacy—that is to say, from the traditional point of view. In contrast with them the rest of us appeared somewhat less finished, less cosmopolitan, less prepared to shine in court circles.

This contrast became acute when I looked at the chap who had impressed me the first day as having arrived in Washington as a tourist. His rather unkempt hair and unpressed clothes made him appear a bit out of place. He felt this himself, it was easy enough to see, and confessed to me very simply and rather touchingly that he hadn't an idea what he was going in for.

The Bombshell

"What made you think of diplomacy?" I asked.

He ran his hand through his sandy hair and smiled ruefully. "I didn't. Someone else thought of it for me."

This made me sit up. My own case had been somewhat similar.

"My senator made a speech out home not long ago and said he wanted some of the home boys to go into the foreign service. It struck me as being a pretty good way to see the world—so I came on here to see about it. And here I am. Of course I ain't going to pass this examination. I ain't fooling myself a minute about that. To tell you the truth—there's been some mistake. What the senator wanted me to do was go in the consular service. I didn't know the difference, so I got sidetracked with this bunch. I'm going to stick this out another day or two and then I'm going to beat it for home. Don't know what ever made me think of leaving home anyhow. It's good enough for me—a sight better than Washington is, anyhow. Have another beer on me?"

The waiters at the Shoreham that afternoon were kept busy tending our wants. We had to get a moment's respite in some way; anything that pushed harrowing uncertainty into the background was welcomed. About five o'clock the funereal atmosphere had somewhat disappeared; even an outburst of cheer had shown itself in several quarters. But this was not to last long.

Like a bomb one of our colleagues burst into the room and stood gazing at us with fixed and bulging eyes. It was easy enough to see he had something important to communicate.

"I want to ask every one of you what you were told this examination would cover. How many subjects were you told?"

Unanimously our voices rose: "International law, diplomatic usage and a modern language."

He nodded and mopped his brow. "That's right. That's what I was told. Now—what do you suppose they are planning to run in on us?"

Practically every man was on his feet now.

"What?"

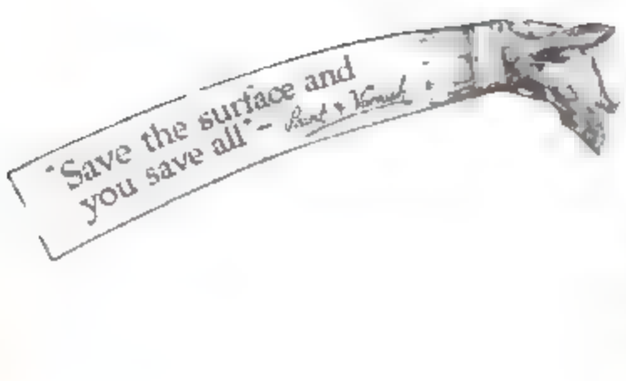
The newcomer's voice grew husky. "World politics!" He continued mopping his brow, while we fell back in our chairs. "I've just heard it—friend in the department told me. It's to be tomorrow morning—oral—we're to sit before six judges and stand the grilling—it's to come just after oral French. World politics! What does it include? Everything under the sun!"

Dead silence followed the announcement.

"You'd better get busy tonight," the disturbing speaker went on. "I've just seen a man who said he knows someone—some sort of a professor of history—who'll give us a lecture tonight—just a skeleton of everything that's happened since the world began. I've talked to him over the

(Continued on Page 125)

Bring Spring inside the house *now!*



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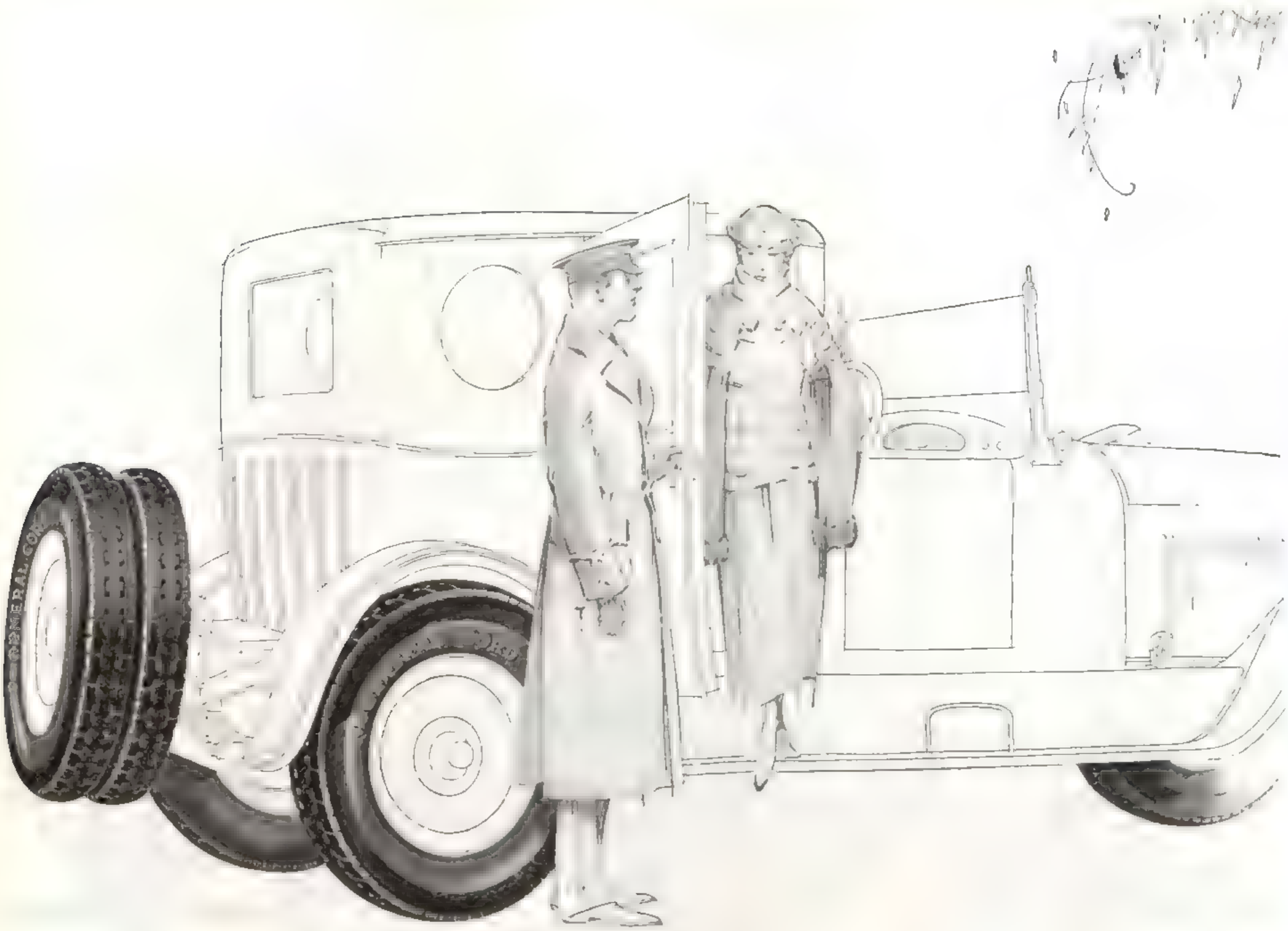

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(Continued from Page 122)

telephone and engaged him for the evening. Any of you want to go in on this?"

There was no time to argue the matter. We agreed as a whole and met that night to hear a shrunken old fellow talk for three hours on everything that had happened since the world began. It was quite impossible to keep up with him. He changed the subject as fast and as frequently as the dictionary.

Before I had finished making a note on the Young Turk Party he was in the midst of the Treaty of Vienna. It was a wholly worthless and unprofitable evening, for it left nothing but confusion.

The following morning was the really horrible experience of the whole four days. We were taken into a room, six at a time, and told to sit in chairs which were placed facing six men the final judges of the examination. The light streamed in through three wide windows directly on our faces, a fact which left the faces of the judges somewhat indistinct but none the less formidable. I can still see the face of one of them. It was long and thin and severe, the relentless expression accentuated by gray hair and piercing black eyes.

"Spanish inquisitor," I whispered to my fat-and-forty friend.

"Ku Klux," he whispered back.

The grilling began. The first one examined was a member of the experienced four. He got through French beautifully, but did nothing remarkable with two international-law questions; however, he recovered well when asked to describe the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty. The second, my friend who had mistaken diplomacy for consular service, failed miserably throughout. The third was the fat-and-forty person, who went completely under on French. Finally the French examiner turned to me. He was entirely American in every way, especially his accent. I had already noticed that as he spoke to the others.

"*Monsieur, où avez-vous appris le français?*"

I started. This was really too good to be true. I was sure I was dreaming, and probably smiled, for after a few moments the question was repeated in a louder voice. I shut my eyes and let that delicious phrase roll out with the smoothness of hourly repetition:

"*J'ai appris le français dans mon enfance parce que ma ville natale était près de la Nouvelle-Orléans, où l'on parle français plus que n'importe quelle autre ville des Etats-Unis d'Amérique.*"

When I looked at the questioner again he had turned away and taken his seat. Was he satisfied or utterly disgusted or bluffed into silence?

I never knew. But I bless that French professor to this day.

Then followed a question on citizenship: "If an Austrian woman married an Italian, came to America, where the husband became a naturalized American, divorced him, married a German, went mad and was deserted by the second husband and left entirely destitute—what country should take care of her?"

Points on the Barbary States

It was a case in which the coach had grounded me. I got through with flying colors.

Now came the dreaded world-politics question: "Tell us what you know about the Barbary States."

The Barbary States! I sent out thoughts in every direction. Of course they saw at once that I didn't know anything about them. Then a faint recollection swept over me, somewhere out of a very dim past. It was absurd, but I decided to try it.

"Just now—all I seem to remember about the Barbary States is that when our warships used to go there and insisted upon being received with salutes, a barrel of gunpowder was demanded for each salute fired."

This actually brought a smile from one of the judges and another question: "Describe the present political situation of Korea."

I struggled through some vague references to Japan and China and ended with an unfinished statement.

Then: "What were the results of Mr. Root's efforts to establish a Pan-American Union in Central America?"

I frankly admitted that I didn't know; and breathed with deep relief when I saw that my grilling was over—even if disastrously.

The oral examination ended the trial and we were dismissed with the suggestion—not absolutely official and rather casual—that we remain in Washington a fortnight or so until we were informed whether we had passed or not. This was almost worse than waiting for the examination, as before we had been occupied in preparation, now we were idly waiting.

In desperation I sought out Senator Williams—after a fortnight had gone by—and told him the uncertainty of knowing whether I had passed or not was just about finishing me. He smiled encouragingly and said he would see what he could do to relieve my anxiety, that he had to go to the State Department the next day and would ask a discreet question or two.

Late the next night he telephoned me that I had passed, but that he had a good joke on me. He said that in looking over the report on my examination he had found a comment stating that I was a provincial type. I retorted that I didn't mind that in the least; I didn't mind anything, just so I passed; besides, it was quite natural to call me provincial. Hadn't I spent most of my thirty years in a small Southern town? I made no pretensions of being cosmopolitan. Still—the comment did linger a long time in my thoughts and perhaps did much to influence me later on.

An official announcement came the next morning, informing me that I had been found acceptable and that I would be expected to remain in Washington during the next two months in order to have some practical experience in the Department of State before being assigned to a foreign post. I went to bed and slept for two whole days and nights; but not before sending a telegram to that good friend which scouted his dismal prognostications.

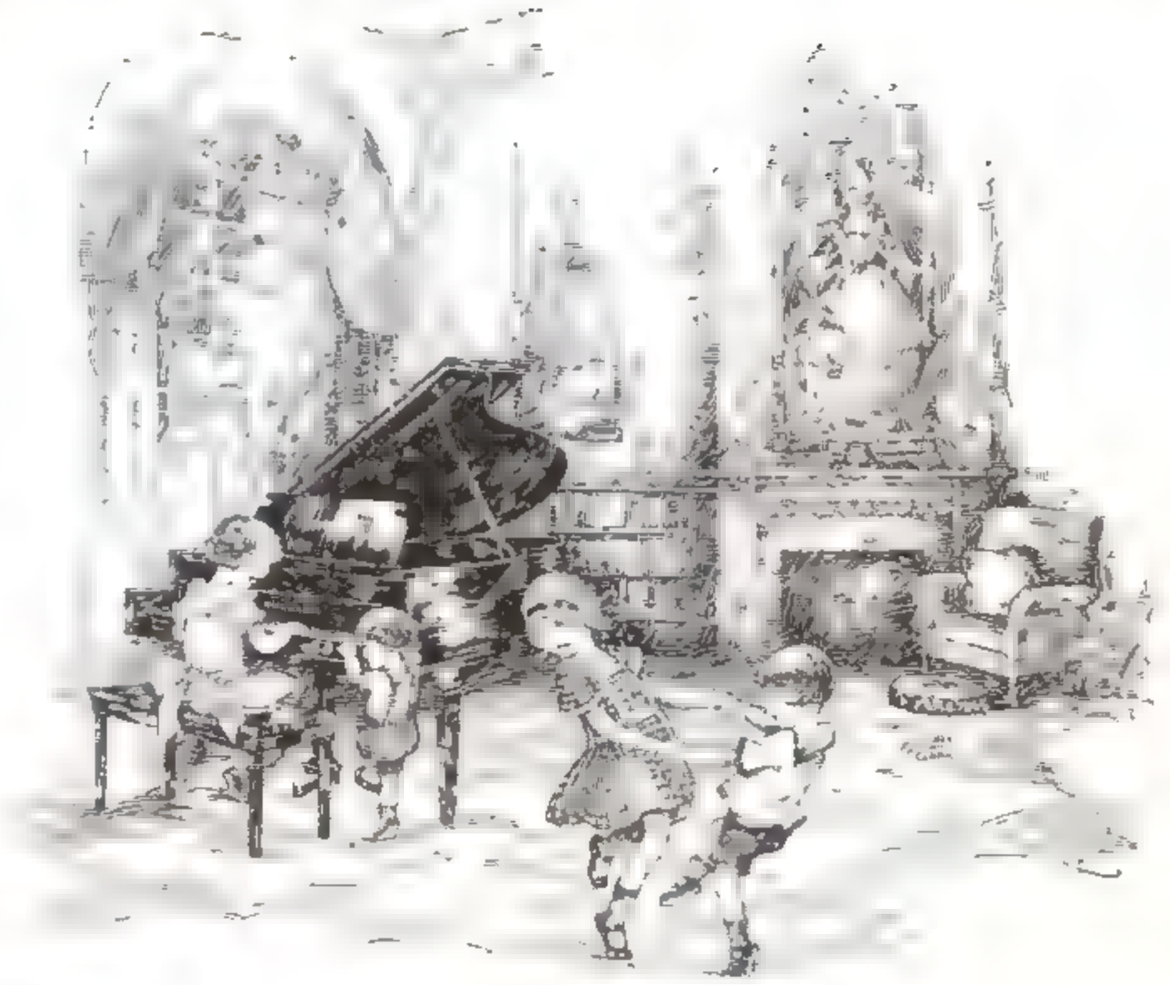
Intensive Grooming for the Service

The next two months were really the first steps in my diplomatic education. Up to that time study had occupied every moment; I had hardly been conscious of anything going on about me; international law and French had blotted out the existence of real life. But with the Rubicon safely crossed, a normal point of view returned. I began to observe, listen and absorb everything that pertained to the career of which I now considered myself a part. The fortunate sixteen out of the twenty-six who had taken the examinations settled down for two months. The chap whose grandmamma had been awaiting him in France went off to join her and never returned; the guileless youth from the distant West went happily back home; my fat-and-forty friend was never seen again; in fact, those who had failed disappeared as though they had never been there.

A banquet at the Metropolitan Club put the seal on our success and inaugurated a week of rather hectic amusements. It was a very necessary relief from too much concentration. Washington was gay and lovely, aspiring young diplomats were welcomed everywhere, and the stories and gossip—mostly gossip—of the life that lay before us made the time pass delightfully and interestingly. I heard at that time more stories of American diplomats than I have ever heard since.

We went each morning to the State Department and were instructed by the heads of the different departments in the technical side of the work in foreign missions—such as making out passports, the forms used in diplomatic correspondence, citizenship questions, and so on. We were also given subjects to write on, which were read, without our names' being given, before the assembled class, and which we were all allowed to discuss. And the most enjoyable part of the whole time was when someone who had been or was at the time in the diplomatic service would be asked to give us a talk. John Barrett was the first one to tell us of his amusing experiences in Siam; others followed every few days; but the real success of the series was the talk made by Horace Porter on his mission to France. He told us story after story to illustrate the different phases of diplomatic experience. He began with a story of the country lawyer who defined a diplomat's attitude, to be successful, as being similar to Cæsar's wife—all things to all men; and ended with an account of the man who was being operated upon—having a leg and an arm cut off—and begging the doctors to leave him at least the *entente cordiale*.

There was something very gay and carefree about those two months. The work at



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the department did not keep us too much occupied; and a pleasant atmosphere of comradeship had developed among the lucky sixteen. We spent many evenings together at the club, exchanging hopes and desires about our future posts, and arguing at great length on whether a frock coat was absolutely necessary for foreign diplomatic functions or if a morning coat would do.

But of course the vital subject was where were we going? Department officials stressed the importance of Central and South American capitals; they considered these much more useful places for young diplomats to go to than those delightful European points on which we had set our hearts; that there was much more opportunity for making a really lasting record in Tegucigalpa than in London.

This was at the time, or soon after, that Mr. Root had made his journey through South America and a Pan-American Union had been given much prominence—in spite of the fact that I had not been able to tell anything about it in my examination. Latin America was the subject in the State Department. You couldn't get away from it—no matter how determinedly you kept your eyes fixed on Europe. And Tegucigalpa became more important than any other spot. Its unfamiliarity and remoteness and admitted undesirability perhaps made it so. We could not find anyone who had actually been there; but there were plenty of rumors about its death-dealing climate, its insanitary conditions and utter lack of amusements—with the exception of revolutions, which were said to take place every other day. We wrote each other notes saying we had been told confidentially that So-and-So—usually the one to whom the note was addressed—had been chosen to go there. Poor Tegucigalpa! How maligned and insulted it was; and quite wrongly too!

When I eventually met a secretary who had spent two years there he told me he had found it one of the most interesting places he had been to.

Finally, when the heat of July had reached its zenith—and if you have ever spent a summer in Washington you know what that means—we were assembled in the department and told that we might go home. Consternation showed on every face. What under the sun did this mean? The official was asked for an explanation. He replied that he didn't exactly know, but that he thought it would be a month or two before the President would send our names to the Senate, and that there was no use of our remaining there all that time; that we would be notified when the appointments were made, and should keep ourselves in readiness to go anywhere in the world.

Then we were marched down to the lower floor, herded in a small room, and there, with one hand on the Bible, the other held upright, were told to repeat words which made us full-fledged representatives of the Government of the United States of America:

"I do solemnly swear that I will support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic; that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same; that I take this obligation freely, without any mental reservation or purpose of evasion; and that I will well and faithfully discharge the duties of the office on which I am about to enter. So help me God."

More Delay

It was a rather dramatic moment for most of us; at least I felt it particularly. It was the final seal to a complete change of life—a change I was not to understand in its far-reaching influences until several years afterwards.

After the oath of office we were taken to the White House and received by the President, who made us a short talk on the responsibility and opportunity of carrying American ideals with us wherever we went. The day ended with a dinner at the Army and Navy Club, and we finally separated to go to our widely apart homes. Strangely enough I have seen very few of those colleagues since that time.

I had been away from my Southern home for more than four months and had passed so completely into another sphere that when I returned I felt that many ties had already been broken. New subjects, new associations and entirely new interests had made the break deeper than I thought possible. Up to that time I had lived a somewhat provincial life in a small town; I had traveled some, been to Europe twice, and about America a little, especially to New England, where my father's relatives lived. I had not wanted to go to college, and had spent most of the time up to thirty trying to make up my mind to get away from the career my father had chosen for me—business. I felt I was unfitted for this and had made feeble efforts to get into other more sympathetic fields by writing a novel which had been accepted by the first publisher I sent it to. This had spurred me on to taking some definite step.

Thirty may strike many as being a bit late for a man to start out on an entirely new career; but if he finds out the thing he is doing is giving him no pleasure, why not break away from it—even at seventy? No man is going to make a success of something that his heart is not in. We must love the thing we are doing in order to do it well. Whether I was going to make a success of diplomacy remained to be seen. At the moment I was satisfied with having passed the examinations and being assured of a post.

But the post! For some unknown reason it was one I had never even thought of.

The First Commission

Two weeks after I had returned from Washington a strange-looking tubular package was left at the door. I saw first the seal of the United States and then "Department of State" written on it. I tore it open and drew out a large square of parchment and found it to be my first commission in the service of my country:

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

To Norval Richardson, of Mississippi: Greetings. Reposing special trust and confidence in your Integrity, Prudence and Ability, I have nominated and, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, do appoint you Second Secretary of the Legation of the United States of America at Habana, Cuba, authorizing you hereby to go and perform all such matters and things as to the said place or office do appertain, or as may be duly given you in charge hereafter, and the said office to hold and exercise during the pleasure of the President of the United States.

In Testimony whereof, I have caused the Seal of the United States to be hereunto affixed.

Given under my hand, in the District of Columbia, the fourth day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and nine, and of the

Independence of the United States of America the one hundred and thirty-fourth.

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT.

By the President
PHILANDER C. KNOX,
Secretary of State.

Havana, Cuba! The disappointment was so great that it was real suffering. Where were all my dreams of romance and intrigue and picturesque diplomacy? Havana! Cuba! Why—it wasn't even far enough away to be called a foreign post! I could go to New Orleans, take a boat, and be there in three days. To have gone to all this trouble, studied night and day, bought all these suits of dress clothes, dreamed of palaces and royalty—all just to go to Cuba! It was really almost too much to bear.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Richardson. The next will appear in an early issue.

PHOENIX

Both *time* and *man* have given this fine hosiery a most strenuous testing. Years of hardest wear, under the hurrying feet of an energetic nation, have conspicuously demonstrated the remarkable economy of the Phoenix product. And the successful task of creating a more beautiful stocking, as well as a more serviceable stocking, has made Phoenix the acclaimed standard of this high day. Stout strands of richest silk are by Phoenix methods woven into sprightly and shapely garments of remarkable elegance, endurance and economy—long mileage at low cost, for men, women and children. Time and man have given them the supreme test.

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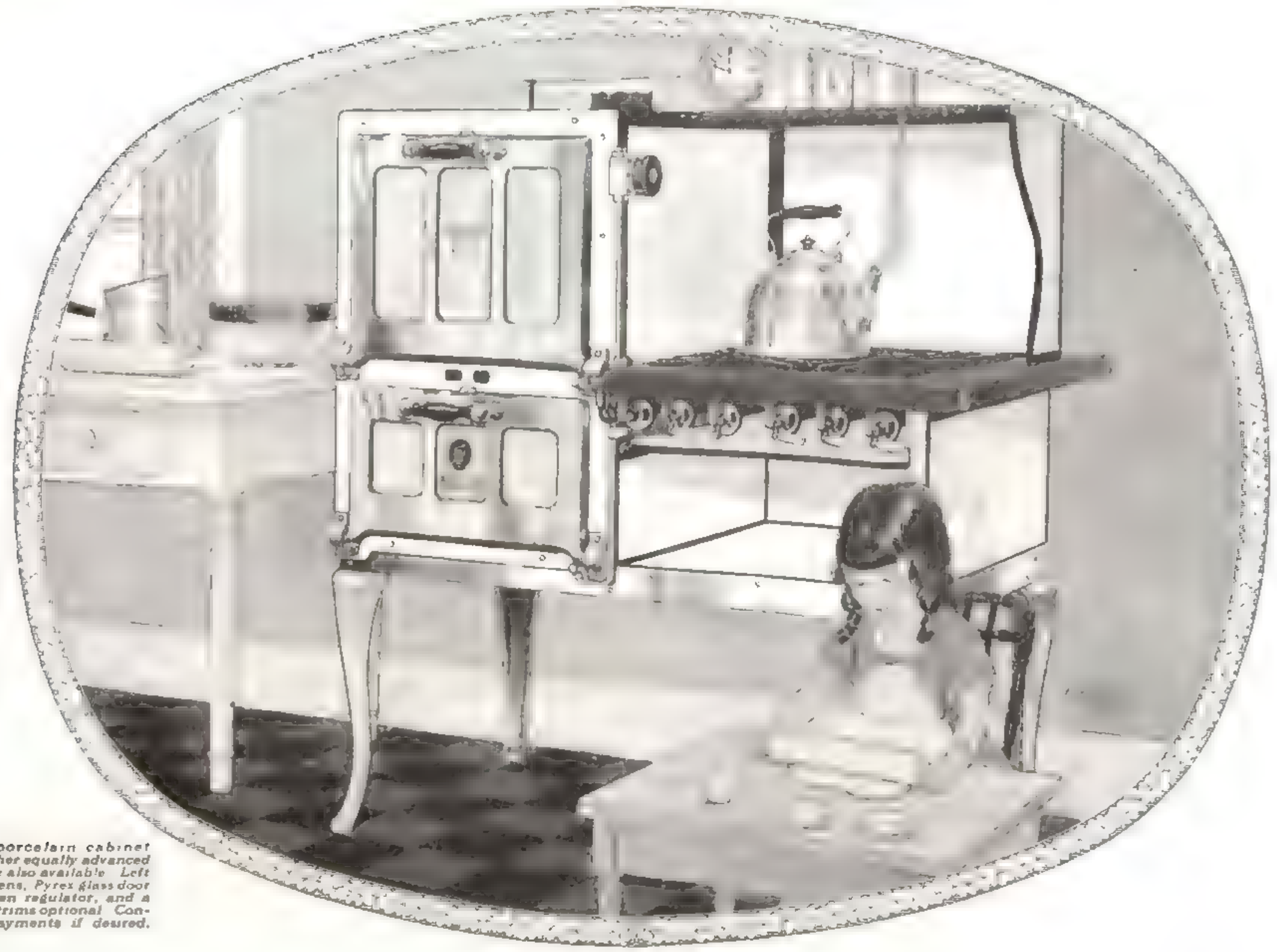

The all-porcelain cabinet range. Other equally advanced models are also available. Left or right ovens, Pyrex glass door panels, oven regulator, and a variety of trims optional. Convenient payments if desired.

The Gas Range of the Future!

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Observe the trim, distinctive straight-line front, the exclusive absence of unsightly pipes or projections, the flush paneled doors, the rounded edges and corners. Beauty! Simplicity!

Oversize ovens and a larger cooking top are provided in less floor space. Compactness!

The front will never sag. These ranges are Round Oak quality throughout. Durability!

Gas, work, time and food are saved by a host of improvements and conveniences, totally new. Efficiency!

Their bake ovens are astonishing examples of this. Calorimeter tests prove they heat to 450° in 15 minutes, whereas somewhat smaller ovens require 33⅓% more gas to attain only 380° or 420° under identical conditions! Economy!

Furthermore, cookies bake and brown on the *lowest* rack, without burning. Biscuits bake beautifully in any corner. Proof of even heating!

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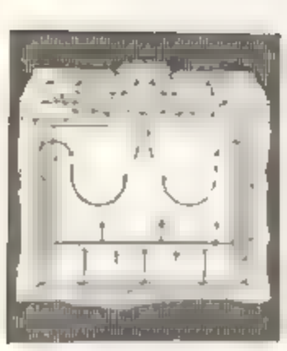

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Memo

Write to the Round Oak Folks, Dowagiac, Mich., for free book describing their marvelous new Gas Ranges and_____

THE PROGRESSIVE DILEMMA

(Continued from Page 27)

One day last fall a person from Chicago slid into Washington and imparted a shock to progressive minds. He said openly that his name was Armour—J. Ogden Armour—and that he wanted to buy the packing business of Morris & Co. Now, quite aside from that visit to Washington, radical citizens had reason to be annoyed with the packing business. It is one of their prize dragons, but it lost a great deal of money in 1921; and a dragon that does business over many months at a large loss is practically ruined for exhibition purposes.

Like so many others, that business got overextended and overbuilt in the war and the postwar boom. The subsequent shrinkage was as painful to octopuses as to mere corner grocers. Comparing 1921 with 1919, Armour & Co.'s total sales dropped from $1,000,000,000 to $600,000,000; Morris & Co.'s from $400,000,000 to $260,000,000. In the same period our total exports of meat fell from 2,214,000,000 pounds to 820,000,000 pounds. No matter how big your foot, a shoe three sizes too small is excessively disagreeable. For these and similar reasons—as duly set forth for anybody to read who cares to—Armour & Co. wanted to buy out Morris & Co., consolidating the two businesses, thereby reducing overhead and effecting various economies.

The Big Five

For about fifteen years the slaughter and packing of meat animals has been under government regulation, and that part of it which is not purely local—on farms, and so on—is under government inspection, this inspected part including slaughtering establishments that engage in interstate commerce. Department of Agriculture reports show that about two-thirds of all the slaughtering is done in government-inspected plants. And of this interstate slaughtering a little less than 60 per cent is done by the big five—Armour, Morris, Swift, Wilson and Cudahy. That shows their position in the industry, drawn to scale. Armour and Morris together do a trifle less than one-quarter of the interstate slaughtering; while Swift & Co. alone do a little more than one-fifth of it, or not much less than Armour and Morris combined. The figures are for a ten-year period. In short, after this consolidation the Armour-Morris concern would bulk rather less than half as large in the packing business as the Steel Corporation does in the steel business, for it would have a trifle under one-quarter of the total, against nearly half the total in the steel case, and one of its competitors would be within about 10 per cent as big as itself.

That would seem to dispose of the question of monopoly, and monopoly is what the foes of big business usually say they are afraid of. If there is any other reason why two of the big five should not combine, certainly the Government is in possession of the facts upon which that reason is based; for I believe no other so-called private business in the United States has been so copiously examined, investigated, probed and cross-examined as the packing business. For many years these five Chicago houses have held a dominant position in that business. Farmers on the one hand, who sell their meat animals to the packers, and the urban population on the other hand, which buys its bacon and roast beef from the packers, have naturally had a lively interest in them. Governmental investigations have occurred periodically for more than twenty years. Government inspection of their plants began about fifteen years ago. They are subject to the Sherman Law, the Clayton Law, the Federal Trade Commission Law; and last year, as you doubtless remember, Congress passed a special Packers and Stockyards Act, putting them under the supervision of the Secretary of Agriculture, who can examine their books and files at any time, roam through the establishments at will and call them out on the carpet for explanations whenever he wishes. If there is anything wrong with their business the Government ought to know it.

There is something rather wrong with their business too. Europe is not the market for American meats that it once was. Last year exports of meats were only 5 per cent of production. And domestic consumption of meat and lard, according to the Department of Agriculture's reports, has fallen from 167 pounds a head of the population in 1907 to 145 pounds in 1921. Beef consumption in fact has fallen in the same time from eighty pounds a head to fifty-eight pounds. If domestic consumption had held up to what it was ten years ago there would have been a home market for 3,000,000,000 more pounds of meat last year.

If you look up any three articles on diet published in the last twenty years, the chances are that two of them will begin by telling you to eat less meat—and maybe the third will tell you to cut out meat altogether. Articles on diet, as Dr. Woods Hutchinson once pointed out, are largely written by aged and sedentary physicians who are rounding out their professional careers—in an armchair, on tea and toast—by admonishing other people to eat less, especially of meat. There is no doubt, I believe, that this has had a very decided effect on people's dietary habits. It may be good for the nation's digestion, but the livestock industry doesn't flourish on it. In the prime matter of finding markets for meat the packers' interest and the livestock growers' interest are identical. Indeed, so far as I can find out, the larger livestock growers—which means those who pay most attention to the matter—have no quarrel with the packers and no objection to a consolidation of two of them.

I would make the packers a sort of test case. They have been investigated from top to bottom. They are under government supervision and regulation. Governmental investigations from both ends—that is, beginning at the stock growers' end with the live animal, and beginning at the consumer's end with the dressed beef on the local butcher's block—have shown that they handle meat with uncommon efficiency as compared with commodities in general, the spread between the producer's price and the price at which the article is laid down for the local dealer being unusually small, the packers' profit amounting to only a fraction of a cent of the consumer's dollar. If they are robbing either the meat producer or meat consumer, and we haven't been able to find it out, we're certainly bum investigators and supervisors. But they are big, and if two of them combine the combination will be even bigger than either was before. That seems to be the damning fact.

Small Beginnings

If a man can't stand big business in a big country it is fair to ask what, specifically, he proposes to do about it. Presumably his ideal is many small competing businesses; but that is exactly the soil in which big business grows. The original Armour, as I recall it, came off an indifferent farm in New York State with an enterprising disposition and ten dollars in money. The original Swift came out of a country butcher shop in New England. The original Morris began his commercial career driving hogs through the muddy streets of Chicago from one railroad station to another. They went into the meat trade with little capital and had many competitors—Allerton, Hammond, Botsford, to mention only a few of the most conspicuous.

Within my recollection the Chicago meat industry was divided between the big packers and the little packers, with competition sufficiently brisk to satisfy the most devout believer in that solvent of all economic ills. So brisk, in fact, that every now and then a little packer fell by the wayside. Not all fell, however. The concern that presently became Wilson & Co. survived; and a good many much smaller concerns, scattered over the country, survive to this day. Now if you should wipe the slate and start all over again, with a crowd of small concerns, none with much capital and none with any unlawful advantage over its competitors, twenty years hence you would have again big packers and little packers, just as, in every city, you have big merchants and little merchants. In any race some contestant will outstrip the others. The way to prevent it is to discover the men who are most likely to win and shoot them or banish them. They tried that in Russia.

But it doesn't look to me as though rhetorical hostility to big business and international bankers would serve the need of this present progressive movement. Its need is to find some clear-cut issue that will solidify discontent and make it march to the polls in organized ranks. Big business and international bankers are too vague. Farmers are much too apt to ask progressive leadership pointed questions as to what, specifically, it proposes to do about big business and international bankers. If it proposes to reaffirm the Sherman Act—of 1890—the Clayton Act and the Federal Trade Commission Act, I should judge that farmers will lose interest; for they know that what the Sherman Act has mainly produced in its thirty-two years of troubled existence is a library of Federal court decisions, some of which are squarely contradictory and all of which are so indefinite that lawyers still scratch their heads over the meaning. And if progressive leadership proposes, in definite terms, a more drastic corrective to large aggregations of capital and international banking, the proposal will certainly frighten away all the more conservative and better informed among its prospective followers, for any such drastic corrective must take its cue from Lenine.

The One-Eyed Mexican

The present progressive movement must find some more promising platform or remain merely a small, casual, opportunistic guerrilla affair, without principles that it dare avow, conducting forays here and there in borrowed clothes. The most promising platforms have already been wrecked—as I shall show in a moment—yet the opportunity for something more spectacular and respectable than a casual foray in somebody else's uniform is very tempting; for Middle Western farmers are highly discontented, with good reason, and in the past they have proved prime material for political movements. On that point, please listen for a moment to history repeating itself:

The war was followed by a boom. The boom collapsed. The collapse carried grain prices down with a rush. Farm indebtedness multiplied. The plight of agriculture was little short of desperate.

That was not the World War, however; but the Civil War. That distressed condition of agriculture occurred, not in 1923, but a half century earlier. You can turn back fifty years and read pages about the condition of American farmers that might have been written yesterday. Some of the outstanding features are identical: War, boom, bust and deflation, which bore very severely upon farmers.

Prices fall when the demand for goods slackens. When the demand for goods slackens, manufacturing and mining immediately begin curtailing production; mines and mills shut down. In this last deflation steel mills cut down to only a third or two-fifths of their former production; copper mines were idle. This cutting off of the supply of goods tends to stabilize prices. But the farmer is tied to his job of production. In this last deflation, although the price of farm products had fallen headlong, farm production was not diminished in the least. On the contrary, as you will find by looking up the figures, it actually increased when prices were at the lowest. If steel mills and copper mines had kept up production full tilt, as the farms did, you can imagine the result upon the price of their products. That is one big and obvious reason why deflation hit farm products hard fifty years ago and again two years ago.

The great pinch of fifty years ago inspired a movement among farmers of the Middle West which would probably have had results of an important, permanent and beneficial nature; but specious politics captured it. Symbolically speaking, as it was getting well under way it encountered some mellifluous gentlemen who led it around to the cave where the one-eyed Mexican was anxious to sell, for a mere song, a brick of pure gold—provided no questions were asked as to how he came by it; but here was a Mexican newspaper which described, as anyone able to read Spanish could see for himself, how a brick of pure gold, worth $50,000, had been stolen from the government mint by a desperate bandit with one eye.

That movement of fifty years ago was called the Grange. Its first objects were education and coöperation. It organized or inspired lecture courses, lyceums, and so on, and got up a scheme of crop reports, circulating information of that nature among its members when such information was not so

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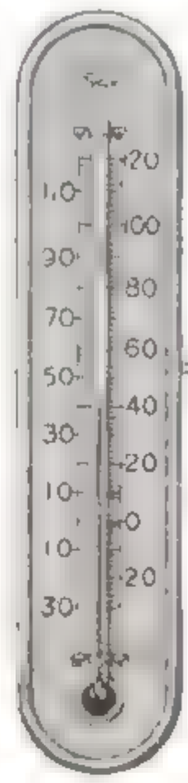

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readily available as now. Its coöperative enterprises were mainly buyers' coöperations, Granges or their agents purchasing for members "everything from farm machinery to women's dresses," as one writer says. But it also bought or leased a great many grain elevators, cotton and tobacco warehouses, flour mills and even a steamboat line. It organized many mutual fire insurance companies and even prepared to manufacture farm machinery. In 1874 it had 800,000 members.

That was an ambitious program, and on the whole a promising one, but a program, as you can readily see, which could be carried to success only by a deal of patience, study, hard work, and especially by hard-headed business sense that kept its feet on the solid ground of experience. The grangers suffered from a delusion to which farmers have often been liable—that is, they looked upon the middleman as mostly a mere parasite. In their eagerness to eliminate him they overlooked the cold fact that, in the complex process of moving primary products to consumption, the middleman supplies not only capital but experience and ability. You can't take the middleman out successfully without putting in his place an equal amount, not only of capital but of experience and ability. In fine, the Grange's coöperative enterprises mainly went to pot through inexperience and bad management.

Hard Times

Patience and good sense might have remedied that—repairing mistakes, getting in experienced men to manage the concerns, and so on. But something more disastrous happened to the movement. Farmers were hard up, in debt; in fine, very short of money. Helping themselves through Grange coöperation and education would be a tedious process, requiring time and sustained effort; it would have to face failures, go back and try over again. Meanwhile farmers were highly discontented and they had many votes. Hence the gold brick. A political movement sprang up which eloquently proposed to get farmers out of their difficulty with practically no effort and bother on their part. They were simply to vote themselves into prosperity, which seemed much more attractive than working themselves into prosperity by the early Grange plan.

The platform of this political movement was very simple and attractive, substantially as follows: "What you need is money; Government can print money; use your votes to make Government print what money you need." This movement was called the Greenback Party. In 1878 it polled over 1,000,000 votes and elected fourteen congressmen, and quite wrecked, for the time being, whatever solid promise there had been in the hard-times stir among farmers. For, naturally, if the man on the platform persuades you that he is going to make two passes with his wand and then pull the rabbit of prosperity out of a plug hat for you, you will more or less cease trying to achieve prosperity by the laborious method of coöperation. The Grange survives—mainly in Eastern states, I believe—as an educational and organizing force. But the big Middle Western movement of the '70's followed the Greenbacks into a dismal swamp.

There was no war next time, but there had been plenty of boom. The great English house of Baring failed, precipitating a panic which reverberated through Europe and even in the United States, although for several reasons the full force of deflation was not felt here until 1893. But it fell upon agricultural products hard enough before that, as I have good reason to remember. For example:

I regarded Ben Hecker as a venerable graybeard, and he was, perhaps, fifty-five—always wearing a Grand Army button when he wore a coat, and coming two miles into town to play the fife whenever our Civil War veterans marched down Main Street, as on Memorial Day. He had been one of the early farm settlers in that part of Nebraska, taking up a homestead of 160 acres and a timber claim of like extent. Government patent had long since conveyed title of both tracts to him. He was not one of the best farmers and by no means one of the worst—at least a very honest, diligent man, who had invested a good many years of toil in his free government land.

But before hard times came along he had indulged a flight of extravagance by abandoning his primitive dwelling—part sod, part shanty—in favor of a smart two-story house with an L, and replaced the dugout stable with a roof of poles and straw, by a frame structure, even painting it bright yellow. That involved a rather heavy debt. One day, before the panic of '93, Ben came in to shake hands and say good-by. He had sold all his property, paid all his debts and had a surplus sufficient to buy railroad tickets back to Ohio for his family. Ben himself, with a few dollars in his pocket and the Grand Army button on his lapel, was going to walk, not having money enough left for car fare.

That was going on all around the new trans-Missouri country, and a new farmer movement called the alliance came out of it. Quite promptly it went into politics. Delegates to its convention in St. Louis claimed to represent 5,000,000 members, and the geographical extent of the membership is indicated by the fact that it carried both Nebraska and South Carolina. There was a change of name to the People's Party, or Populists as they were commonly called. By that time the European idea of state socialism had been pretty widely circulated in this country, and the Populist Party demanded government ownership of railroads, telegraph and telephone lines.

Even at that it might have accomplished something worth while; but as political dopes go, the alcoholic contents of state socialism is relatively low. Government ownership of railroads, telegraph and telephone lines is a comparatively tedious way out. Here were millions of highly discontented farmers with votes, ready to listen to whoever promised quickest action. So the old gold brick which had captured so many votes in '76—incidentally wrecking a promising movement—was fished out of the storeroom, regilded and put in play again. It was not called greenbacks this time, but free silver. The argument, however, was essentially the same: "What you need is money; Government has power to coin money out of cheap silver; use your votes to make Government multiply the supply of money."

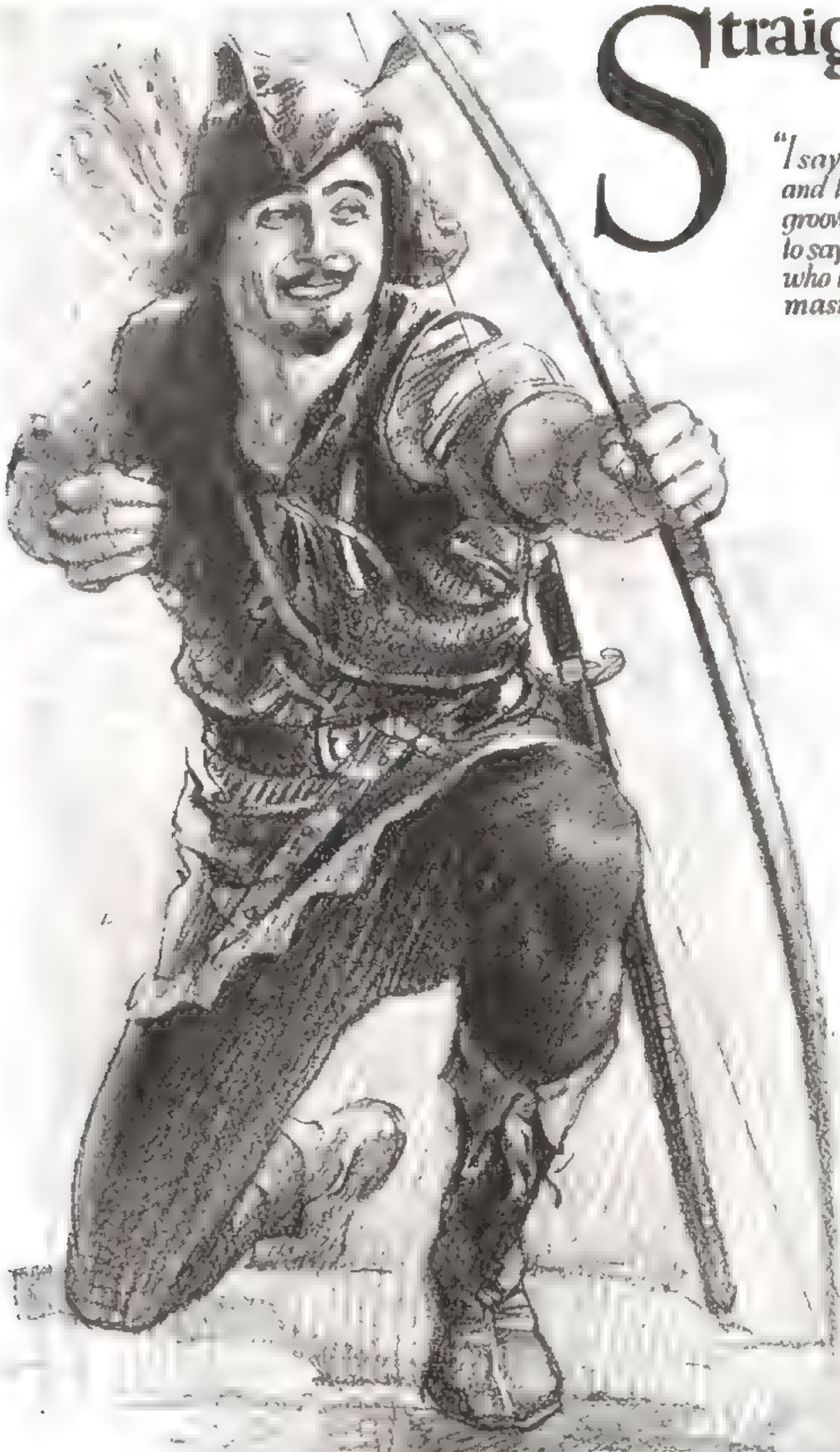
The Lure of Cheap Money

Farmers were told that Eastern capital, for some mysterious reason, wanted to keep them poor. Mr. Bryan made his famous cross-of-gold speech, and that farmer movement, like its predecessor in the '70's, trailed off to the cave where the one-eyed Mexican sat waiting for it. Both movements were gold-bricked to a fare-ye-well by the cheap-money delusion. Of course, the sincerity of Mr. Bryan and the greenbackers is not in question. They themselves were possessed by a burning and innocent faith in the one-eyed Mexican. Mere cold-blooded rascals do comparatively little harm. They perpetrate only small swindles here and there. The great calamities, like the Mississippi Bubble, the Darien venture, the Dutch tulip craze, the greenback and free-silver movements are always led by men who believe in the dope themselves. I suppose that no one who has examined the record with an open mind now doubts the sincerity of either the Kaiser or Lenine. A man's sincerity is no proof of his intelligence.

Cheap money—latterly with an embroidery of state socialism—wrecked the two former hard-times movements among farmers. And in this year 1923 the stage is all set again. We have had another war, another boom, another collapse, with deflation hitting farmers below the belt. They are hard up. Millions of them are highly discontented, and they have votes. So far this present situation presents a familiar picture. But since 1896 American farmers, like the rest of the world, have learned a great deal about cheap money. They have seen its operation in Europe, and even, to an extent, at home, when the purchasing power of a dollar fell in a few years by about one-half. Therefore, it seems very doubtful that the one-eyed Mexican will be able to do any business this year and next.

It may be that you never can tell. The gold-brick game was exposed many times, and still found victims. Just possibly the old brick of '76 and '96 may be furbished up once more and put in play again—not as greenbacks or as free silver but as a great expansion of bank credit under government auspices, which, of course, would come to exactly the same thing as greenbacks or free silver, being fiat money under another guise. But that looks very doubtful to me—a hazardous experiment in view of what

(Continued on Page 133)



Straight as an arrow to its mark—

"I say, sir, one simply must lift Fairbanks and this 'Robin Hood' out of the ordinary groove of even great pictures; one is forced to say of Fairbanks that he is a world artist who has given to mankind an immortal masterpiece"—

A letter by Charles Albin to the New York Times.

ROBUST romance—blithe, daring adventure.

A theme that is BIG—clean as a hound's tooth.

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It reveals Douglas Fairbanks the actor, idealist—creator of an immortal art.

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Order a custom finish and drive out the cheapest new car you ever bought!

IF YOU have a good automobile, why let your friends and neighbors appraise it as the drab remains of a far distant youth—and appraise *you* at the same time?

Take it to a professional painter and let him work his miracle of rejuvenation. He'll strip the car down to the bone and build up a new finish that will remind you of showroom days.

Many coats he'll lay on—tenacious priming and surfacing coats for a smooth, substantial base; different color if you want it; then "rubbing" varnishes—several coats and rubbed to a surface like satin; and finally he'll apply that liquid sunshine of motordom—the finishing varnish!

If you want the best job he'll work with the identical Murphy materials that are used in finishing so many of America's finest cars. He'll take plenty of time and employ all the art and skill he has taken years to acquire.

You will get a wonderful job—a sparkling, custom-finished new car—equal to the original showroom surface, as it originally came from the factory.

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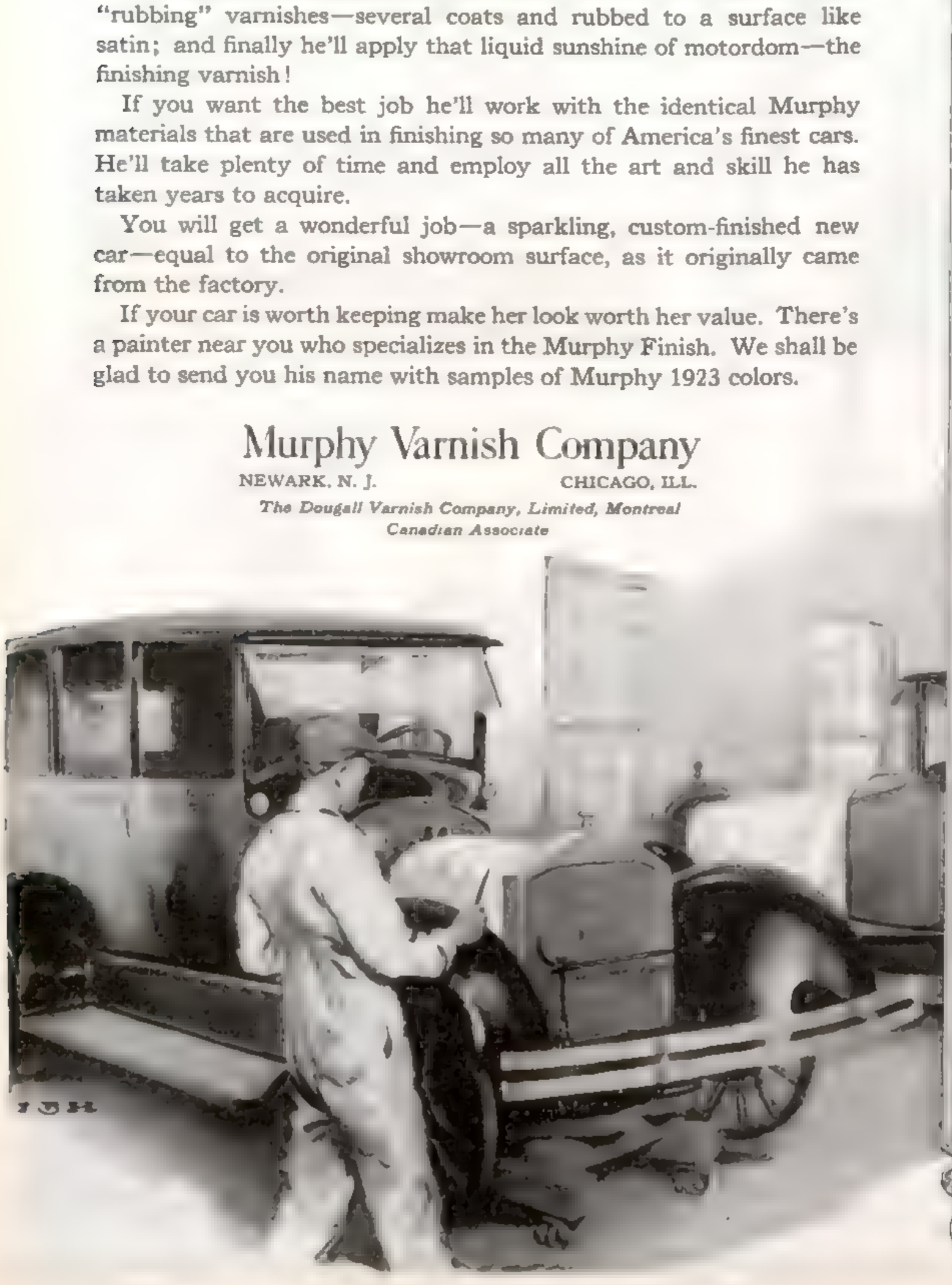

—or renew it yourself at home with

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2,000,000 motorists testify to the wonders of Da-cote Motor Car Enamel. They have used it themselves at home to renew their cars overnight!

Da-cote is famous Murphy Varnish ground with finest pigments to the consistency of cream. It's so smooth and easy flowing that no practice is required.

Just give the car a good cleaning and then—*paint!* Brush marks and laps melt like magic after each stroke. Dries overnight. Next day your car surface is hard and smooth and radiant with sunshiny newness.

Da-cote comes in black and white and ten popular colors. Ask your dealer for color card.

"Save the surface and you save all"

(Continued from Page 130)

farmers have actually seen of the working of fiat money since 1914. Probably no soft-money or soft-credit platform will answer.

Also, since Populist days this country has had an actual experience of government operation of railroads, and as a consequence state socialism is a badly damaged plank. So the trouble is just this: The main propositions which drew discontented farmers into third parties in '76 and '96, under conditions of agricultural distress very similar to those now obtaining, have been actually tried out and found bogus. Thus far nobody has been able to discover anything to take their place. That is why progressive leadership shies away like a startled gazelle from the invitation to form a third party. It hasn't been able to think up an issue that would stand a sporting chance to win.

In order to develop the highest usefulness for campaign purposes an issue should be succinct and simple; something that you can put in a diagram containing only two lines. The gist of the free-silver campaign consisted of a curve showing how far the price of farm products had fallen since the so-called demonetization of silver. The argument was: "Demonetization of silver has sent farm prices down that far; remonetize silver and farm prices will rise to where they were before." Similarly you might say now: "Since the first cut was made in the wartime price of automobiles, the price of farm products has fallen this much. Restore the wartime price of automobiles and farm products will rise to the former level."

Tariff and Freight Rates

That would scarcely answer for a campaign issue among voters able to read and write; but the most useful vote-getting issue would be something like that—succinct, clear cut, easily diagramed. One great beauty of soft money and state socialism is that they are easily diagramed. But both have suffered the misfortune of having been actually tried.

This present plight of agriculture, in fact, is a very complex and baffling affair upon which no two-line diagram can throw any light worth mentioning. But there are two big lines in it. As I mentioned before, organized production in manufactures and mining shuts down when prices fall sharply. Organized labor, in manufacturing, mining and transportation, refuses to deflate very much, and stops producing unless its wage is guaranteed in advance. By and large, there must be a living profit in steel before the steel mill will turn a wheel, and union labor throws down its tools unless an acceptable wage is assured—that wage, of course, very largely determining the price which farmers and other consumers must pay for the goods. But the farmer is tied to his job of producing. He puts in his capital and labor and at the end of the year takes what the market gives him in the way of profit and wages. He produces his wheat, anyhow, whether he is going to get any profit and wages out of it or not. But if he wants a granary to put it in he must pay a price that will induce the lumber mill to operate and he must guarantee to pay the union wage scale for carpenters before a nail will be driven. So he is less protected against deflation than are the people from whom he buys.

There is a baffling problem. I doubt exceedingly if progressive politics will have anything worth while to say about it, just because it is a baffling problem. Politics of every brand fights shy of any problem that is likely to give it a headache. Its energy goes mostly into hard talking, not into hard thinking.

If there is any one class or body of American citizens that has a special reason for being cautious about politics that class or body consists of farmers. Their two former hard-times movements, from which, with patience and capable leadership, much permanent good might have come, were captured by politics and led off into cheap-money wildernesses where they presently expired. Many of the most beneficial cooperations in the world resulted from hard-times movements that kept out of politics.

Turning back to 1873, you find that distressed agriculture then complained especially of high tariff and high freight rates. That a high protective tariff on manufactured goods is not to the interest of farmers, whose products are largely sold on the basis of prices fixed in international markets, ought to require no argument by this time. A dozen years ago I felt confident that Cummins, Dolliver, Beveridge and the other insurgents against the Payne-Aldrich tariff had thoroughly and forever convinced Middle Western farmers of that. It did surely seem, then, that farmers had that point fixed in their minds. Yet farmer Republican votes two years ago elected the Congress which coolly enacted a tariff law carrying rates even higher than those in the Payne-Aldrich Bill. Many farmer representatives in Congress voted for this last tariff bill.

Now, politics absolutely controls tariff rates. Enthroned at Washington, politics alone determines what those rates shall be. Fifty years ago hard-times farmers complained of oppressively high tariff rates. Since then it has been shown time and again that high protective duties are not to the interest of farmers. But in this year of grace politics hands farmers higher tariff rates than those of 1873. Turn now to the other cause of complaint -railroad rates. Unfortunately the comprehensive statistics of the Interstate Commerce Commission do not extend back of 1890; but I believe that in a general way the trend of freight rates from 1873 to 1890 was downward. Certainly from 1890 until the time in Roosevelt's administration when the Interstate Commerce Commission was vested with power to regulate rates the average freight rate a ton a mile fell steadily.

For that tangible benefit to farmers politics can claim no credit. After the Interstate Commerce Commission was vested with regulatory power freight rates continued to fall until 1917. But from 1890—which is as far back as comprehensive statistics go—up to the time government regulation began, freight rates fell decidedly more than they did from the beginning of government regulation to 1917. In short, much the greater part of the fall in freight rates was due to causes quite outside the field of political action.

As to the two things, tariff and freight rates, which farmers especially complained of in 1873 and are complaining of now, please look over the half-century record and put your finger on the spot where politics has tangibly benefited farmers—if you can find it.

Maybe politicians can convince farmers that the first fifty years are the hardest.

Fancy Promises

Farmers did presently get out of their distressful plight of the '70's and out of their distressful plight of the '90's. In both instances whatever incidental help they received from politics came from conservative politics, which, by reëstablishing specie payments in the first instance and affirming the gold standard in the second instance, put the country's currency on a sounder basis. Agriculture's recovery from the gruelling hard times of the '90's occurred under the Administration of William McKinley, with the heinous Mark Hanna—who said "How d' do" to Morgan—sitting at the President's elbow. McKinley politics incidentally helped farmers because it settled the basic question, which farmers had helped to raise, whether an American dollar was to be worth a hundred cents or only fifty. In recovering from the hard times of the '70's and the '90's all the help farmers received from radical politics they could have put in their eye.

In his first speech after assuming leadership of the present progressive movement Senator La Follette said, "I propose to support legislation which will enable the farmer to market his products at a reasonable and fair profit." But why stop at that? Why not legislation which will enable farmers to raise reasonable and fair crops? I presume there has never been a year when farm products—some products in some localities—have not been marketed at a net loss to the grower. Legislation can prevent a loss on the cucumber crop of Vinegar Township, Pickle County, Michigan, in a given year just as well as it can prevent a loss on the wheat crop of Kansas in a given year. In both cases nothing more is needed than a scheme of government valorization whereby the Federal Treasury, in effect, takes the product at a price sufficient to yield the grower a reasonable and fair profit. And in neither case will anything less than that answer the senator's ambitious purpose.

The sentence quoted above illustrates the trouble with the present progressive movement. It holds out promises of solving, by political action, difficulties that are beyond the reach of any political action.

She Loves Oats

Because she gets just the extra-flavory flakes

Quaker Oats has taught the love of oats to millions the world over.

In fifty nations Quaker is the favorite brand.

The reason lies in super-flavor.

Here we flake the queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats.

We get but ten pounds of such flakes from a bushel.

Oats differ as does fruit.

Some are puny and insipid. Some have the richest flavor Nature gives to grain.

If you believe in oat-food—know how children need it—then always get this super-flavor. Make the oat dish a delight.

Even this grade costs but one-half cent per dish.

Quaker Oats

Think what Nature gives to Oats

The oat supplies 16 food elements. It is almost a complete food—nearly the ideal food.

In this dish children get the minerals they need, the body-building elements. Millions of others suffer for the lack.

As vim-food oats are rated at 1810 calories per pound.

Wise mothers serve oats daily, for safety's sake.

Packed in sealed round packages with removable covers

The Trade Mark

BOSCH

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STARTING
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THE record of Bosch Starting, Lighting and Ignition Systems is unequaled.

Over four million Bosch Users have had continuous and unfailing performance from Bosch Electrical Equipment, and are enthusiastic in its praise.

The Bosch Trade Mark is the distinctive symbol to seek when selecting the electrical equipment of your car. You can accept it as a guarantee of quality, dependability and satisfactory performance.

Over 500 Bosch Service Stations make Bosch Service available everywhere.

Be Satisfied! *Specify Bosch!*

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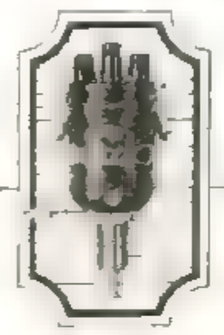

Timer of the Bosch Battery Ignition System

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 28

"Why not start at the bottom?" he mused to himself, and decided he had hit the right track. The next day he decided to manufacture shoe polish.

(Mr. Mimph's struggles from here on will be related in a later number.)

The Fascination of the Newspaper Game

THERE is a strange fascination about the newspaper game, which holds men in it. Any newspaper man will tell you that he could make three or four times as much by going into the advertising game, the silk-underwear game, the street-cleaning game or even the shell game. But he sticks to the newspaper game. It's the fascination of it.

I understood what they meant when I visited Bill Gilbert in New York. His job was to write all the Sunday magazine supplement that could not be sold to advertisers. I helped him. It was really fascinating.

We each thought of four subjects and wrote enough under each one to reach down to the top of the advertising. Bill's titles were: Ferocious Eels Biting Base of Brooklyn Bridge; Does King George Dye Whiskers? Revelations of Royal Chambermaid, Cabarets, Jazz Bands and Hip Sirup in Ancient Assyria, says Professor; How to Make a Parachute from Discarded Pajamas. Mine, on the whole more interesting, were: Seven Succulent Ways of Cooking Seaweed; Beautiful Barmaid's Mad Romance with Aged Archbishop; How to Catch Polar Bears Alive, and Your Kiss Prints Analyzed Free by Scientist.

The last one, I thought, was especially good. The idea of kiss prints just came to me, out of nowhere, it seemed. I gave minute directions for making them. One had to put some ink in a saucer, purse the lips in a natural pose, dip them in the ink, and then plant them smartly on a clean sheet of white paper. The impression thus made is a kiss print. An expert reader of kiss prints can tell by the shape and character of the print whether the subject is of a cold or affectionate disposition, whether he will be happy in marriage, and what he has had for dinner.

I then gave the name and address of a distinguished scientist whose textbook of physics had made my high-school years a hell. I said that he would be glad to analyze any kiss prints sent to him by mail, and he would be particularly pleased to have interested people call at his office and do their kissing there.

The scientist apparently could not take a joke; he committed suicide the following Tuesday, the same day that Bill lost his job.

Thus the fascination of the newspaper game lures people on, often to their destruction. I am sticking to the shaving-and-haircutting game myself.

—*Morris Bishop.*

At the Piano Recital I Wonder——

WHY I came.

Why all pianists have to throw their eyes up to the fly loft and sit in rapt contemplation for five minutes before they begin.

Why and how pianists escape the blacksmithing trade.

Why I came.

Why encores.

Why the wiggly little boy in the velvet suit and curls didn't insist on the movies instead of this.

Why everybody throws baleful glances in my direction when I rattle my program.

Why a piano cannot hit back.

Why I came.

Why I am such a coward that I do not get up and go out.

How the woman next to me, who happens to be my wife, manages to keep that rapt pose and at the same time have complete control of her husband.

Why I came. —*Harvey Peake.*

Arrowhead
HOSIERY

MANY mothers have declared their independence of the darned-stocking-basket by putting their boys' feet in the strongly-built Arrowhead Stockings.

They are virtually boy-proof. Knees stay in. Active toes won't kick through. Heels won't rub their way out.

Because you've heard everybody talking about the beauty of Arrowhead Hosiery (for all the family), don't overlook the fact that we consider long-wear just as essential as style.

Mothers: Ask for "Top Notcher" for Boys—heavy ribbed cotton stockings, fine gauge—heavily re-inforced for long life.

Richmond Hosiery Mills, Inc.,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Nurick (to His Landscape Architect): "I Wantcha to Take Out All These Trees an' Bushes an' Jick Junk, an' Make 'er Look Up t' Date"

Is Your Time Worth $50 an Hour?

FIFTY DOLLARS AN HOUR would be a mighty satisfactory price to receive for your time, wouldn't it? Yet, as a matter of fact, it may easily be within your power to invest a certain portion of your time in a way that, provided you are sincere and conscientious, will surely bring you that return—very possibly even more.

Some time ago, an analysis of the relation of education to earning power—made by one of the largest philanthropic organizations in the country—demonstrated the fact that the average adult gets back in increased earnings the sum of thirty dollars for every hour spent in well directed study.

That certainly throws a new light on study habits, doesn't it? But read what follows.

This university trains men in their spare hours at home for specialized activities in the higher fields of business. Its resources of over seven and a half million dollars make possible the maintenance of staffs comprising many of the leading business specialists in the country.

It conducts its training by the LaSalle Problem Method—distinctive with this university—whereby the student gains not "book learning" but actual practice and experience, at every stage of his progress. He learns to do by *doing*. To all intents, from the moment he begins he is actually performing the work of the position he is training to fill.

Naturally you would expect the rewards to be higher for the man who trains this way than for the man who follows a less intensive—a less practical method.

The facts show that the gains *are* greater.

It is a matter of record—established by the facts in our files—files built out of the experience of the four hundred thousand men who have enrolled with LaSalle—that the time invested in the study of any highly specialized LaSalle course by the average member who *completes* that training, returns him in increased earnings not less than $50 an hour.

Indeed, we have many reports showing that spare hours spent at home with LaSalle training have resulted in increased earnings which—when apportioned over the ordinary period of a man's business activity—would show a return in excess of $100 an hour.

Such reports are by no means unusual.

But it is safe for *any* man to expect—and with every prospect of realization—that with diligence and sincerity he can make the time he devotes to acquiring LaSalle training yield him returns at the rate of $50 for each hour so invested.

LaSalle has no magic formula—no marvelous cure-all.

All that it does—as witnessed by the progress-records of 400,000 men—is to provide an effective way to help men help themselves.—Which is all the right man *needs*.

But that, as we see it, is a mighty big, a vitally important task, and we feel and realize the full necessity of living up to the tremendous obligation it carries—because it is our job, as it is our privilege, to serve one of the most sacred things in human life—ambition.

To the man who "doesn't care," LaSalle means nothing.

But to the man who is looking for "the way," this institution has a message.

J. Chapman
President
LaSalle Extension University

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
Dept. P-2 Chicago, Illinois

Upon request, the book "Ten Years' Promotion In One," and material completely descriptive of the course and service that interest you, will gladly be sent without cost or obligation. Just indicate your choice by checking, and write below your name and address.

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UNIVERSITY

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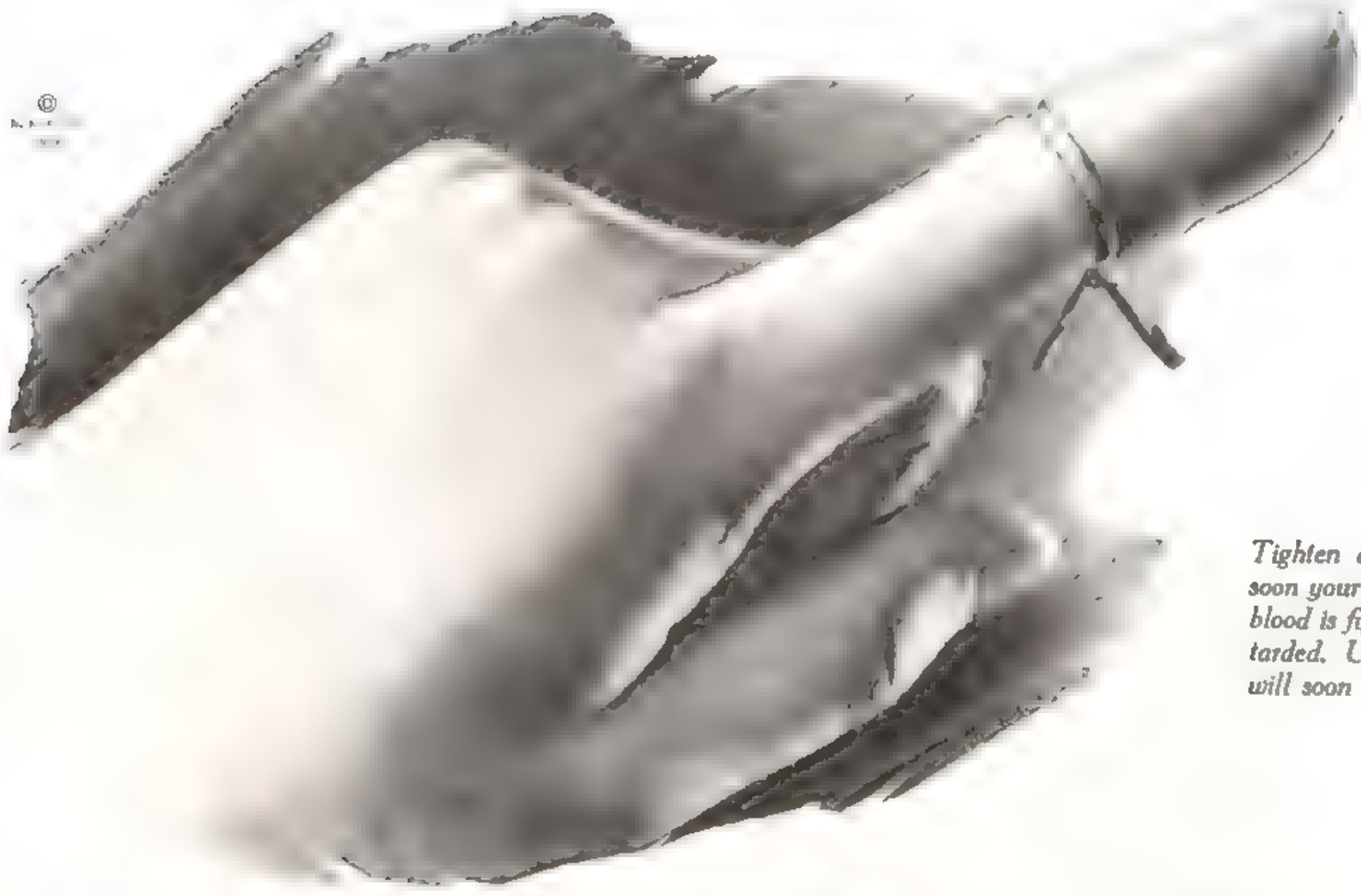


Tighten a string around your finger and very soon your whole hand will throb with pain. The blood is fighting to get through. Circulation is retarded. Unless the string is loosened mortification will soon set in and your hand will be crippled.

Are You Doing This to Your Pores?

NATURE is kind to you so long as you are kind to Nature. Stop or retard a single bodily function and immediately a penalty is imposed. Close the pores of your skin and they cease to breathe. Then your body suffers and your health falls below par.

Nature demands that your millions of pores be kept open. That calls for *real* cleanliness—not *near* cleanliness. Twenty-five ounces of perspiration should be thrown off by the skin daily. Nature will take care of that if you will only keep the way clear. And that is easy—it means simply using a soap that will thoroughly cleanse and gently stimulate the pores instead of retarding their action with clogging, irritating materials so often used for the purpose of disguising soaps of inferior quality.

Fairy Soap will give you the skin freedom so essential to perfect health. It is *soap in its purest form* with no camouflage added. *It is the whitest soap in the world*—a live, sparkling whiteness which evidences purity and endures to the last thin wafer. Fairy Soap has set the fashion of *American white cleanliness*—the joy of people who are *really* clean instead of *nearly* clean.

Fairy Soap helps your body breathe. Try it in the bath and toilet for a week and see how your body responds to its healthful, invigorating action. Bear in mind as you use it that it is most used in the foremost men's clubs, baths and other places where cleanliness is a *business*. Use it for that *deep-down* cleanliness which makes for everyday wholesomeness and well-being.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
Factories in United States and Canada

It Is Winning New Thousands to American White Cleanliness

THE HUNTINGDON VALLEY
COUNTRY CLUB
ABINGTON, PA.

The N. K. Fairbank Company,
65 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

Fairy Soap is the crowning touch to a game of golf or tennis. It cleanses thoroughly and aids the pores to function normally. As you say, it does help the body breathe. Because of this, Fairy Soap is used throughout this Club.

Yours very truly,

Thomas H. Keevil

TK/DL *Manager.*

FAIRY SOAP

HELPS THE BODY BREATHE

LABOR WITH A "U"

(Continued from Page 19

Now, the Labor Party in England was not originally a socialistic party, but was a political organization formed for the purpose of getting action for the correction of abuses and for the enforcement of more advantageous relations between employers and employed by means of the ballot. The original organizers may have had socialistic tendencies; and socialists batten on organizations that are thus at hand. Furthermore the pioneers in socialism in a country like England are necessarily a bit on the fanatic side, and of a passionate and deadly earnestness in their activities and propaganda. Thus, it was observed that, recognizing the political medium at hand, the socialists, in their more radical aspects, not only began to get themselves into the executive councils of the labor organizations that stood sponsor for the Labor Party but eventually began to appear as Labor candidates for various elective offices. Whenever Labor had anybody to elect there always was a socialist offering himself for the place. And men of organizing and leading political ability who had socialist tendencies seized upon the Labor Party as their medium for spreading and making a political force of their faith.

The Radical Program

Presently socialist members of the borough councils and other local authorities began to appear, and the active and intelligent and earnest socialists usurped more and more the authority over the Labor Party until the London conference of the Labor Party in 1918, when the Marxian principle of abolishing all private ownership of the means of production and distribution was officially set down as the guiding principle of the Labor Party. Labor won more than seventy seats in the 1918 election. Mr. Arthur Henderson, one of the Labor leaders, said, in a speech made at the Newport by-election, that was the signal rocket that not only told the Tories it was time to oust Lloyd George but also warned Lloyd George of what was coming: "Labour has declared war on private enterprise."

There is a vast quantity of other similar testimony of what is in the minds of the socialist managers of the Labor Party, but no more is needed than the text of the official Labor platform, or statement of principles on which every Labor candidate stood in the November election, and which was headed, Labour's Call to the People. Summarized, the Labor platform demanded: Revision of the peace treaties; reduction of German reparations to Germany's ability to pay; an international conference on the Turkish problem; an all-inclusive League of Nations; real independence for Egypt and India, and acceptance of the Irish constitution. These were topics for ordinary political consideration and were put forth as such. There was nothing socialistic or nationalistic about them. They were liberal—progressive.

These disposed of in the call, or platform, the socialists showed their hands. The foregoing was the ordinary and regulation husk, but then came the milk in the coconut. And this was it:

"Labour recognizes the urgent need of lifting from the trade and industry of the country the dead-weight burden of the national debt. It therefore proposes the creation of a War Debts Redemption Fund by a special graduated levy on fortunes exceeding 5000 pounds. Labour will not penalize thrift, but will require some restitution from the profiteers out of the huge fortunes made in the war.

"To secure the necessary annual revenue, Labour advocates a system of taxation that will distribute the burden fairly according to ability to pay.

"It proposes an increase of the death duties on large estates and the supertax on large incomes; incomes below 250 pounds a year would be exempt from taxation and there would be a reductionan the tax on all incomes under 500 pounds a year, with a steeper graduation of the scale above that limit."

The call advocated taxation of land values that "will secure to the community socially created wealth now diverted to private hands," and expressed opposition to indirect taxation of all kinds. Unemployment was to be dealt with by a large program of necessary and useful public works, and the plight of agriculture was recognized and lower rents from landlords advocated, together with an adequate national wage standard for agricultural laborers, and many other rural improvements in the way of housing, hospitals and recreation.

Following, there was more milk: "Labour means to bring about a more equitable distribution of the wealth produced by the common effort of the workers by hand and brain. Our industrial policy involves the prompt nationalization of mines, as recommended by the Sankey Commission, the nationalization of railways, an improved workmen's compensation act and other measures for the protection of the work people."

After this there came declarations demanding a national scheme of housing, more generous provision for old-age pensions, including the institution of a pension for widowed mothers, better pensions for soldiers, the removal of all restrictions on adult suffrage, control of cabinet ministers by the House of Commons and control of the liquor traffic according to the people's will.

This "Call to the People" was signed, on behalf of the National Executive of the Labour Party, by Sidney Webb, chairman; J. Ramsay MacDonald, vice chairman; and Arthur Henderson, secretary—three eminent radicals whose political tendencies are well enough shown by those signatures—and written, so London report goes, by Sidney Webb, one of the most ardent socialists in England.

That a powerful political party should go before the people with a capital levy as its chief policy was a facer for conservative England, or rather for the Conservatives in England, for there is more radicalism in England than those who control the chief mediums of public information are willing to admit.

The expediency of a capital levy had been discussed before this. It was not a new policy. Indeed, Mr. Bonar Law, who was the head of the government as Prime Minister at the time of this general election, and who was appealing to the country as the leader of the Conservative Party and as the implacable foe of Labor policies, had said, in November, 1917, when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, or Secretary of the Treasury:

"The question of whether or not there should be a conscription of wealth, then, is entirely a matter of expediency; and I think it is a matter that concerns, mainly, not the working classes, but the people who have money. In my opinion, it is simply a question of whether it will pay them best, and pay the country best, to have a capital levy and reduce the national debt as far as you can, or have it continued for fifty years as a constant burden of taxation. Perhaps I have not thought enough about this to justify me in saying it, but my own feeling is that it would be better both for the working classes and the country to have this levy of capital and reduce the burden of the national debt. That is my own feeling."

The Proposed Capital Levy

The Labor press and speakers made a great deal of this statement of Bonar Law's, and by the judicious suppression of qualifying clauses, where rows of periods were supplied, set Law before the country as nakedly advocating a capital levy in 1917. The first reaction of the Conservative press, publicists and politicians was a sweeping condemnation. A capital levy was called "confiscation," "tax on thrift," "the ruin of industry," and thus and so, and the Labor leaders were pressed for a detailed statement of what their general proposition entailed.

Information gathered from various official Labor sources gives these points as the outstanding ones in the capital-levy idea: The sum to be secured is variously put at from $15,000,000,000 to $25,000,000,000, to use American-money terms, and the processes by which those sums are to be secured are by making levies that, having excluded all fortunes of $25,000 or under, will begin with a levy of 5 per cent on fortunes of $30,000 and run to three-tenths more than 50 per cent on fortunes of $5,000,000 and over. A man with $50,000 would pay, in round numbers, $2750; and a man with $75,000 would pay $7500. The imposts increase rapidly, and the steps are not regularly gradated.

The Labor orators and press claimed that the idea is a practicable one, and that "the Prime Minister knows it, the millionaire press knows it and the profiteers know it." Mr. Arthur Henderson said: "This is not robbery. It is the same as now takes place in death duties. Labor says that what takes place when a man dies can be carried out before he dies." While, to quote one of the mildest of the Conservative critics of the plan: "It is not a financial program, but a scheme for purse cutting: and while it certainly will bleed the victims white, it will not put a penny into the pockets of the wage-earning multitude, in and out of work, who are invited to become participators in the crime."

When you couple with so radical a scheme as this the project of nationalizing the mines and railways you begin to sense just what it was that happened in England in November; because, of course, a nationalization of industry that began with mines and railways could only end with the nationalization of all private enterprise and industry. Furthermore, it is found that, although the Labor Party—the socialists—won 142 seats, the number of votes cast for the candidates who stood on these policies shows that the strength of these policies is greater than its seat successes indicate. That is, for every five votes cast for Conservative candidates there were cast four votes for the Labor candidates. That this voting did not result in more Labor seats was due to triple and even quadruple contests in numerous constituencies. On a straight-out fight between the Conservatives and Labor, uncomplicated by Asquith Liberal candidacies and Lloyd George Liberal candidacies, Labor would have won more than 200 seats.

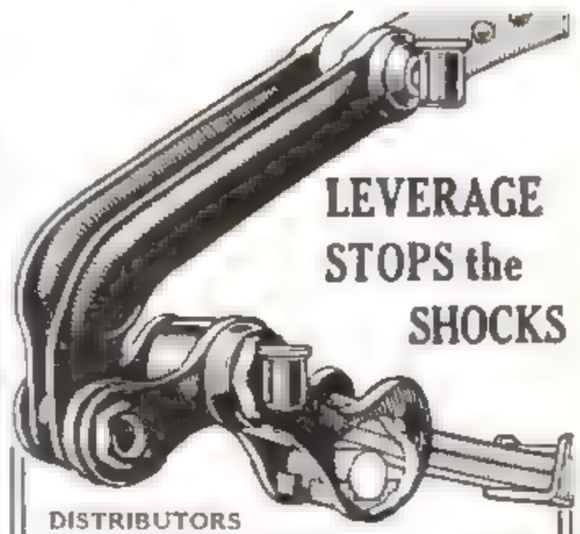
Labor Controlled by Socialists

A momentary reason for this result is the economic situation in England. As I pointed out in a previous article, a large number of voters took the Labor end of the battle as the medium for their protest against high taxation, not caring whether they attained lesser taxes by a capital levy, or however, so long as lower taxes were secured, and not being at all averse to slicing large sums from the fortunes of the rich. If they could get lower taxes and reduce swollen fortunes at one and the same time they were joyously for both the reduction and for the operation that would do the reducing. Conversely, the large vote received by Bonar Law had the same incentive with a different expression. The Bonar Law majority came from the tax protest, also; but the method desired was different. Those who voted Bonar Law in did not want a capital levy, and tried the experiment of letting Law turn his hand to economy.

But behind that there was an agency at work which did two things: It supplied the capital levy and the nationalization mediums for protest to the heavily taxed, and it demonstrated, by so doing, its complete control of the Labor Party, formerly what its name indicated—a party of labor—but now a party masquerading as the political representative of labor and in reality the most skillfully conducted and probably the most powerful and intelligent socialistic organization in the world.

That agency is the I. L. P.—the Independent Labor Party—the radical, even revolutionary, socialists who believe in capital levies and nationalization of mines and railways and other industries, and in numerous other policies that have not yet been formally and politically disclosed The domination of that group over the rank and file of the Labor Party, the assumption of control, the gaining of authority—in fact the strangulation of the Labor Party and its rebirth as a socialist party were brought about by an organization of about 30,000 men and women operating within and on an organization of over 4,000,000 members.

At the annual conference of the Labor Party in Edinburgh in 1922 the official strength of the party was given as 4,079,000, and was divided as follows: Trade-union members numbered 8,876,000; members of trade councils and local labor parties numbered 166,000; and there were 37,000



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Unfailing leverage principle alone, without the aid of any springs, stops shocks car vibration and rebound by *reversing* the shock waves before they reach the ends of the car springs. Simplicity, durability and efficiency are the distinctive features of S&S Shock Absorbers; automatically adjusted to work correctly with either empty or loaded cars. Rattle has been eliminated. Used nationally on Dodge, Ford and all standard cars.

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Just What Boys Want!

RADIO outfits, a watch, scout equipment—everything to delight a boy's heart is offered cost-free, *in addition to cash allowances*, to boys who want them and are game enough to start in business for themselves by getting regular customers for *The Saturday Evening Post*, and supplying them with copies after school on Thursdays. If you're game to try, the coupon will bring you all you need to start.

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Gentlemen: I sure do want some of that equipment and extra money. Please tell me how I may earn it.
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for hatching, incubators, poultry supplies, etc. Fully illustrated
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Brush Teeth in This Correct Way

Made to meet the requirements of modern dental authorities

This is the type of brush adopted by modern dental authorities. It is made to their specifications.

It is one of the most important factors in proper tooth protection. Dentists the world over now advise it.

A tooth brush, to meet modern requirements, must do more than remove food debris.

It must attack film-coats and other deposits. It must effectively reach all tooth surfaces. It must penetrate between the teeth.

It must be adapted to the rolling method—brushing from the gums toward the tooth points. That is the way to brush teeth.

It must massage the gums to maintain their health and vigor.

The best type made to meet all these requirements is known as the Decoater. This is the authoritative type, and careful people are everywhere adopting it, largely by dental advice.

Decoater

Carry it with you

Dentists also advise that you carry a tooth brush with you. Teeth should be brushed after every meal. People who eat away from home, like school children and workers, should carry a pocket brush.

To travelers and motorists this is especially important.

The pocket Decoater is made for this purpose. It folds into a ventilated metal case, vest pocket size. The handle-case is permanent. One simply buys refills as brushes wear out. This is the sanitary, convenient way to always have a tooth brush with you.

Decoater Brushes cost 50c, Pocket Style, $1.00. Refills for Pocket Style, 50c.

Most druggists now sell Decoaters. If you fail to find them, remit to us

Folds into a case like this

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY

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Here's a Cash Offer For Your Spare Hours

WHATEVER your age, we will offer you liberal payment to care for our present subscribers and enroll new readers for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. "Curtis work is my main source of income," says Mr. Charles W. Matthews, a High School boy in Wisconsin, "and I have made about $5.00 in one day." Mr. W. E. Dockry, of Michigan, on the other hand, is a Civil War veteran, a college graduate and a retired physician, who earns extra money by our plan every month.

You Need no Experience

We need more men and women workers in your locality right now. You need only the willingness to try work that is easy, pleasant and dignified. To learn all the attractive details of our offer just send the coupon which is printed below.

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

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Gentlemen: If you have a proposition which will pay me up to, say, $1.50 an hour for my spare time, please tell me about it, but without obligation.

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members of socialist societies. The Independent Labor Party was set down as having 30,000 of the 37,000 socialist members.

This Independent Labor Party contains the brains of the socialist movement in England. It was organized to do exactly what it has done—obtain control of the Labor Party. This small number of earnest, fanatic socialists, through a series of years, and by ceaseless work and propaganda, has finally come to dominate the Labor Party; has swallowed and suffocated it and brought it forth as the proponent of every socialist doctrine the group has advocated and is advocating. It put the Labor Party into this latest campaign as the advocate of its doctrines, and it elected Ramsay MacDonald, one of its leaders, as the Labor leader in the House of Commons. An organized minority dominates a loosely bound majority, and the prospects are that this organized minority will continue to dominate as it does now.

The men who obtained this control have no idea of letting it go, and are rather secure in their position because the labor partisans who might ordinarily protest and split away from the I. L. P. are so flushed over the great victory that came to them in the recent election and on the I. L. P. platform that they are encouraged to go to further lengths rather than to go back to the basic principles and policies of the original Labor Party. The socialists are expert and ardent propagandists. They are skilled in the art of making their theories alluring to the working classes. They harp continuously, eloquently, forcibly and persuasively on the evils of capital and the sins of capitalists, and they have human nature as their strongest assistant, because he who has not eagerly seeks to have, and the logical place to have from is from the man who has.

The I. L. P., in common with most other socialists, lay all economic, civic, social, political and national ills at the door of capital, and they get a ready sympathy from those who have no capital, meaning the bulk of the people. No promises are so alluring as the promises of the socialists; no theories so attractive; no exhorters so eloquent and impassioned. The millennium is always just around the corner, and the ranks of those who seek it are open to all comers. Fabian socialist and communist may march side by side, provided the I. L. P. may issue the commands.

Take the testimony of the Rt. Hon. T. J. McNamara, lately Minister of Labor.

"Let me point out," he said, "that although the full voting power of this country is overwhelmingly antisocialist, the political Labour Party, with its socialist creed, are bound to win in the long run if they solidly poll from 90 to 95 per cent of their strength—as they assuredly will do—whilst the antisocialists either divide their forces by squabbling over personalities and worn-out shibboleths that have no relation to present-day facts, or merely shake themselves out of their apathy to the extent of putting in from 30 to 60 per cent of their voting strength."

Assorted Shades of Thought

The 142 members of the Commons, nominally Labor, are a mixed lot. They range from the group of intellectuals that dominate the party as leaders of the I. L. P. to miners and other trades workers. There are a few communists avowed, and some professors and teachers. There are plenty of professional labor leaders, trades-unionists, of whom the miners are in the greater number. There are pacifists, freethinkers, internationalists, wild men from Scotland, conscientious objectors, and men who were brave and patriotic soldiers in the war. Almost every shade of opinion, from red socialism to Fabian, from complete internationalism to insularity, from pacifism to patriotism, from trades-unionism in its rigid sense to one big union, from confiscation to the expansion of private industry, is represented—and it is an extremely vocal lot.

The active and efficient socialists comprise, as leaders and manipulators, Ramsay MacDonald, who had his troubles during the war; Philip Snowden, Patrick Hastings, K. C.; Sidney Webb, Noel Buxton, Charles Roden Buxton, Arthur Ponsonby, E. D. Morel, who had even more troubles during the war than MacDonald did; H. B. Lees-Smith and Doctor Salter. These men are merely masquerading as Labor Party members. They are not at all certified to speak for labor in terms of Labor. They are all socialists, and their idea, object, incentive and constant endeavor is completely to socialize the Labor Party. Their success has been great.

These men outclass the usual Labor politician and leader in every way—in education, in political strategy, in position, in resources. Sidney Webb is the most astute of the lot. Webb, with Mrs. Webb, who is also an extraordinary politician, has spent years of work towards the end attained at this election. They are most accomplished and plausible pamphleteers and propagandists and wirepullers. Although MacDonald was made leader of the party in the Commons, it will be Webb who will direct the operations of the party and outline its policies, and Webb is socialistic to the core. MacDonald, who was made leader in a contest with the moderate Clynes, winning by virtue of the votes of the wild men from Scotland, is an able parliamentarian, a strong debater, and has had parliamentary experience. Snowden is an expert on finance as argued by socialists. The others of this group are men of superior attainments and impassioned socialists.

When Parliament opened these assorted protagonists that appeared in the Labor benches had a seeming solidarity. The only division had been over the selection of a leader, and when that was over all were apparently satisfied with the choice of MacDonald. As the debate on the King's speech and the Irish constitution developed it was noted that this solidarity was more superficial than real. There were signs of group thought, and occasionally rather insistent individual assertion. It will take a great deal of doing to keep that lot within the confines of any set of party policies and procedures.

Party Strategy

The Conservative majority is depending to a considerable extent on disintegration into groups by these Labor members and the consequent lessening of effective opposition. There is basis for that expectation. Also, it may be that the majority may be able to reduce the potentialities of trouble from the Labor benches by the old expedient of acquiring the leaders of the party. That has been done. One reason why Labor in England, as a party, has usually been amenable to majority proposals is because the old-line leaders have often adopted the simple expedient of taking over its leaders and utilizing those leaders for their own purposes. Whenever a Labor leader became dangerous or disturbing in the old practice of expert English politics a way was found to minimize his obstructionism by magnifying his personal importance. The old-time plan was not to fight these men, but to acquire them. They did those things very well in the old political days in England.

However, there will be some considerable difficulty, should this expedient be considered by the majority, in acquiring Webb, MacDonald, Snowden, the Buxtons, Ponsonby, *et al.* They will not take over easily, if at all. And this group of socialists are in a stronger position than ever before, because they have double the number of votes, are the official opposition instead of an opposing group, and because both internal and external conditions, economic and political, are constantly working to their advantage. In the present economic and political situation in England the reliefs guaranteed by socialism make strong appeal to a very large section of the public.

The Conservatives, who have the majority in the Commons under the leadership of Bonar Law, expect splits in the Labor Party that will destroy its effectiveness; and their expectations may be justified, as I have shown; but there is another side to it. Suppose the splits do not come, and the Labor Party, with its socialist leadership—its socialism—remains reasonably intact and effective. Suppose, further, that instead of splitting into groups it combines with some other group. Then what?

It must not be forgotten that David Lloyd George is in that House of Commons; that he has a block of some fifty seats, with a poll of 1,467,233 votes, behind him, and that David Lloyd George is the best politician in England. His natural combination against the Conservatives would be with the other branch of the Liberal Party, the joining of the Lloyd George Liberals with the Asquith Liberals in an offensive

(Continued on Page 141)

This kitchen designed by Wm. Berg, New York City

Don't Let Your Kitchen Work Wear You Out

YOU don't notice the extra steps you take and the needless motions you make in your kitchen, because you only take them one at a time. But—unless you own a HOOSIER—you walk over two miles a day in the stuffy kitchen atmosphere. You do much needless stooping and reaching. No wonder the average woman is too worn out to enjoy her evenings.

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When you own a HOOSIER, you get through your work in half the usual time.

You are saved miles of steps each day.

Needless backaches are eliminated, because there is not nearly so much stooping and lifting to do—and because the HOOSIER is the one kitchen convenience which adjusts your work-table to suit your height.

All your necessary tools and utensils are scientifically arranged about a big uncluttered work-table. You do your work seated before this big, clean working space, entirely at your ease.

There Is No Substitute For the HOOSIER

HOOSIER'S most important conveniences are protected by patents. It is these exclusive improvements which make the HOOSIER so superior to anything else that you could buy or build.

And because of the tremendous economies effected in the HOOSIER factory, which is the largest firm in the world producing nothing but labor-saving conveniences for the kitchen, you are able to secure a genuine HOOSIER at much less than the cost of any substitute which a carpenter or contractor might attempt to build into your kitchen for you.

A HOOSIER For Every Home

No matter what kind of a kitchen you now have—there is a HOOSIER to fit it. Special models have even been designed to fit in under the kitchen window.

The HOOSIER HIGHBOY, illustrated in this ad, and the latest addition to the HOOSIER line, was especially created for use in the kitchen which is equipped with built-in storage cupboards. It harmonizes particularly well with such an environment, and adds to the usefulness of mere storage-equipment the greatest labor-saving conveniences that can be put into any kitchen.

HOOSIER Is Available On Such Easy Terms You'll Never Miss the Money

You have always wanted to get rid of some of your monotonous kitchen work.

That is a condition which can be changed at once. There is no longer any reason to go on doing your work in the difficult old fashioned way.

Let us tell you where you can buy the HOOSIER on such easy terms you will never miss the money. Write for illustrated folder.

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HOOSIER HIGHBOY

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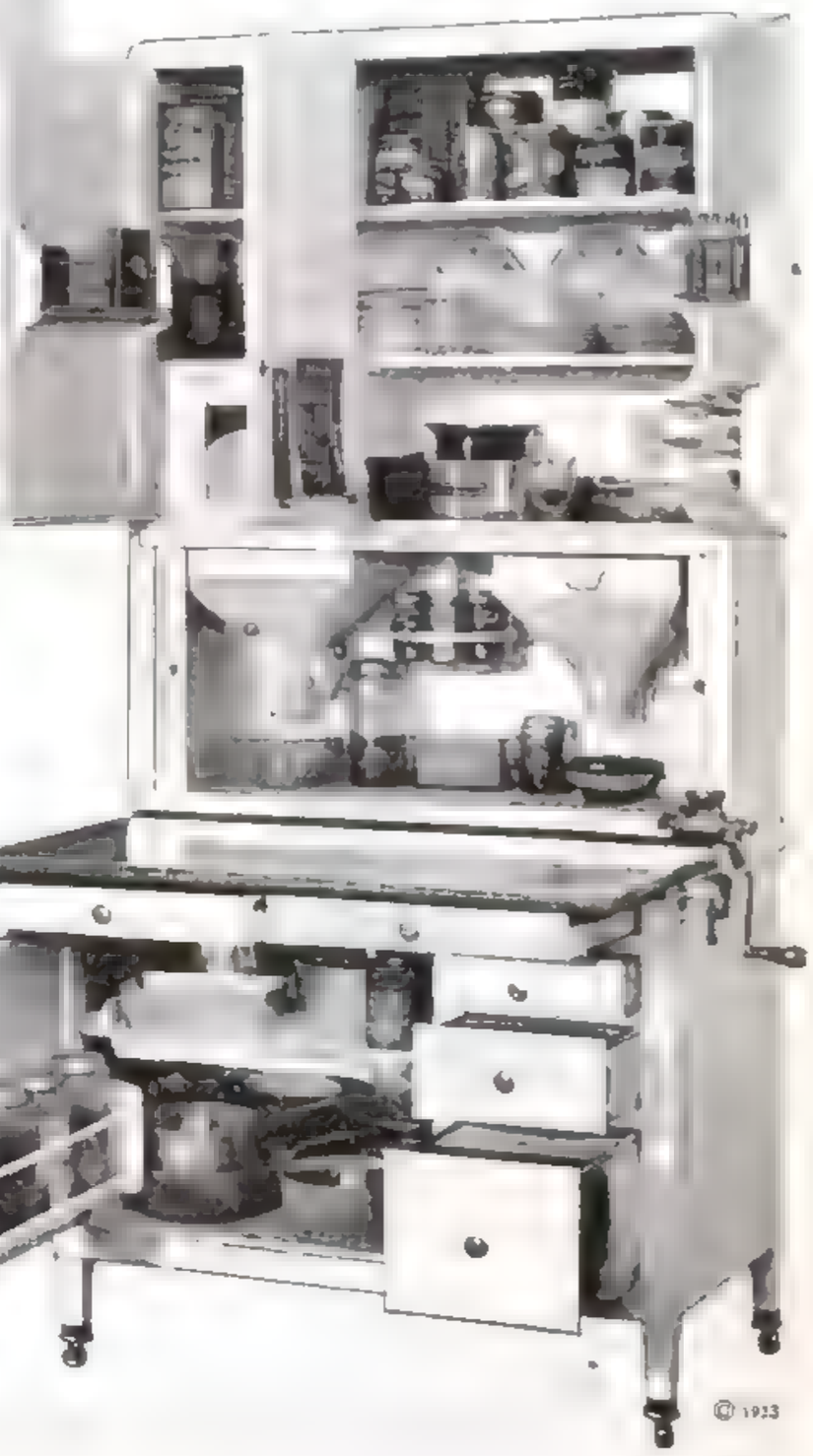

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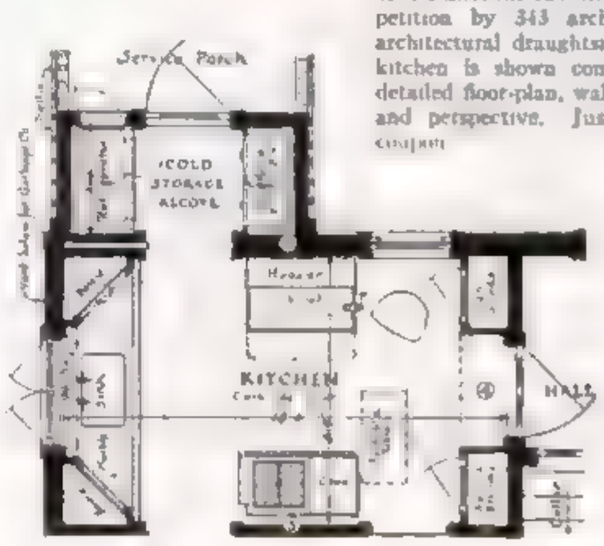

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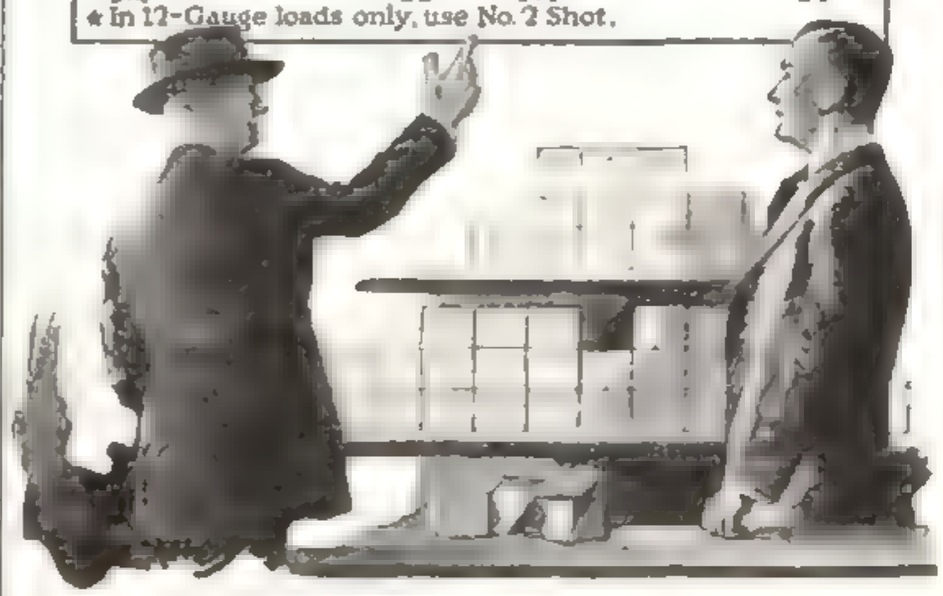
Kind of Game	DUPONT (Bulk) SMOKELESS 12 GAUGE DRAMS	12 GAUGE OZ SHOT	16 GAUGE DRAMS	16 GAUGE OZ SHOT	20 GAUGE DRAMS	20 GAUGE OZ SHOT	SHOT SIZES ALL GAUGES
Turkey Geese	3½	1-⅛	2¾	1	2½	⅞	*2 & 4
Brant Large Ducks	3¼	1-⅛	2¾	1	2½	⅞	4 in Right 6 over decoys
Medium Ducks Grouse Prairie Chicken	3¼	1-⅛	2½	1	2¼	¾	6
Squirrels Rabbits	3	1	2½	1	2¼	¾	6
Small Ducks Pheasants Pigeons Doves	3¼	1-⅛	2½	1	2¼	¾	7½
Quail Snipe Woodcock Shore Birds	3	1 or 1-⅛	2½	1	2¼	¾	8
Reed Birds	3	1	2¼	1	2¼	¾	10
Trapshooting	3	1⅛	2¼	1	2¼	¾	7½

BALLISTITE (Dense) SMOKELESS

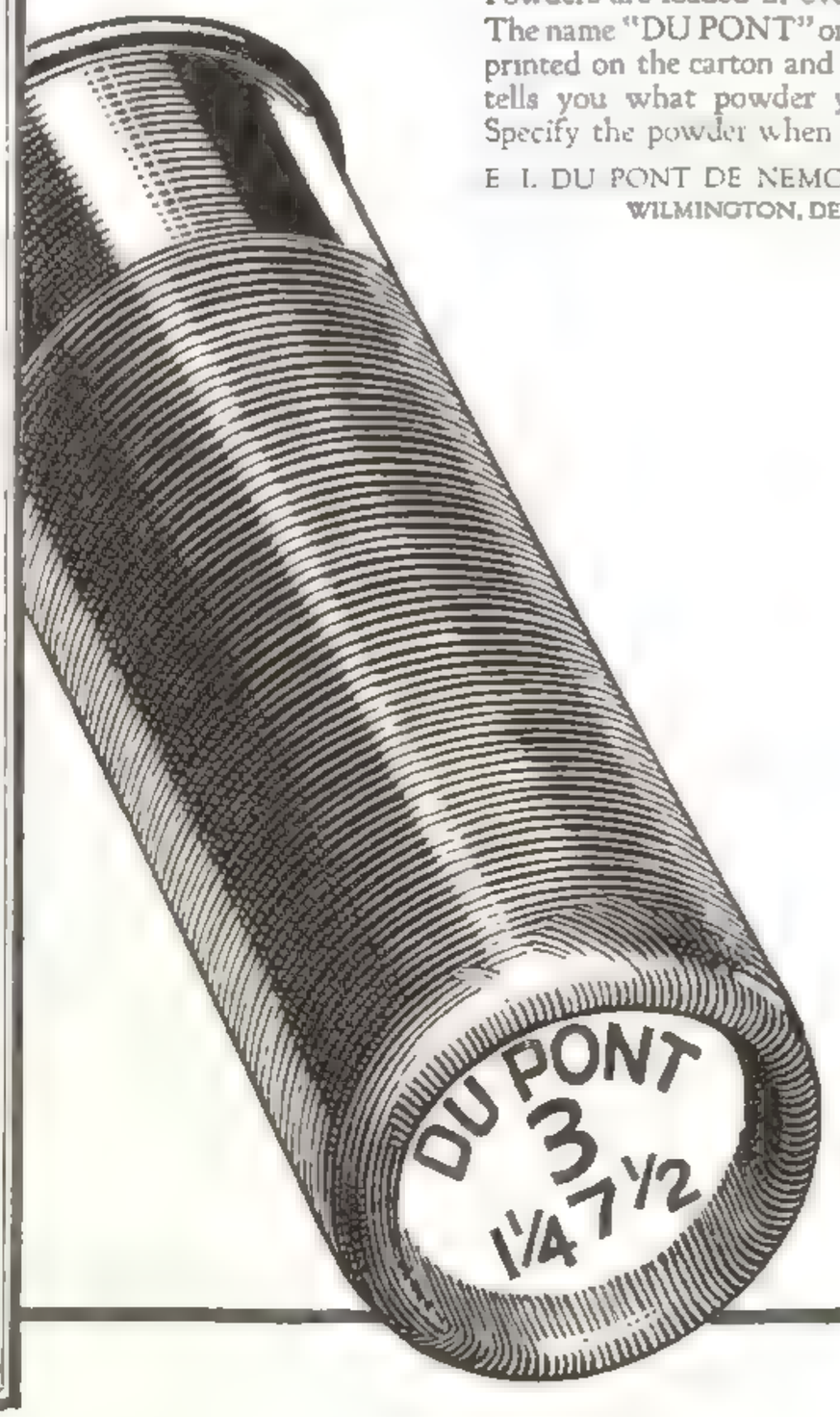
If BALLISTITE (*dense*) Powder is desired order by grains. A comparison follows of *Bulk* and *Dense* Loads

DRAMS		GRAINS	DRAMS		GRAINS
3¼	equivalent to	28	2½	equivalent to	20
3⅛	" "	26	2¼	" "	18
3	" "	24	2	" "	16
2¾	" "	22	1¾	" "	14

* In 12-Gauge loads only, use No. 2 Shot.



Dealers everywhere carry these standard loads of Du Pont Powders, because they have found that a great majority of their customers demand them.



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SHOOT DU PONT POWDERS

DU PONT

(Continued from Page 138)

and defensive alliance against the Law Conservatives. There were discussions of that combination in progress when I left England. But Labor has 142 votes.

Nor must it be forgotten that David Lloyd George began as a Liberal of at least a semiradical character, and that there is no enterprise, occupation, vocation or endeavor where the ends so eminently justify the means as in English politics. It is conceivable that at an auspicious moment, when there would be a chance to defeat the government on a vital question, and thus drive Bonar Law to the country and force a general election, the foxy George might not be averse to combining with Sidney Webb and Ramsay MacDonald to bring that desirable event about. Law has a working majority of seventy-seven, but not all the members of Commons who sit in the Conservative benches are fanatical in their devotion either to Law or to his program of tranquillity.

This is a contingency, and also there is the contingency of so skillful a manipulation of the Socialist-Labor Party as to force the majority to adopt some of the socialist program. The men of the I. L. P. group are socialists, but a number of them are also skillful and experienced politicians, rather hard-headed and expedient, to tell the truth, than idealistic. They are firmly committed to their socialistic theories, but they are too wise to try to do all their remaking of the economic and political system of England at one time. They are half-a-loafers when it comes to the question of socialist bread or no bread.

The great asset of the Labor-Socialists is the situation in the country. Oppressive taxation helped to put them where they are, and that and the economic situation in general will uphold their hands and further their schemes. The stage is fairly well set for a political battle in England between socialism and individualism, and to a greater or less extent—greater than less, probably—British industry and British trade are at stake.

The Lesson for America

There is nothing new in the Labor-Socialist program in England. It comprehends, in its extension, the abolition of private ownership of all means of production, distribution and exchange; the nationalization of all public resources and public utilities; the division of the land, and the taking over of private wealth for what is termed the public good. It is old stuff, but its appeal is not lacking and its situation as regards popular approval was never better than it is today. There is unemployment, high cost of living, a hideous housing situation, high rents, great agricultural depression, enormous taxation and general discontent and protest. Socialism feeds on this. Wherefore it may be possible that a political alignment may be brought about where individualism must come to grips with socialism, and what the outcome may be is impossible to foretell.

The struggle has a wide interest to the United States, and for this reason: A success for socialism in England would mean an immediate attempt in the United States along similar lines, for the men who have so far engineered the movement in England are no mere domestic propagandists and workers. The whole world is their socialistic oyster, and they consider the possible pearl in the United States. If, for example, out of this welter of politics in England, augmented by the economic consequences of the peace, there should come a capital levy in England it cannot be doubted for a moment that some such proposal would be exploited immediately in this country; nor that every other socialistic policy that won to success in England would thereby gain added impetus in the United States. England is one country and the United States is another, and each has its problems; but socialism is international, and the men who are in such powerful place with it in England are internationalists.

The difference between socialism in England and socialism in the United States is twofold. First, socialism in England had, when a certain number of its tenets were closely enough coördinated to get an effective body of socialists advocating substantially the same theories, a made-to-order medium for political expression and operation in the Labor Party; and, second, socialism in England has been advocated, argued, fought for by many men and women of superior attainments and social standing and more or less unselfish conviction—many more men and women of that sort than have taken up socialism in this country.

The keenest criticism of socialism in the United States is that there are too many socialists and not enough socialism. That is a socialistic criticism, and it is true and apt, because the ablest American socialists are casuists rather than crusaders. Another reason for a national lack of consideration of just what the real menace of socialism is, is the American tendency to make the designations "socialist" and "anarchist" synonymous and interchangeable—to lump all critics of the present order under one designation. Now, the truth of it is that your socialist—your evolutionary socialist—is no destroyer of law or abolisher of government. On the contrary, so far from being a law destroyer, the socialist is a lawmaker, and preeminently so. Socialism, to become operative in any government, must needs have not fewer laws but an enormously increased number of laws and an immensely complicated machinery of government for making those laws effective; in fact an entirely new legal and governmental structure.

The Menace of Socialism

This extraordinary socialistic result in the general election of England will be carefully and analytically considered by those at the head of American governmental affairs, as well as by American publicists and politicians who are concerned with matters that are not momentary. It came about because of conditions, and because this Socialist-Labor Party that secured 142 seats in the House of Commons and cast more than 4,000,000 votes presented a program entirely different from the program of any other party.

This must always be so in a political contest of that character. The older parties, having been political forces for many years, have gathered to themselves about all the policies and programs there are touching upon government as it is established, and to attain support a socialist-labor program, or a socialist program, must be subversive of existing institutions, and more and more so as each political battle is fought.

The socialist, in a political struggle, must always capitalize the voter with a grievance; must be more or less revolutionary, because the man with the grievance always votes for whatever candidates or programs are furthest on the opposite from the political operations and conditions on which his grievance is founded. He votes for a change. Right there are the strength and the menace of socialism in our politics; because, even if up to the present the man with the grievance has been held fairly well in check, and expediencies contrived to mollify him, the man with the grievance is becoming increasingly numerous in this country—and the woman—and there will come the time when expediencies and soothings and mollifyings will not work. If it should happen that at that moment there was a radical program—a socialistic program, perhaps—to vote for, there is no telling, nor any way to tell until they were established, what the results might be.

There is another phase of the situation which has been discussed above that is collateral with it, and that is the unemployment situation. The Ministry of Labor announced, on November 6, 1922, that the number of persons recorded on the live register of the unemployment exchanges in Great Britain as wholly unemployed was 1,366,800, which was 29,614 more than in the preceding week and 456,933 less than on January 1, 1922. The necessities of this army of workless breadwinners and their dependents have been met, in a way, by a system of doles supplied by the Treasury, amounting to enough to keep them alive.

When so great a number of the workingmen in an intensively industrialized country like Great Britain are workless and dependent on governmental charity, there is field for red and communist propaganda. This is what happened in Great Britain, and the activities of the communists culminated last fall in a march of the unemployed from the various industrial centers of England and Scotland to London—a march similar in some respects to the march of Coxey's Army in this country in the '90's.

The object of this march was to force the Prime Minister to receive a deputation of

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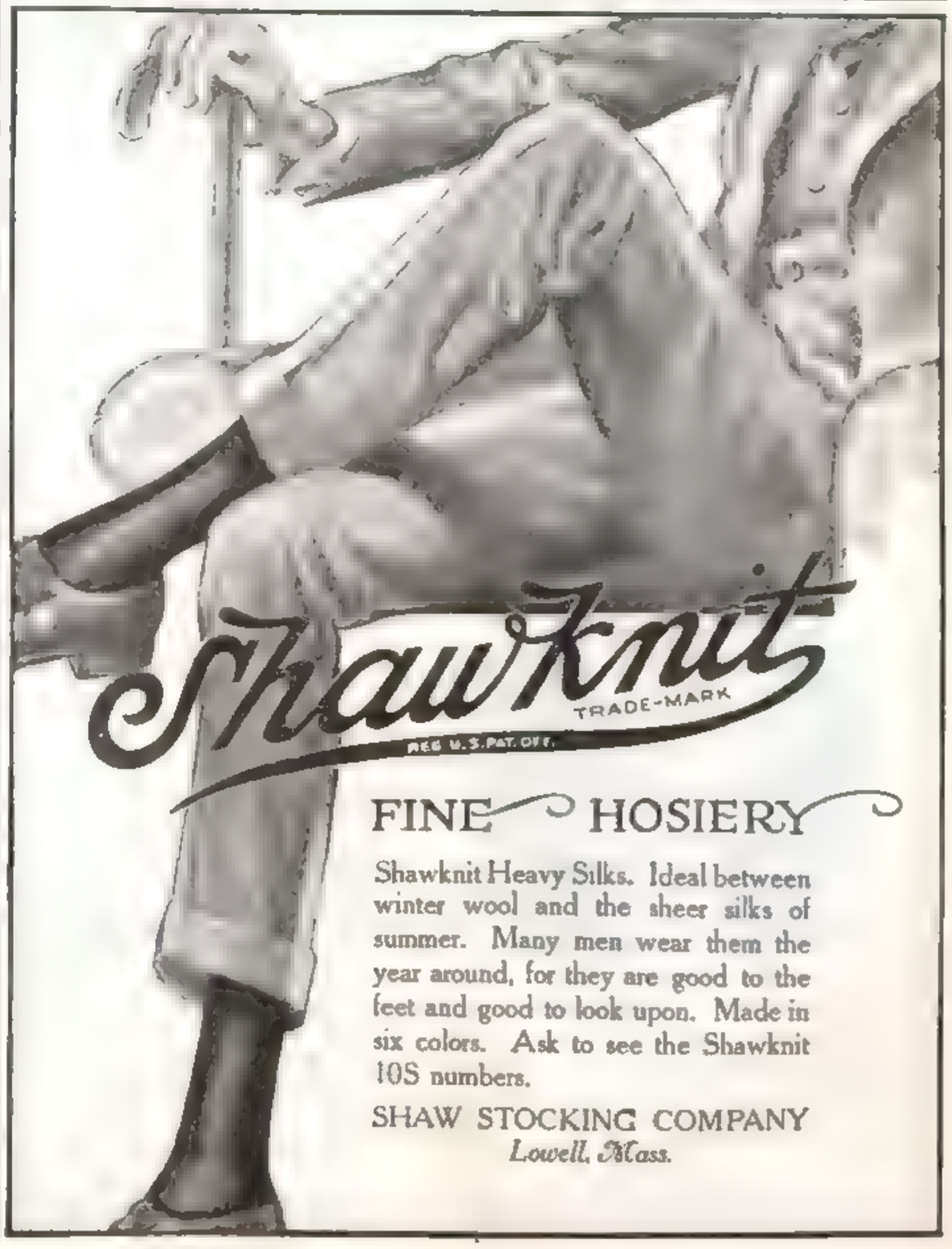

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Shawknit Heavy Silks. Ideal between winter wool and the sheer silks of summer. Many men wear them the year around, for they are good to the feet and good to look upon. Made in six colors. Ask to see the Shawknit 10S numbers.

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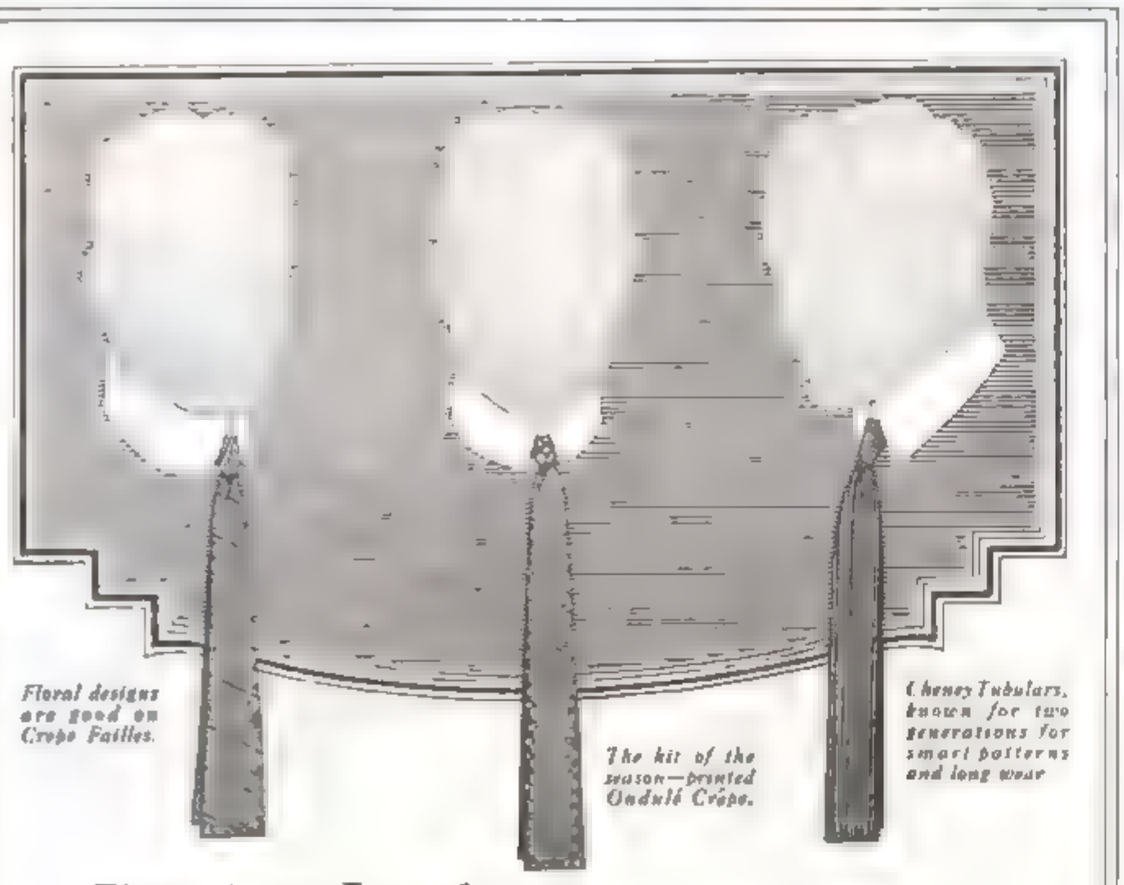
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the marchers and listen to their grievances as well as promise relief. The men came in along the various highways, subsisting on the country and the charity of the farmers and villagers, and arrived in London at about the time of the election, November fifteenth. Before the first delegation marched into Hyde Park some interesting things happened. There appeared on the streets of London a newspaper called The Communist Daily. The first copy of this paper is dated November thirteenth, and the first sentences of the announcement of the paper's policy are these: "Workers, the issue of the election, behind all the smug phrases of the politicians, is THE CLASS WAR. They are all afraid of the issue. On both sides they deny it. We do not fear it. We proclaim it. This election is only a part of the fight. The real fight will be fought in the workshop and in the streets."

The Prime Minister notified the marchers he would not receive them; but they came on, carrying red flags, many of the banners with skull and crossbones on them.

There was little doubt that this march was a communist enterprise, well organized and skillfully carried on. I saw several of the processions, and heard the speeches at Trafalgar Square on the Sunday afternoon when there was the first organized demonstration downtown. Also, I saw the police. They were there, tolerant, almost benign, but they were there. Four policemen marched every fourth file in every procession, and policemen were ahead and behind. Policemen moved about in the crowds at Trafalgar Square, and there were big reserves in the side streets. The good old British idea prevailed. They were to be allowed to talk, without interference, so long as they did not touch on such subjects as the King or religion.

The speeches were violent. I give a few sentences from the remarks of one George Cooke, of Lancashire: "We are here, and we are here to be heard and if necessary to be felt. Seventy-five per cent of the men who came up on the march from Manchester are ex-service men. . . . We can get ammunition when it is needed, and I do not give a damn whether we use it this week or the week after. . . . We have brought into London 2000 unemployed from all over the country, and we don't give a damn whether they are taken back in coffins or not so long as we win this fight. . . . We may as well be killed outright as die of starvation. . . . If Bonar Law will not see us Wednesday, we'll remain in London until he does."

The big demonstration was on the following Thursday, November twenty-third. On that day the marchers were determined to go to Downing Street and see Bonar Law. The police laid off a section of the city in which they said the marchers must not go, which section contained not only Downing Street but Parliament, Buckingham Palace and other public buildings. Nor did the marchers go there. They milled around on the Embankment, entirely but amiably surrounded by police, and made their speeches, and then went back to the parks. Bonar Law did not see them. Nor has he seen them yet.

There is no doubt that that demonstration, both in its inception and in its execution, was communist, engineered, officered and directed by reds. It got nowhere, petered out, was a fizzle, and for this reason: The British workingman is not a red. What should be considered in the United States concerning these demonstrations in England by those who have the welfare of our institutions at heart is not that the red demonstrations in the streets were failures and fizzles, but that the socialist demonstration at the polls was a success.

The keynote of that success was the policy of subversion of certain of the established institutions of England, and full control by the forces that made this showing in November can only mean subversion of all of them.

It isn't so far from a 50 per cent capital levy to a 100 per cent levy, nor from nationalization of railways and mines to nationalization of all industry and enterprise.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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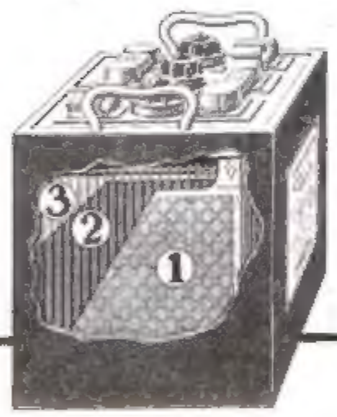

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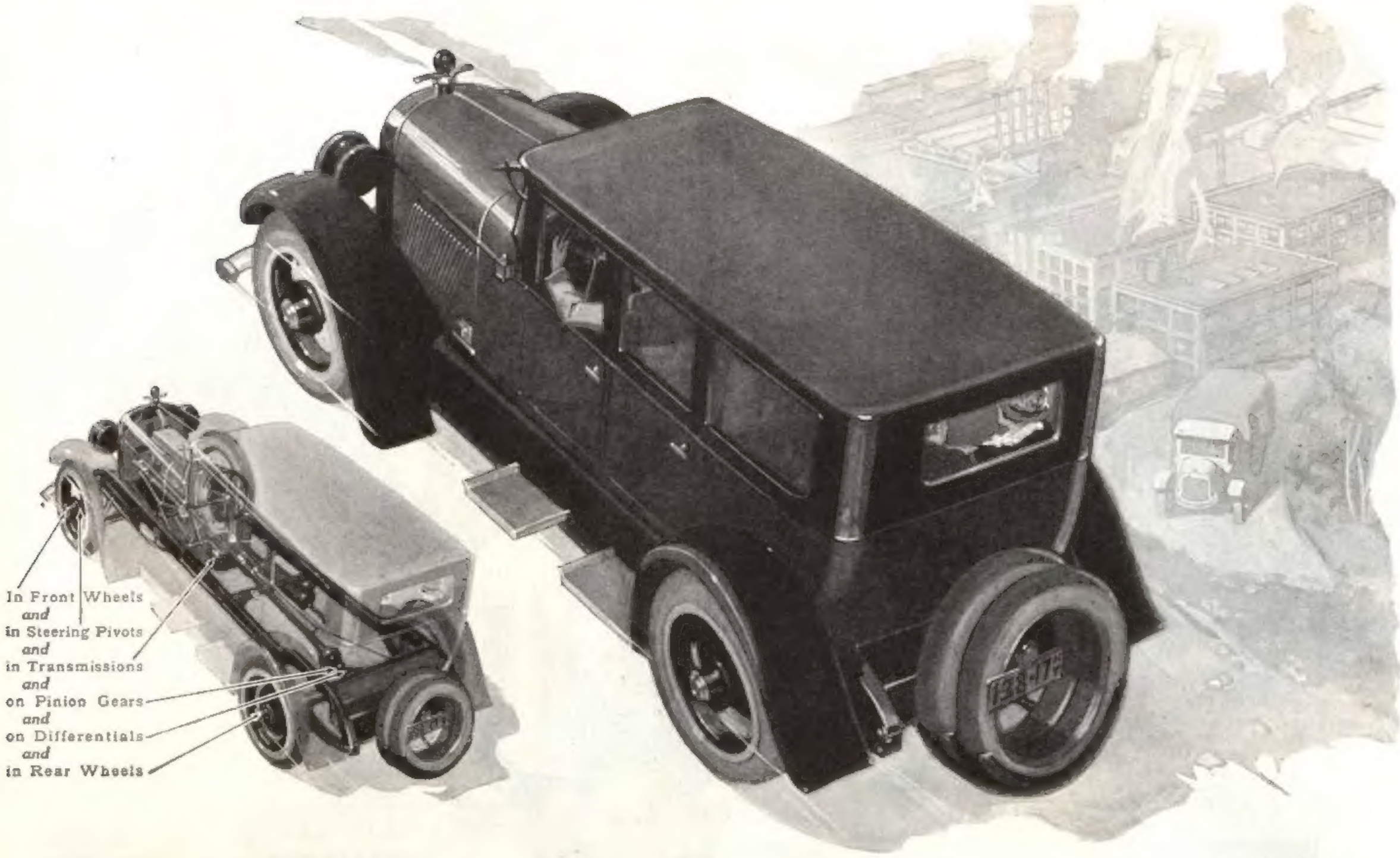

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The next time you are part way up the long, steep, six per cent hill—

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Just realize (to appreciate the miraculousness of your automobile) that the load your engine is pulling has doubled, tripled—and actually increased to seven times that on the level road!

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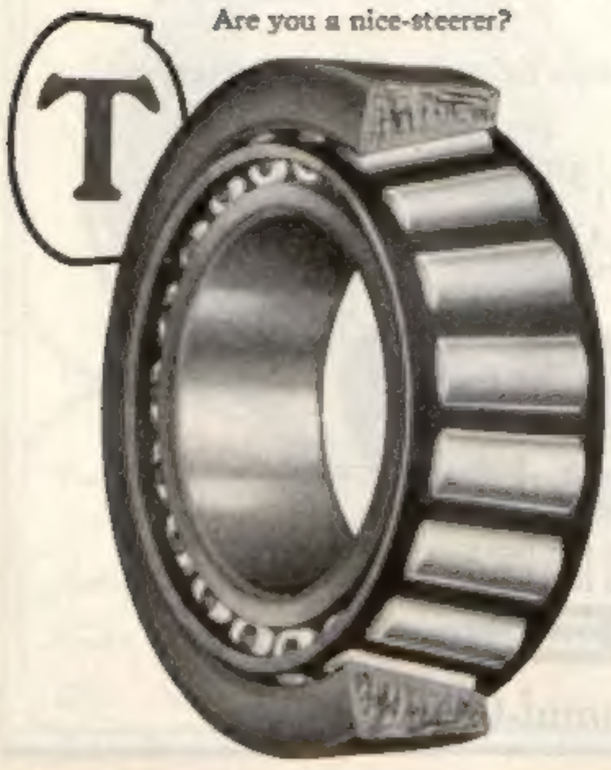

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The people you couldn't invite

Across the threshold of your home might come just the people you would like to have—if only you were ready to receive them. But being *ready* in the finest sense means that each appointment of your home is sufficient. That the silverware, for instance, is plentiful enough and attractive enough to make the serving of the dinner an easy, gracious thing.

Is your silver service growing with your needs?

HOW often in planning a dinner party have you been obliged to leave people off your list—because you have not enough silverware! And needlessly! For in "1847 Rogers Bros." you can add to your present silver more reasonably than you think. A set of six orange spoons in the Ambassador or any other pattern costs only $5.50. Other pieces are priced as inexpensively.

Remember that 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate bears the approval of three-quarters of a century. In sheer beauty of design and in durability it is the kind you will be glad to own.

In "1847 Rogers Bros." you may buy a half dozen or a dozen of the pieces you need most, and from time to time add others. Each 1847 Rogers Bros. pattern comes in the refinements of the well-set table—salad forks, ice cream forks, bouillon spoons, coffee spoons, serving pieces. Your dealer will be glad to show you 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate. In the newer patterns you will find just the pieces to make your silver service complete.

Send for "HOW MUCH SILVERWARE," booklet B-90, which outlines the table service families of different sizes should have for gracious, comfortable living—every day and for entertaining. We also furnish handsome illustrations of the Ambassador and other patterns.

International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn.

Ambassador Orange Spoon

AMBASSADOR PLATTER, VEGETABLE DISH AND GRAVY BOAT

Silverware of this kind is practical, durable and beautiful. It completes the proper setting of the table, twinkling most pleasantly over the white cloth. There are also tea sets, trays, vases, candle-sticks and many other pieces to match 1847 Rogers Bros. patterns.

1847 ROGERS BROS.

SILVERPLATE

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

Eventually

Why Not Now ?

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

Yum Yum!

It's Easy when you use Gold Medal Flour

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR made possible this perfect cinnamon roll and will always make the finest bread, cake and pastry, because it offers the ideal flour combination of whiteness, purity, strength, fineness and flavor.

This cinnamon roll was made in one of the Washburn-Crosby Company's experimental bakeries where every single lot of flour is given a final baking test before it can carry the GOLD MEDAL label.

This roll was made from the following recipe. Try it in your kitchen or bake shop:

GOLD MEDAL CINNAMON ROLLS

½ pt. milk ½ pt. water
1 cake compressed yeast
2 tablespoons sugar
2 tablespoons butter or lard
1¾ qts. sifted GOLD MEDAL FLOUR
1½ level teaspoons salt

Dissolve yeast and sugar in the milk; add the salt and then the shortening. Work this up until you have a smooth dough, cover with bread towel, and allow to stand until very light; about three hours, according to the temperature. Knead down gently, then allow to rise again for one hour.

Dust the board with flour and roll out dough ten inches wide and one-fourth inch thick. Spread over with butter, brown sugar, cinnamon and currants, using these freely. Roll dough as you would a jelly roll, cut in pieces of one and one-half inches, and set on end in pans, the bottoms of which have been covered with brown sugar and small pieces of butter one-fourth inch deep. Allow to rise and bake as you would rolls. When taken out of the oven, turn upside down on waxed paper, and allow to stand one minute before removing pan.

You are invited to visit our mills, laboratories and bake shops at Minneapolis and Buffalo. We will consider it a privilege to show you the care, skill and scientific accuracy used to mill every five bushels of the choicest wheat into every barrel of the most perfect flour—GOLD MEDAL FLOUR. No youthful or adult education is complete without first-hand information of this most fundamentally important industry.

Let us know when you plan to visit us and we will have a supply of cinnamon rolls ready for your party.

If you want other GOLD MEDAL recipes write the Advertising Department.

R. S. V. P.

WASHBURN-CROSBY CO., Minneapolis, Minn.